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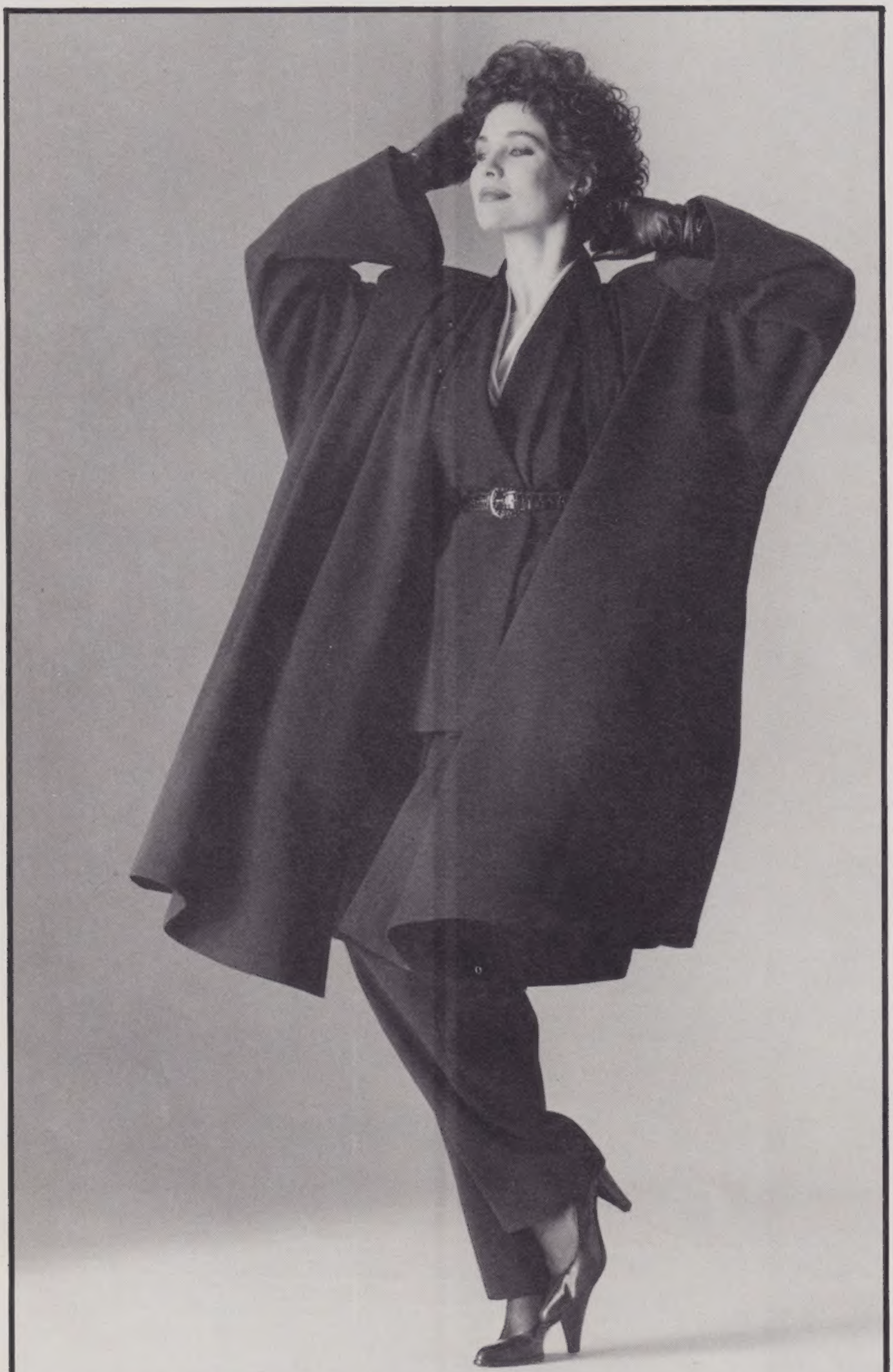

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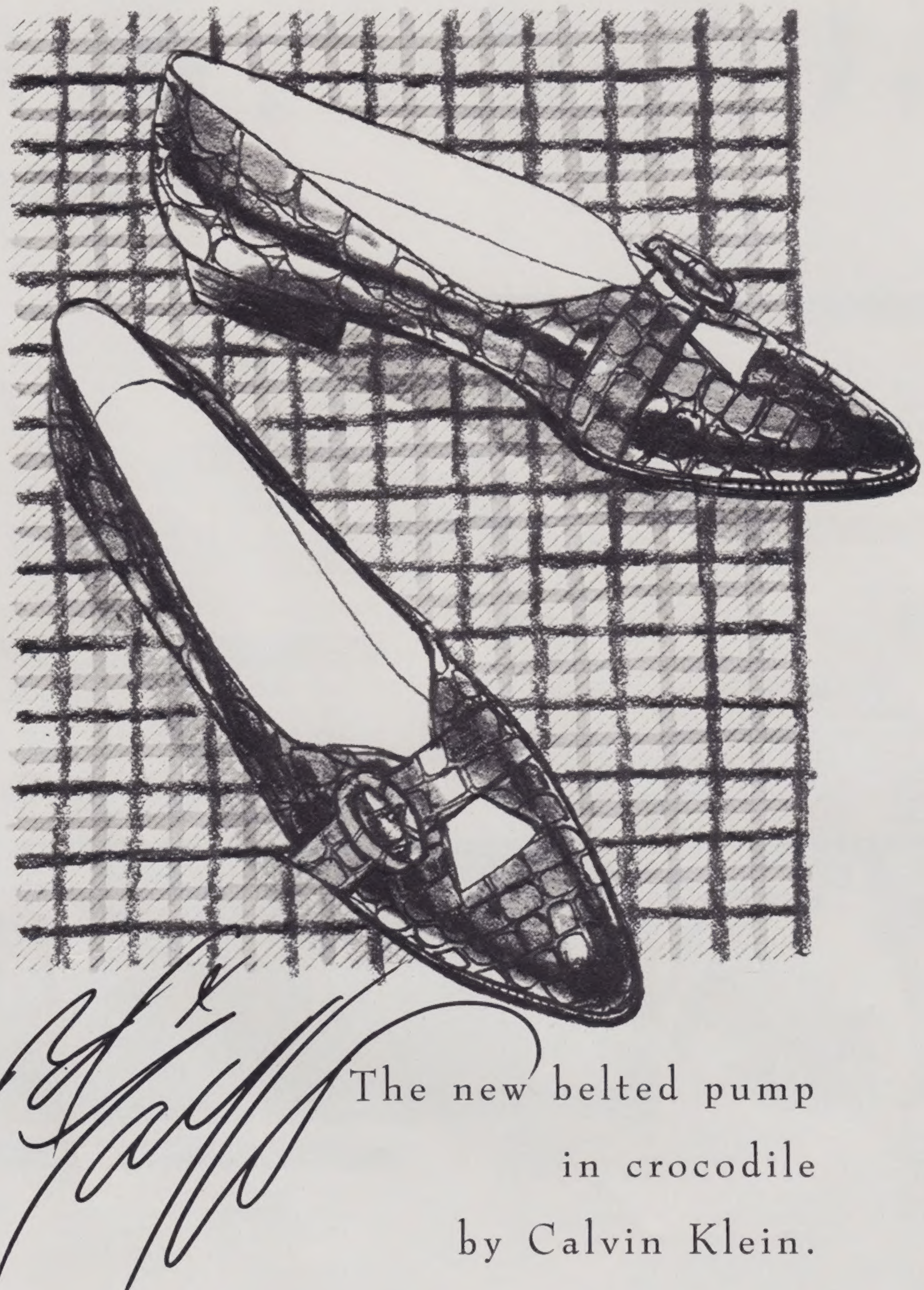

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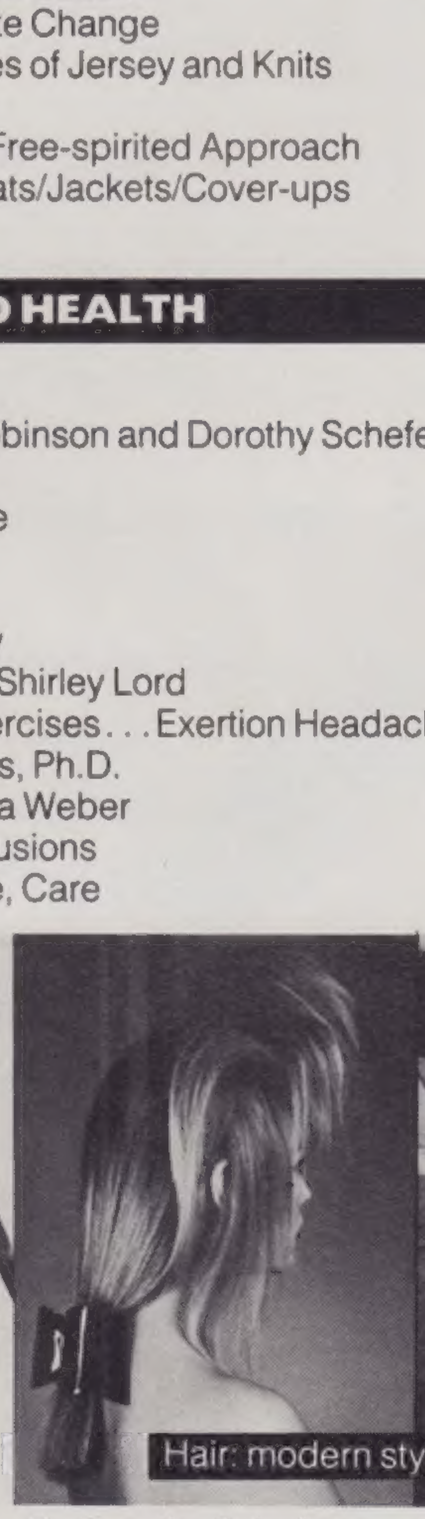

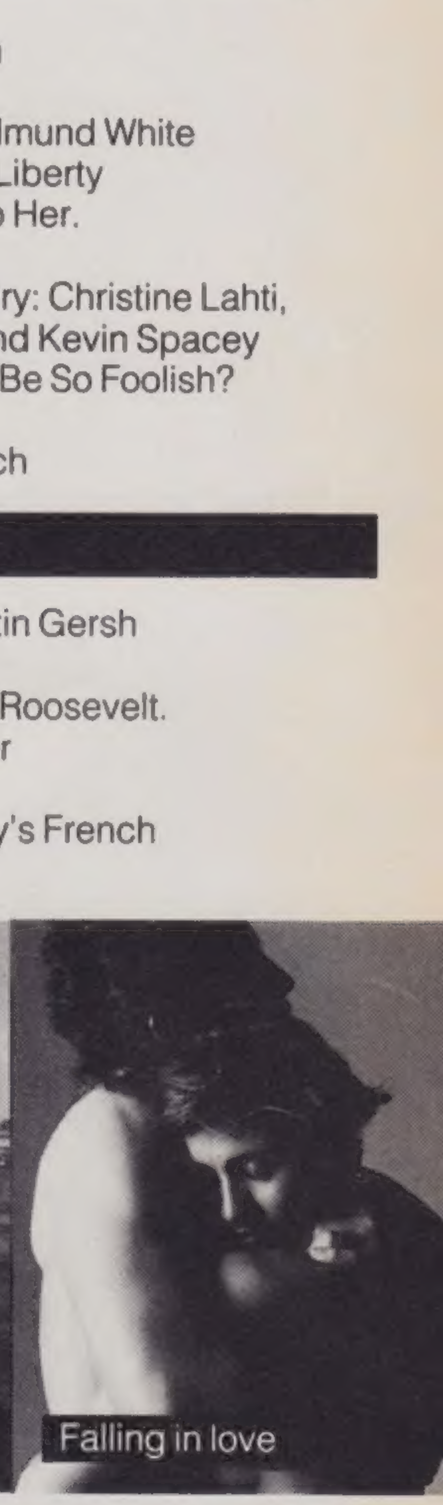

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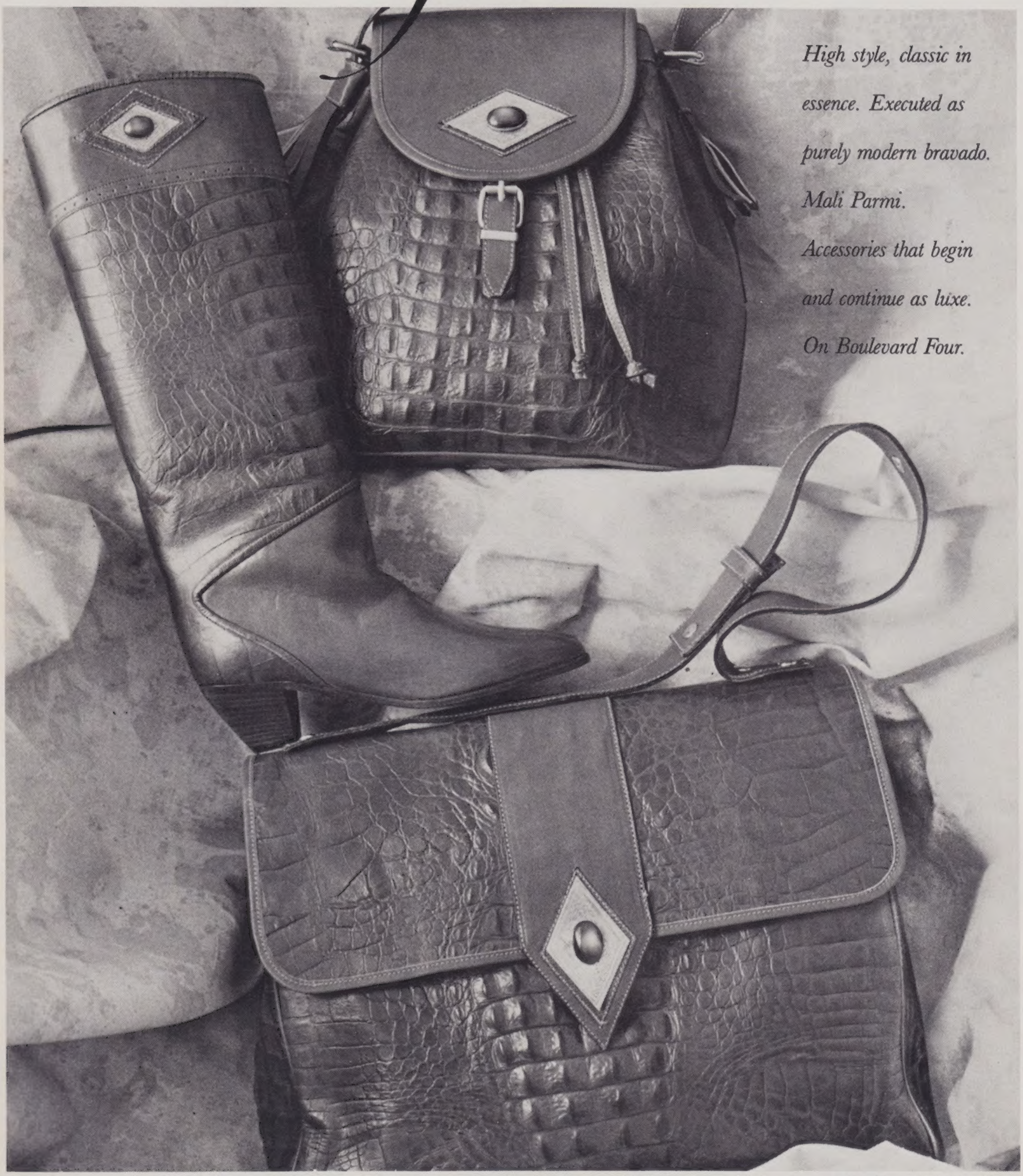

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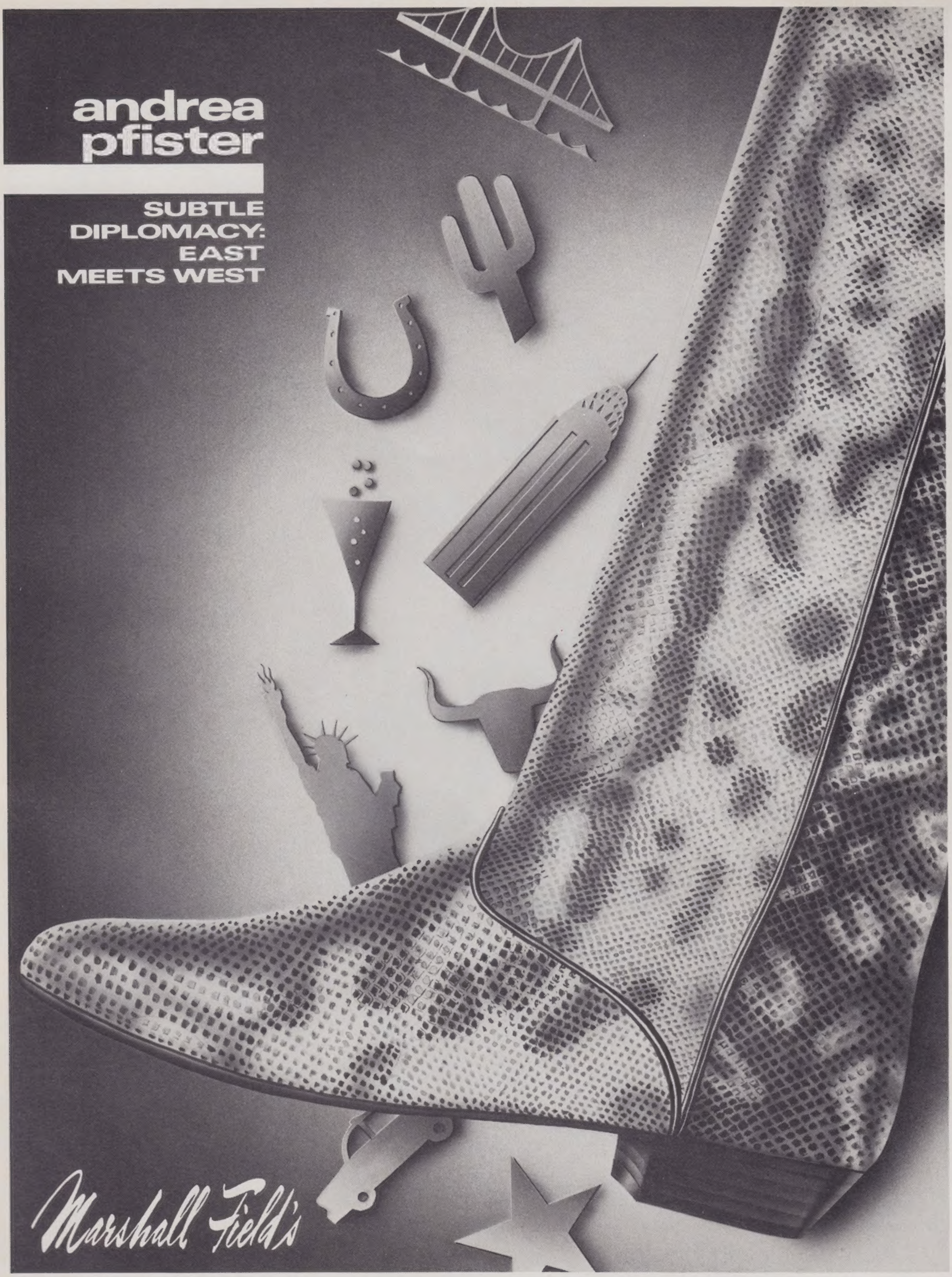

The urban sophistication of the East goes toe to toe with the ruggedness of the wild, wild West. The result is this rough and ready (yet remarkably elegant) karung boot. Stippled and dotted with spots of color in olive and gold. Frivolous, you say? Not really...anyone can wear plain old riding boots. One from a dazzling Pfister collection for fall in Designer Shoes.

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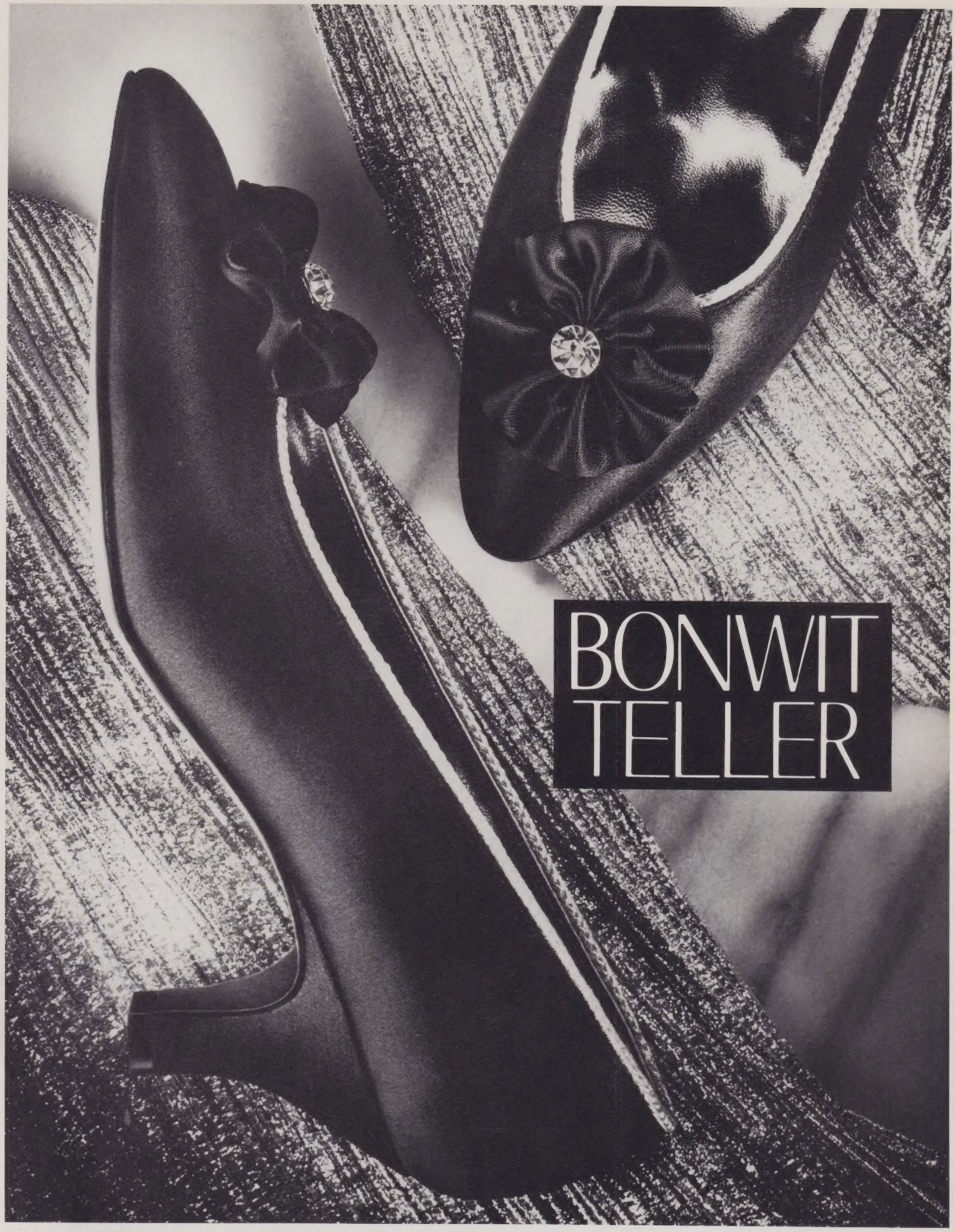

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Lillie Rubin

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LINA LEE

BEVERLY HILLS NEW YORK

BEAUTY NOW

In a season of body-revealing bareness. skin solutions that work . . .

Summer moods, modern pleasures . . . based on a very different—pared-down but polished approach—to makeup, hair. *Left* and on our cover, on model Estelle LeFebure, the look of less makeup, a clean finish (the means: a lighter hand, a more neutral palette) and simple hair in the season's longer length (more hair news, pages 208-215). Makeup, Estée Lauder: pink (Tiger-lily) lips, cheeks (Golden Coral); Sunlit Sands eyes. Hair, Garren for Garren, NY; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Turtleneck, Tape-measure. Sunny Chapman Jewelry pin. Photograph, Avedon. Details, last pages.

Summer find: *If you've ever reached for a short, bare skirt or decided to skip wearing pantyhose on a hot day only to discover your legs weren't "groomed," you'll want this: Bain de Soleil's triple-system hair remover, skin slougher, smoother in one . . . that's mild (for bikini area), effective (for legs), polishes skin.*

BLOTCHY SKIN...

can be the result of repeated sun damage ...or appear as one of the hazards of highly sensitive skin . . . or can result from a birthmark or the temporary skin changes that often occur during pregnancy. *And* blotches can often "show through" sheer cheek color and lightweight foundation.

HOW TO COPE: The contrast between different skin areas can be minimized by using a neutral-toned primer under foundation or by mixing a bit of tinted loose powder into a cream-formula foundation in the palm of your hand before applying with sponge or fingertips. Freckles and moles can be camouflaged in the same way. Specifics: Stendhal's lipstick-size tinted undereye cream—sheer enough to use as nude lip color—is an easy-to-apply creamy concealer . . . or for real coverage and protection, a cream powder (in a compact) with a high SPF such as Almay's (SPF 15). If blotchiness is due to acne breakout, a medicated, tinted acne treatment may be the answer (Noxzema has a new one we like).

In warm weather, you want fast, easy products that cover *all* bases, e.g., moisturizers that double as skin scenters, too (Estée Lauder's Beautiful, Chanel's Coco) . . . Equally ingenious: spray scent delivered in a "dry" oil that's absorbed quickly by skin, won't stain clothes (YSL's Opium) . . . A fragrance to lift your spirits: Judith Jackson's Vitality body oil, one of five aromatherapy scents.

Makeup shortcut: a "bronzing" foundation (Guerlain's) doubles as blush and gives the look of a tan without sun's damage. Quick take-off: easy-to-carry "singles" with oil-free cleanser (Buf-Puf).

Skin-revealing clothes are just one of the options available to fitter women; but, among exercisers especially, back acne is becoming a problem. Leotards that rub against sweaty skin are the cause, says Paul Lazar, M.D., professor of clinical dermatology, Northwestern University Medical School. Dr. Lazar recommends staying away from any sort of treatment (especially one that's cream-based) until a dermatologist has been consulted.

Back "facials," though, are great summer skin polishers for women with unblemished skin. Where to find them: in Chicago, at Mila Bravi's Face & Facial; at Ilona of Hungary salons.

Bottom photo: WAYNE MASER. Hair by Pascal Crucq for Bruno Dessange, makeup by Rumiko

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reader letters

Novels . . . how chic they are
Brooke Hayward's chic use of books as placemats ["Lofty Sentiments: Brooke Hayward and Peter Duchin's Manhattan Haven" May 1986] was a revelation to me. Not only did it expose my shameful untrendiness (I still prefer to read books), but it also provided me with the definitive answer to the old question: "Is the novel dead?" No! Not as long as Ms. Hayward continues to give dinner parties, that is.

C.N. Smith
Rockport MA

Cover surprises
Congratulations on your May cover. After years of close-ups imitated by half the magazines on the newsstands, this is a real relief. And a real pleasure. Does this mean we might be in for the variety and surprise of Vogue covers before they became small? More, please.

Vince Aletti
New York NY

I must admit that, despite all of her recent publicity, I have not been a fan of Paulina Porizkova. But your May cover has changed my opinion.

Along with the great color choices, Richard Avedon's photograph extracts an energy from Paulina that I've not seen elsewhere. This combination has made it become my new favorite Vogue cover! Jodi Hohman
Allison Park PA

Fantasies of a different sort
I am indignant at the implication in your interview with Anne Rice ["Books in Vogue" April 1986], that all, or most, or millions of women have sadomasochistic sexual fantasies. This is a very common bias in discussions of women's secret erotic life. I guess such fantasies must be common, too. But their appeal bewilders me. I'd like to speak up for those other millions (I hope!) of us whose sexual fantasies are (gasp!) *egalitarian*—tender, intense, challenging, but without the slightest interest in dominance or submission. I'm not trying to be politically correct; that's really what turns me on! Sisters, are you out there? Am I alone? Annie Gottlieb
New York NY

Regarding the interview with Anne Rice, ["Books In Vogue" April 1986]: after reading the interview and seeing the accompanying picture (if you think you're being clever with that caption, it turned my stomach), I would think jackboots would be Anne Rice's cup of tea.

As a woman who has to see pornography magazines displayed in many bookstores, liquor stores, etc., I don't want it being sent into my home under the guise of literary pretensions. Mila Kuefner
Hayward CA

Update of an adage
The March 1986 article "Women and Fatigue: Why Are You So Tired?" by Leslie Garis hit me like a bolt of lightning, delivering the first blast of energy I've experienced in a long time. The author's reasoning and evidence were well supported and supporting.

One point missed, though, is the consistent irritant to the female feeling of being overwhelmed: nothing is ever finished! The adage "Man may work from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done" is more valid today than in our grandmothers' time. Excluding repetitive household chores, innumerable tasks—especially those resulting from the use of modern conveniences—demand a "try, try again" mode of operation.

While a man may make one simple call to his male accountant, banker, advisor, or repairman and have the job completed (often by female staff), a woman must make countless calls, return trips, and copies of previous correspondence before the required service is performed satisfactorily.

I recently spent over eight months calling, writing, and providing copies to rectify a charge-account error. Just as I'd perfected a baritone phone voice, the requested credit appeared in the mail. If anyone has any other ideas for getting attention and results, please let me know—in your spare time.

That's all I have to say. For once, I'm done.

Terri Singer
Greenwich CT

Discovering Harlem's history
I enjoyed immensely the travel article in the "Super" issue of Vogue, ["The Unknown Harlem" April 1986]. However, Harlem has the largest and best collection of brownstones in the world.

This is the first time that I have ever read a positive article on a piece of New York City history that has been neglected far too long by major newspapers and magazines.

Keep up the good work. Bob White
Montreal, Quebec

In reference to the article by Ann Banks ("The Unknown Harlem" April 1986), yes, there is safety in numbers, but there's no fun.

Certainly, Ms. Banks discovered that by riding safely on the tour bus, she missed the things that were important to her.

There is no major metropolis that is hazard-free.

As an American living in Europe, I am learning that. If I allowed fear to circumscribe my plans for travel, I would never leave the Army post! What value would this experience have?

In Ms. Banks' case, as with many other travelers, had she left her prejudices and fears at home, she would have enjoyed the experiences more.

One misses a lot of life while riding on a tour bus. Ava M. Herndon
Gelnhausen, West Germany

Old enough now
I was at first fully prepared to dash off an indignant reply to Germaine Greer's article, "Letting Go" in the May 1986 issue. Then, thank God (or for once), I found the good sense to re-read it. She's absolutely right and living my fantasy.

At rapidly aging forty-two, I, too, find everything slightly askew, or at least not quite where it should be. My face is suddenly collapsing, my waist is no longer my pride, and my derrière is fine if I'm fully clothed, but not a pretty sight naked. I find now, finally, I am happy with my meager bosom. Frankly it's much too small to be affected by gravity. The ultimate vanity is that I can still fit well into my size 8 jeans.

The easy part is that I was never a "beauty," so for my advanced age I "look good"—better than as a girl, for sure! I find some vague consolation in that! The best part is that I am old enough now to be the character I always knew I was but wasn't confident enough to be. I definitely plan to develop that.

Someday I imagine myself parted from my significant other (a sad but probably inevitable parting), living in some small village in Vermont with my cats and my hot flashes (I'll need them in Vermont), doing something nebulous but creative enough to earn enough to keep me from bag-lady-hood. My twenty-two-year-old daughter tells me she'd never let me be a bag lady. I am not reassured.

I see me and cats and baby grand in some adorable one-roomed, fireplaced, cozy little shack with a back porch and a pond, at the bottom of a large mountain. I see wonderful friends visiting me and once a year inviting me to visit civilization. I will love it. I'll have character down to a science by then. I am probably still going to be vain enough to do my face, but that's because I have never exactly been crazy about it in its natural state; but I know I'll let my hair grow and wear it in a long salt-and-pepper braid down my back. I'll probably still have long fingernails because nature does compensate and my nails grow and grow, but they won't often see polish.

All in all not bad stuff to be looking forward to. Thank you Germaine Greer.

Diane C. Metzler
Branford CT

What's in a picture?
I find the ideas and images represented in Jed Perl's "Sex, Love & Art in the 80s" [May 1986] very disturbing. Laderman's "Crime and Its Consequences" is a frightening, tasteless attempt to glamorize rape. That ". . . male-male love finally can be represented openly in mainline galleries" and be treated with respectability is a result of our nation's declining moral standards. It's not that the subject of human sexuality is taboo but that it is sacred, and when something that sacred is exploited, it loses its dignity. Tina Stauffer
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BEAUTY STYLE

What's new in beauty and fitness? Just about everything . . . as you'll be reading here: people . . . places . . . trends . . . ideas.
BY ANDREA ROBINSON AND DOROTHY SCHEFER

HAIR TALK

● How did Cynthia Gregory—who showed up for the American Ballet Theatre's opening night benefit wearing a strapless dress, rhinestone earrings—pull herself together so quickly for the gala dinner following her ABT premiere? After changing, "I just exchanged one hairpiece for another," she reported to *The New York Times*.

● Seen walking into Gad's new hair studio, the first week it opened in NYC: actresses Donna Dixon, Catherine Oxenberg.

● At the New York collections, the most modern looks: at Calvin Klein, where the make-up (by François Nars) was minimal, but very "finished"; and the hair (by Bruno Dessange) was equally simple . . . and at Geoffrey Beene, where the hair (by John Sahag) was long, uncomplicated, shiny . . .

● If you're interested in hair trends, the next one, apparently, which you'll be seeing this fall: long, wavy, henna'd.

BASIC BEAUTY

● How many beauty items does a very attractive, modern woman like Diandra Douglas (you saw her in May *Vogue*) take with her when she goes off to India for two months of travel? In Diandra's case, just *six* . . .

1. Cleanser
2. Lots of sunscreen
3. Moisturizer (with sunscreen)
4. Brown eye pencil
5. Lipgloss (with sunscreen)
6. A big hat

FIT BRIEFS

● Latest trend: "designing" food . . . i.e., "*all-natural*" *cattle* raised without hormones, antibiotics, or other growth stimulants . . . "*lite*" *beef*—for fitter Americans who have eschewed red meat—bred and fed to be 25 percent leaner than regular beef . . . and *reduced-fat chicken*. Food "designers' " next project: "lowering" cholesterol . . .

● Sign of the times: Abigail Kirsch, a NY caterer, has added to her standard dinner-party menus, with the help of a nutritionist, reduced calorie/sodium/cholesterol Slimmer Menus called "Dining Without Guilt."

● As non-smokers demand more smoking-free areas, workplace and public place restrictions continue to rise. One company, for example, just instituted a non-smoking policy, requiring applicants to promise not to smoke on company premises—and to agree to *resign* if they do.

● When datebook publisher Alan Levenson started exercising, he tracked his workouts on anything handy, even napkins. What he—and other fitness-goers—needed was an exercise diary; and when he couldn't find one, he published his own. His training diary, the first of its kind, is already sold out. No one is happier than Levenson, who says it's everything he ever wanted in a fitness diary.

Cosmetic "evangelists" *Many of the women who sell Covermark corrective-makeup products behind the counter—and who educate women about their use—are women who, it turns out, need camouflage products themselves. These women also devote their time and expertise to helping people with severe skin problems to use makeup to enable them to lead more normal lives. Covermark consultants regularly spend time with women in hospital burn units. More info, call Covermark, 1-800-524-1120.*

CODE NAMES MOST NEW FRAGRANCES ARE REFERRED TO BY NUMBERS; BUT SOME DESIGNERS PREFER MORE EXOTIC NAMES. E.G., ONE NEW SCENT, AS YET UNNAMED BUT DUE OUT SOON, IS KNOWN AS "COWBOY" . . . . AND KARL LAGERFELD SAYS A FIRST SCENT—NEVER PRODUCED—WAS CALLED MACUMBA. "I THINK THE CODE NAME KILLED IT."

LESSONS OF RISK-TAKING AND FEAR

Women rock climbers often agonize over *why* they climb, reports Dianne Skafte, a psychologist who works with women athletes. And, even if most of us never climb higher than a stepladder, women who break through the risk-taking barrier discover a whole new kind of courage: it lends support to everything they do. "Risk-taking, even on a mountain, doesn't make you fearless," Outward Bound instructor Leslie Bruder explains. "It teaches you that fear is an acceptable emotion. You can feel terrified—but still perform well."

Being willing to "fail"—or fail—is perhaps the hardest lesson for women. Girls are taught not to blunder, that actions should always be graceful. The climbing experience provides one type of antidote: allowing women to take chances while firmly secured by a safety rope. Climbing teachers encourage women to experience falling—just to demonstrate it is not the end of the world. Applied to daily decision-making, this is a powerful realization.

BEACH READ

Can eleven thousand people be wrong? Perhaps. But that's the number of New Yorkers who annually walk through the doors of Sunmakers on Fifth Avenue to "tan" their faces and bodies artificially—and that includes Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Chancellor, Raquel Welch. At Sunmakers, machines are in use up to eleven hours a day—"twenty-five minutes each side adds up to eight hours on the beach. Three times provides a total vacation tan," says Barbro Andersson, who adds that for people who insist on a tan, her artificial method is better than the reality of broiling on a beach. How safe are tanning machines? Experts say they aren't. "You're fooling yourself if you think artificial tanning is safer than natural sunlight," says one NYC dermatologist. Andersson's view: "When people stop going into the sun, I'll discontinue my service."

ARE HEALTH CLUBS RISKY? Some exercisers seem to think so. One trend reported by *Newsweek*: to suing fitness clubs and trainers for lack of expertise. Fewer than one in twenty teachers currently has an exercise-physiology degree. And one doctor's survey of twelve hundred exercisers found 43 percent had injuries, as did 76 percent of the instructors. Best bets: Look for CPR-certified instructors, a club that asks your medical history and creates personal programs.

MAKEUP . . . AND MEN!

With more men interested in skin care, the next step, obviously, is makeup. More men are using bronzers now; and the men who use them, according to a Clinique profile, are also exercisers concerned about skin's protection from too much sun. Bronzers, it seems, are thought of by men not as makeup but as part of the *look of fitness*.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHAT'S NEW / WHAT'S COMING

movies

OUR MISS BROOK

I've wanted to be an actress since I was three," says Irina Brook, the twenty-three-year-old daughter of English theater director Peter Brook. When I visited her in her mother's small, sunny apartment on the Rue Cherche-Midi, she seemed delighted, in her low-key manner, by all the acting offers coming her way. Her current film, *The Girl in the Picture*, opens in the U.S. this month. Then she begins

Irina Brook

work on *Speak Memory*, based on Vladimir Nabokov's autobiography.

Irina was born in Paris, attended nursery school in England, primary school in Paris, a boarding school back in England, and acting school with Stella Adler in New York City. Brook is now so perfectly bilingual that she's acted on the Paris stage in *The Cherry Orchard* with her mother, Natasha Parry. She's even doing her own dubbing on her next project, *Captive*, an English-French co-production about a rich girl who's kidnapped by terrorists.

What she brings to these roles is an ambiguous sensuality: one moment she is laughing like the kid next door; the next she is sizing up her partner with a smoldering glance. —EDMUND WHITE

Sandrine Bonnaire in Agnes Varda's "Vagabond"

UNSENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

In the first scene of *Vagabond*, Agnes Varda's haunting film, a young woman is found dead in a ditch. Her hair is matted, her clothes are encrusted with filth, her face—the beautiful face of Sandrine Bonnaire, dull and begrimed—tells us nothing. She has frozen from exposure, this drifter who had rejected the comforts, and restraints, of love and society, living, as the rhythmic French title *Sans Toit ni loi* has it, "Without Roof or Law."

She had become nothing—a blank, a cipher, a case of terminal anomie—yet, like the country folk who came into contact with her and whose recollections form the narrative frame of the film, we will not soon forget her. She has shaken our faith in human intercourse, shown us the dark side of total freedom.

Built around the powerfully unpretty performance of Bonnaire (who was so luscious as the wanton teenager in *A Nos Amours*), *Vagabond* won First Prize at the Venice Film Festival and went on to become a surprise hit in France. It's the finest film of Varda's interesting career, as hard and unyielding as the terrain of southwestern France where it was shot. Yet in one of those paradoxes that are the secret of great art, the film is finally neither depressing nor nihilistic.

Part of the reason is Varda's intense feeling for this particular corner of France and her way of making it come alive without artifice. Her pantheistic vision, which made movies like *La Bonheur* and *One Sings, The Other Doesn't* both memorable and a bit odd for urban theatergoers, finds its perfect expression here. Varda knows how to give the impression of bone-chilling cold without the obvious clues like heavy snow and shivering actors. She knows these peasants and farmers, who play themselves in the film; she understands their prejudices and kindnesses.

And she has made it her business to know her heroine, Mona. It is through Varda's and Bonnaire's unflinching approach to Mona, their obsession with her concreteness, that the film achieves its monstrous purity. Mona is real, not metaphorical. She doesn't lend herself to romantic labels like "lost soul" or "free spirit" or even "dropout," all of which suggest some poetic or ideological stance toward society—and any of which would give us a comfortable handle on her. For such labels indicate a connection, however antagonistic, with society.

"You want everybody to be different, but only if they're different in *your* way," she says to a 'sixties back-to-the-land type who has become a shepherd, and this is the closest she comes to articulating a philosophy.

Her rebellion is simply one of tuning out, yet as blank as she is, she takes up space. We are acutely aware of her physical presence—her straggly hair, her backpack, even her stench—and of her appetites for food, drugs, a place to sleep, and companionship, appetites she satisfies only when no effort is required, no demands are made on her. Her sexual one-night stands—a parody of intimacy—are the film's most unlovely moments, just as an exuberantly tipsy afternoon with a supposedly senile old lady is a joyous high point, a moment of fun out of nowhere, before the descent into numbness and death.

As shockingly grim as Mona's fate is, the experience of watching it delivers a strangely pleasurable kick, like a splash of cold water, or what Varda herself called *"une malaise vivifiante"*—a bracing uneasiness.

With *Vagabond*, Varda has achieved the dream of every artist working in film—to move and shake large numbers of people with an uncompromising personal vision.

—MOLLY HASKELL

Top: JEAN GUICHARD/Gamma-Liaison; left: PETER LINDBERGH

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

movies

TOOL FOR LOVE

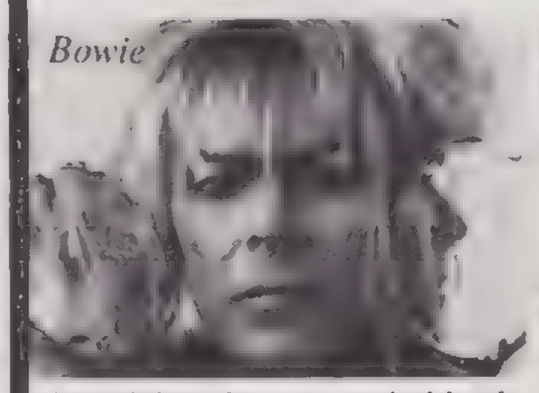
Ann Magnuson makes "Mr. Right"

It seems that Mr. Right is an android. For anyone who has listened to the ceaseless griping of young women concerning the supposed dearth of "available" men, this turn of events may not come as a revelation. Still, it's the engagingly weird premise behind *Making Mr. Right*, a comedy parable about love in the post-feminist wasteland.

Currently shooting on location in Florida, *Mr. Right* is director Susan Seidelman's first film since *Desperately Seeking Susan*, last year's hip, screwball romp that became known as "The Madonna Movie" when the singer-turned-actress's notoriety overwhelmed the film itself. Proud of her quirkiness, Seidelman cast doleful, soft-featured John Malkovich as the title android who learns to love, a kind of HAL with heart. (It's actually a double role: he also plays the scientist who created Mr. Right in his own image.)

But the film's real casting coup is the hiring of Ann Magnuson for her first starring role as the flesh-and-blood heroine, an image consultant hired to give the mechanical Malkovich a regular-guy patina. A superstar on her own turf, Magnuson was one of the founders of New York City's East Village club scene that was put to such charismatic use in *Desperately Seeking Susan*. Depending on how you like your labels, she's either a frighteningly funny performance artist or a conceptually brilliant comedienne (she says performance artist) who draws from a fractured gallery of media archetypes, like TV preacher-ettes and heavy-metal rubber queens.

We wondered how androids—typically not portrayed as positive characters in films of the recent past—fit into the current romantic miasma. "One of the things this movie is about," said Seidelman, "is cynical people letting go of their defenses and learning how to be nice to people. The android is just a metaphor for a kind of person who's uncomplicated, a little bit like Chauncey Gardiner in *Being There*. Since he's completely unjunked-up by past emotional experiences, Mr. Right can be a really sensitive guy." But haven't sensitive men gone the way of bra-burnings in the post-feminist age? "Gosh, I hope not. He *is* the hero of the movie." Women will have a chance to vote at the box office early next year. —BRUCE HANDY



Bowie

HE LOST IT AT THE MOVIES

I took off my shoes and tiptoed down the hall to Phoebe's room. Then I remembered that she was probably sleeping in my older brother D.B.'s room. He's out in Hollywood now, writing for the movies. It's a shame, really. He used to write these terrific short stories before he *prostituted* himself. Old Phoebe was asleep, but when I tapped her shoulder she woke right up—that's old Phoeb for you.

"Holden!" she practically screamed.

"SSSH!"

"Holden, how are ya?" She sat up, like she'd never been asleep at all, and started telling me about this movie she'd just seen. "It's called *Labyrinth*, and it's got David Bowie." She punched me in the arm. She does that when she gets worked up. She loves David Bowie, she really does. She's got this big old poster of him, wearing eye makeup and all, right on her closet door.

"David Bowie," she whispered. "He plays a villain, sort of, and lives in this big enchanted castle, and he's surrounded by Muppets—"

"Muppets! What's David Bowie doing with Muppets? You sure this wasn't some after-school special on TV?" I hate the movies, I really do. But I hate TV worse.

"No. A *movie*, silly. And they weren't Muppets, *exactly*, but these neat characters made by the guy who does the Muppets. And there was the cutest little terrier dog—"

"You're gonna make me puke, Phoeb." I covered my ears, but Phoebe had a wild look in her eye, like she'd just figured out why Franny had been lying on the couch all these years.

"David Bowie was wearing this wig—he looked like Tina Turner, and there were some really good dance numbers and—" She stopped and stared at me. "What's the matter with you, Holden. You hate *every*thing. You don't like David Bowie. You don't like Muppets."

When Phoebe gets that tone in her voice, she means business. I took off my red hunting hat and put it on her head. She took it right off. "By the way, Holden. What are you *doing* here? Did you get kicked out of school again? Huh? I mean you're over fifty years old."

She had a point, old Phoeb. I told you, she's a smart kid. I didn't have the heart to tell her there's something a little creepy about a forty-four-year-old woman who still lives at home. Instead I said, "Mick Jagger's no spring chicken either, but you'd never catch *him* making a Muppet movie." —TRACY YOUNG

Top BETH BAPTISTE, center: JOHN BROWN

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ROMANCING THE STONE

"Little Dancer at Fourteen," Degas, 1881

Sculpture's evolution from grandiosity to self-doubt —two monumental new exhibits

The provocatively titled French exhibition *What is Modern Sculpture?* (July 3-October 13) assembles two hundred fifty "key" pieces by ninety artists in an attempt to answer the question. The historic Paris show, organized for Beaubourg's Musée National d'Art Moderne by Margit Rowell, focuses on works that have radically redefined our concept of what a "sculpture" is. Choosing to emphasize innovation and changing perception as a theme, she has necessarily excluded much; however, her argument has a precision and clarity that most omnibus exhibitions lack. In a sense, Rowell's title, cast in the form of a question, defines the essence of modernity in sculpture: rupture with the existing tradition and an attitude of pervasive doubt.

That attitude is nowhere so evident as in the latest works in the exhibition (it covers the period 1900-1970 only) by minimal and conceptual artists like Carl André, Robert Morris, and Richard Serra. Their doubts regarding the status, function, and identity of sculpture, however, were first articulated early in the century by that most elegant of skeptics, Marcel Duchamp. For it was his claim that a common manufactured object could be exhibited as sculpture as a unique, hand-made, and fundamentally figurative art. Duchamp's first "ready-made," a bicycle wheel mounted on a stool (1914), was also one of the first kinetic sculptures; the idea that sculpture need not be stable or static is another quintessentially modern concept. Picasso's "Bull's Head" of 1943, a belated response to Duchamp's ephemeral and replaceable "found objects," asserted the claim of artistic transformation over mere conceptual daring by casting a bicycle seat and handlebars, assembled as a bull's head and horns, in the permanent and traditional material of bronze.

If doubt and rupture are the identifying features of twentieth-century sculpture, then certainty and continuity may be seen as the essential elements in the grand rhetorical style of the sculptural projects of the nineteenth century. This July, a special opportunity exists to understand what really happened to transform "statues" of men on horseback and other idealized images typical of traditional sculpture into the highly personal, emotionally evocative, expressionistic, and ultimately abstract works of modern sculptors. For, at the same time that the Beaubourg shows twentieth-century works, the Grand Palais is exhibiting an equal number of nineteenth-century sculptures. A very different show both thematically and in terms of installation—unesthetic and pedagogical as opposed to the elegant presentation at Beaubourg—*French Sculpture in the Nineteenth Century*, on view until July 28, is nevertheless one of the most exciting and illuminating sculpture exhibitions ever put together. Looking at the sensitive plaster, clay, and wax models for the grandiose public sculptures that proclaimed the superiority of French culture to all the world, we sense the real quality of artists like Barye, Carpeaux, Dalou, and Rude, whose works are known to us mainly in their mechanically enlarged monumental versions decorating such beloved landmarks as the Paris Opera, the Arc de Triomphe, and others.

These two exceptional exhibitions viewed together let us see how modern sculptors challenged the ideas their medium had served since antiquity: they detached works from architectural contexts and removed them from the bases that had set sculptures apart from ordinary objects, thereby forcing the spectator to confront them on a more intimate and demanding level. Also striking: the tremendous formal changes brought about by the abandonment of the atelier, where sculptors carved and chiseled with their own hands, in favor of the factory, where the techniques of industrial fabrication were used by artists like Julio Gonzalez to invent a new kind of sculpture that was assembled from parts rather than cut from a monolithic block or cast in bronze. There are many lessons to be learned here regarding the sources of twentieth-century sculpture in the expressionist deformations of late Rodin. The surprise of Degas costuming his classic bronze ballerina in a real cloth tutu points forward to modern assemblage. Even the primitivism that so influenced Picasso and Brancusi are already hinted at in Gauguin's wood carvings.

We also realize that the nineteenth century valued the public sphere and the act of commemorating heroic moments as we do not. Mythology, religion, the hero, and the human figure, especially in its erotic provocation as the nude, were still believable for both artist and public. A cultural consensus made it possible for public works to be commissioned and executed without offending the man in the street who had to live with them. Today, this is not the case, we know, since avant-garde artist and layman no longer share the same cultural values, making the issue of public sculpture so volatile.

Once the modern artist claimed autonomy from all tradition or convention, the role of public sculpture needed reexamining. One chooses to go to a museum, but one is forced to confront sculpture in public spaces. Public art in the twentieth century celebrates neither church nor state, neither heroism nor victory, which makes its function dangerously ambiguous. If intimacy, personal expression, and formal purity are among the most salient characteristics of the sculpture of this century, one has to reconsider seriously its role as a public statement. In the meantime, we have in these sculpture shows the opportunity to study the evolution of its subjects, materials, and techniques—and the ways in which these changes have brought about changes in form and meaning. —BY BARBARA ROSE

"The Big Trumpet," Gonzalez, 1932–34

Left: La Réunion des Musées Nationaux, France. Right: Musée National D'Art Moderne/ Collection Dr. Walter A. Bechtler, Zollikon

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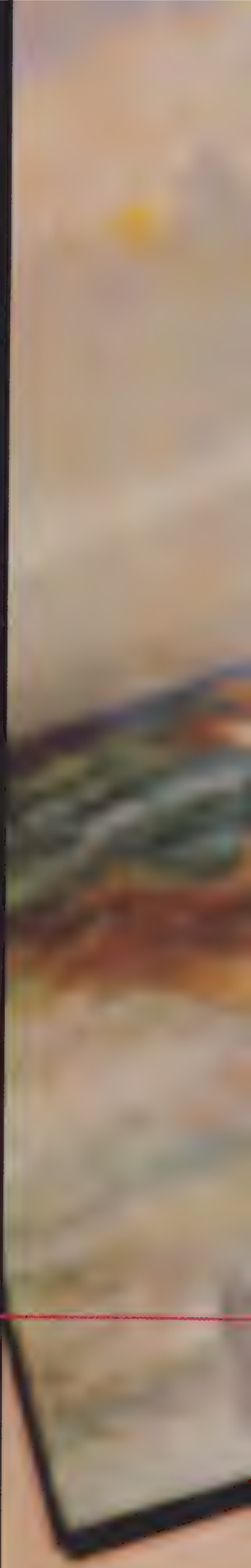

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

music

The Pet Shop Boys; Janet Jackson (above right)

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Michael Jackson's take-charge baby sister . . . The Pet Shop Boys rap the life ironic . . . Boy George without tears . . . F-F-F-Falco . . . more

The Pet Shop Boys—actually two English fellows—are soon to be a household word here. Chris Lowe and Neil Tennant, are, respectively, an ex-architecture student and an ex-editor for a music magazine, and their hit "West End Girls" from *Please* (EMI) merges rap technology with the immense, melancholy resignation that's the English musical lot nowadays. The Brits like their irony, too: "Suburbia," a vignette replete with dog packs and police cars, has a luscious, idyllic melody to introduce it, while the lyric to "Opportunities" winks at you like this: "I've got the brains/You've got the looks/Let's make lots of money." . . . **Janet Jackson**, Mike's sister and the youngest of the family, has declarations of independence all over her new hit record *Control* (A&M). Listen to her song titles: "Control," "What Have You Done For Me Lately?" "The Pleasure Principle." Whether or not you take them seriously is up to you. What's inarguable are the whomping dance grooves created by Terry Lewis and Jimmy Jam, the hottest producers around, who have crafted her songs into pop miracles; their arrangements sound sleekly architectural with drum workouts that push the limits of pop politeness, giving her airy voice the kick it needs. Even though she sings "I'll call my own shots, thank you/Got my own mind . . . ," you don't care if she *has* gotten a little help from her family—the album is wonderful.

Singer/songwriter **Jackson Browne**, who issues more "no comments" on his fling with Daryl Hannah than the C.I.A. does on covert aid, steps into the political arena with *Lives In The Balance* (Asylum), featuring de rigueur anti-war commentaries and state-of-the-union summations set to a conventional folk-rocking, none-too-convincing beat. . . . **Falco**, an Austrian who looks like a shark dressed in evening clothes, is the funniest pop cartoon since Madonna. Affecting a 'thirties nightclub sophistication—he sings into an antique microphone on the cover of his *Falco 3* (A&M)—he pokes fun at the contrived glamour of retro pop stars like Sade, all the while causing dance floors to tremble. On his international hit "Rock Me Amadeus," he calls Mozart a "superstar," stuttering as Tom Hulce did in the movie. His newest single, "Vienna Calling," has him rapping in German. . . .

The intense, austere songs country star **Hank Williams** recorded during the period covered on *Lost Highway: December 1948-March 1949* (Polydor) are some of his most powerful. Laced with religious imagery, sparely arranged (some are just demo tapes, with Williams accompanying himself on guitar), they resonate with the rural American loneliness and despair echoed in the pictures of Walker Evans. . . . Downtown New York composer **Scott Johnson**, one more musician trying to wed popular and classical music, turns tape recordings of laughter into irresistible R&B riffs, and mixes them in with near-minimalist, country-style guitar. The sentence "You know who's in New York? Remember that guy—John somebody?" in various permutations opens his *John Somebody* (Nonesuch), turning into a leitmotif that gives the piece classical complexity; the rhythms are downhome enough for it to be a dance single. . . . After their third record truly bombed, **Boy George** and **Culture Club** engineered one of the most precipitous disappearances in pop history. They're back with *From Luxury to Heartache* (Epic). Chock-full of American soul devices, it's perfectly crafted, appealing pop fluff, with George's voice etching catchy melodies above the din.

—PETER WATROUS

Left: ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE. *Right:* A&M Records

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BRUNO MAGLI

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

theater

OH, WHAT A FUNNY HELL

Kurtz (l) is the wife, Channing (r), the mistress, and Mahoney, the man in the middle, in "The House of Blue Leaves"

The spectacular success of the revival of John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves* and its recent transfer from the 299-seat Mitzi E. Newhouse theater to the nearly 1100-seat Vivian Beaumont was good news not only for the play's cast and author, but for New York City as well. At last, the seemingly cursed Lincoln Center Theater is making a significant contribution to what is wistfully described as serious New York theater. Free, at least for the moment, from the obligation to fill both houses by reliance on subscription and guesswork scheduling of popular fare, the new directors, Gregory Mosher and Bernard Gersten, are evidently going to be given a real chance to produce work that matters by playwrights who matter.

In the production of *The House of Blue Leaves*, these high intentions and the ability to carry them out are made abundantly clear. There is life and intelligence in every part of the work, from the outstanding performances of the principal actors, John Mahoney, Swoosie Kurtz, and Stockard Channing, to the gimmick-free direction of Jerry Zaks and the characteristically precise and imaginative lighting of Paul Gallo.

Guare has created real people held by the ruthlessness of their dreams inside a real, but nevertheless truly comic, nightmare. He has also created what would appear to be a double contradiction: a melodramatic farce about ordinary life. The play is thoroughly American, but its themes are Chekhovian: ordinary selfishness and ordinary cruelty, failure, the deafness (at one point, the quite literal deafness) of people to the pain and need around them.

"Everyone in the play is constantly being humiliated by their dreams, their loves, their wants, their best parts," Guare once wrote. "People have criticized the play for being cruel or unfeeling. I don't think any play from *The Oresteia* on down has ever reached the cruelty of the smallest moments in our lives, what we have done to others, what others have done to us. I'm not interested so much in how people survive as in how they avoid humiliation."

Guare points out that the balance of farce and tragedy has altered since the play was first put on in 1971. What previously seemed one of its wackier notions, the proposed shooting, by a beloved son, of a visiting Pope, now looks like something that could very well happen to a family in Queens, one more humiliation that battered folk might have to put up with. Even the Pope ("Mr. Magic," he's called—just another celebrity in this play about the American belief in salvation through celebrity) comes to seem in hindsight to be no more than one of the play's dreamers, his hope of ending "the gang war in Vietnam" no less naïve than Artie Shaughnessy's dream of getting his songs to Hollywood, or his mistress Bunny's dream of going there with him. Only Artie's depressed wife, Bananas, has dreams that match her reality. "I dream I'm just waking up and I roam around the house all day crying because of the way my life turned out. And then I do wake up and what do I do? Roam around the house all day crying about the way my life turned out."

The *deus ex machina* in the play turns out to be, rather than God's flying Vicar, Artie's old friend, the movie mogul Billy Einhorn. It is he who settles Artie's life, not by offering him fame and fortune as a songwriter, but by depriving him of his mistress and returning him to his wife. "Oh no, Artie," Billy says. "If I ever thought you and Bananas weren't here in Sunnyside . . . loving my work, I could never work again. You're my touch with reality . . . . Anybody can create. But to be an audience . . . ."

The play is full of such cruel flashes, visual and textual ironies that break through to illuminate the nightmare paralysis of the characters: Artie's desperate audition of his songs to Billy's literally deaf girl friend; Bananas' touching attempt to be a hostess, cooking Brillo pads for her guests; Artie pushing Bananas at the TV image of the Pope so that she can receive his blessing. She bends to kiss the screen and recoils. "It's so cold," she says, in pure McLuhanese.

Such lines reverberate throughout the play disguised in the innocence of real speech. They are concentrated instants that multiply and resound, creating moments far more stunning than any of the wilder events that take place. They are what propel the farce toward its utterly tragic ending. "You're a nobody," Bunny says at one point to Bananas, "and you suffer like a nobody." —JANET HOBHOUSE

SWOOSIE KURTZ: A FINE MADNESS

Swoosie Kurtz was acclaimed as something special on the New York City stage at least as long ago as 1978, when she won a Tony nomination for her appearance opposite John Wood in *Tartuffe*. Since then she has won a Tony for her part in Lanford Wilson's *Fifth of July*, an Emmy for TV's *Love, Sidney*, and, this season, is following suit for her role of Bananas, the flipped-out wife, in *The House of Blue Leaves*. It may well be the hardest part she's ever had to play, given the nature of Bananas' malady and her withdrawal from the world. (Depression, a state in which one projects nothing, should be by definition an impossible state for an actor to project.)

"The danger is to play her negative, bitter, jealous, pitiful, or pathetic," Kurtz says. Instead, the actress creates for her character a private world that goes on alongside, but only haphazardly connects with, the world around her. At times, her head bobs as though she were a broken doll and her mouth and eyes work out of sync. Yet Kurtz gives her creation great charm as well as horrific credibility, and the audience is always aware of her dignity. "Even when they laugh," she says, "I'm so inside Bananas' point of view I don't really hear it." —J.H.

Photos BRIGITTE LACOMBE Bottom Hair and makeup, James Theadford Wers

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

press

PRIMERS OF HIP

There's a new strain of magazine surfacing in which substance follows style. Its exuberant illustration, aggressive design, idiosyncratic size (usually too large to fit neatly in a rack or even on a coffee table), and uncommon paper are a spirited expression of the 'eighties obsession with the visual. With the best of them, however, you don't look at the pictures and throw away the magazine; you read the articles. The writing is sassy, the reviews opinionated, the articles timely. They hit you with the newest graphics and the latest on what's hot and what's not.

Andy Warhol's *Interview* may be considered the grandfather of the trendier of these magazines like *L.A. Style* and *Details* (from NYC's East Village), which spill the local gossip, tout local designers and celebrities, and attract hip advertisers.

Bomb, an arts magazine printed on cheap newsprint, takes itself more seriously than most and deserves to be read rather than just flipped through. The April issue included interviews with Horton Foote (*Tender Mercies, The Trip to Bountiful*) and British novelist Graham Swift (*Waterland*). Every work of art is given a full page, inviting inspection and appraisal.

Paper, conceived by ex-*SoHo Weekly News* editors David Hershkovits and Kim Hastreiter, is more playful and always loosely organized around a theme. The magazine itself is a poster folded down into a manageable size, with an A-Z insert on the topic of the month. The layout is cheerfully spontaneous, and looks as if someone pitched the text and illustrations into the air, then pasted them down where they landed. The articles are short, informative, and humorous. In the "sporty" issue, for instance, a reader could ascertain where to take batting practice in NYC and where to buy equipment for a ring toss.

Spin, a *Rolling Stone*-style music magazine edited, designed, and published by Bob Guccione, Jr., son of the *Penthouse* publisher, is much better than you would expect. The type—red, purple, and yellow as well as black—and the photographs pop off the page. The articles cover an admirable range, everything from the opening of Dollywood, the Dolly Parton theme park, to teen murders in Baltimore.

Hyper-visual foreign magazines are among the most exciting of the latest crop. *Passion*, which is a challenge to find here, and *City* are two striking French magazines. *City* is a black-and-white journal with an update on what's happening in different metropolises as well as essays on people in architecture, photography, and fashion design. If you don't read French, the sultry fashion photos are enough to satisfy. *Passion*, written in English with a French supplement, has a more newsy, helpful attitude with restaurant and entertainment listings in addition to pieces on the arts and politics. *The Face*, a not-so-new British import focusing on music and pop culture, is so sharply written that it's worth reading even if you don't care about composers more recent than Bach.

In the worst of the new magazines, the style of the print makes a more significant statement than the words themselves. *Emigre: The Magazine that Ignores all Boundaries*, from Berkeley, is blatantly gimmicky. Typeset on an Apple McIntosh computer, the print is hard to read. The articles on recent arrivals to the California arts scene and the self-conscious fiction written by people who don't use capital letters are not worth the effort.

New magazines are being conceived at the rate of about one hundred a year. This year we have the dominance of the visual. Next year, with magazines like *Spy*, the New York cousin to the British satirical *Private Eye*, *Smart American*, "for readers who will identify with the title," and *Corporate Finance* on the drawing board, stay tuned for humor, the high life, and business.—DANA COWIN

WHAT'S NORMAL?

The magazine is ironically called *Normal* because it is anything but. Thirty-four-year-old editor and publisher Gini Alhadeff writes of her new literary quarterly, "It is in permanent exile from the realm of the familiar." Conceived in New York, developed further in Tuscany with the help of writer and professor Andrew Harvey, and designed by Paul Davis (best known, perhaps, for his stunning posters for Joseph Papp's Public Theater), *Normal*'s three- and four-color graphics are reminiscent of a design publication; its size (9⅝ x 13) more like *Interview* than the *Antioch Review*. The first issue, distributed on national newsstands in May, included a letter from the secret files of the Third Reich, an essay on sleeplessness by Nobel Prize winner Ivo Andric, an interview with Italo Calvino, and a four-page gatefold of Jasper Johns drawings.

Alhadeff, like the quarterly, is "multi-lingual, pannational." Italian by nationality, she was born in Egypt, has lived in Japan and Europe, and has worked as assistant to Giorgio Armani and for the Museum of Modern Art.

Alhadeff says she wants to keep the magazine free from "the visual and editorial interference of advertising." Instead, *Normal* has a hefty cover price ($7.50) and is looking for funding from corporate sponsors. The plan is to start small, find a loyal readership—and grow, all the while remembering that *Normal* is, in its editor's words, "an intellectual nomad," a magazine that "swears only by the imagination." —JANE BERENTSON

THE NAPALM READER

A magazine that's more controversial than *Penthouse*"? That's what Evan Koslow, Ph.D., proposed to *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione a little more than a year ago; and so was born *Nuclear, Biological, and Chemical Defense and Technology International*, a four-color, high-gloss monthly for international brass and the defense industry.

The regulation-army-green promotional packet for *NBC Defense* promises "one of the most exciting and graphically pleasing military magazines ever produced." No empty promise. Consider the first issue (April, 1986), which offers tips on "Taking the Bite Out of Snake Venoms" and on how to "achieve the desired goal of reducing personnel efficiency" with fungal mycotoxins. Rich photos of a "dog killed by feed contaminated with tremorgenic toxin" and of a baby bird's mouth riddled with "grotesque lesions" prove the fungus article's point. Columns highlight international *(Continued on page 44)*

Top DOMINIQUE NABOKOV

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Stendhal
PARIS

the union

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

press

(Continued) war news and technological developments like the "integrated hood-mask" ("disadvantages include rapid penetration of mustard [gas] through the lens") and "ionizing radiation shielding" pellets. Had anyone forgotten, the introductory "First Word" recalls that "Nuclear weapons remain an attractive and increasingly cost-effective deterrent . . ."

Like some other Guccione publications, *NBC Defense* has a pictorial centerfold to go with its coverage of chemical warfare in the Iran-Iraq war: but no nudes here, just Iranians—the burned and blistered bodies of "the dead and the dying." Koslow, now editor-in-chief, compares the photos to the scene in *Gone with the Wind* where wounded soldiers are lying all over the ground by the railroad tracks.

Response so far has been enthusiastic, claims Koslow. Even the Soviets and the Chinese are sending in their subscriptions. But never fear—*NBC Defense* isn't giving away American military secrets. None of the published information is classified; it's just "previously not released." —ELIZABETH GLEICK

thoroughbreds

SHEILA METZNER

HORSES OF ANOTHER COLOR: GREEN

Lexington, Kentucky, in the heart of Bluegrass country, is hardly anyone's idea of a jetsetters' resort—on Sunday you can't get a drink there or even play the horses. But this reserved, cliquey town with a passion for horses, bourbon, and basketball observes an annual ritual that involves one of the greatest gambles of all—buying Thoroughbred yearlings.

Every July, high rollers, potentates, and big spenders from around the country and around the world jam Lexington's Blue Grass airport, located next door to billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt's Bluegrass farm and across the highway from Keeneland, the fifty-year-old race track and sales emporium. All of them have established hefty credit lines in order to bid on the approximately three hundred prize Thoroughbreds entered in the Keeneland Select Yearling Sale and the two hundred slightly lesser animals entered in the subsequent Yearling Sale.

Even before you leave the airport, you walk past displays touting the famous studs of Airdrie, past icons of the lush green pastures of Claiborne. You start thinking about momentous matings, about all the spindly-legged potential Secretariats for sale across the way, gamboling behind white fences before they go out to do battle on the track. You think too about bluegrass empires built on the potency of stallions and the salesmanship of owners. For if Kentucky is the great Thoroughbred nursery of the world, Keeneland is the ultimate casbah, where the best bloodstock in the world changes hands, passing from the old-time bluegrass barons to the new empire-builders, the ultimate gamblers from oil-producing states: Dubai, Arabia, Texas.

During the week preceding the three-day auction, the atmosphere is deceptively casual. There are glitzy lawn and tent parties at local breeding farms every night; and during the day, sheiks in polo shirts and millionaires in stretchy synthetics stroll through Keeneland's landscaped barns. They sip complimentary cocktails, peruse their sales catalogues, and check the conformation of the slender, nervous young horses that will sell at the select sale for an average of more than $500,000 each. Says Tom Gentry, a leading consigner every year, "A million dollars doesn't get you very far anymore."

In 1983, after Arab sheik Mohammed al Maktoum bid a record $10.2 million for a sleek son of Northern Dancer, Keeneland had to add another digit on its electronic bid board. That extra panel came in handy last year when a consortium of Americans managed to stay in the bidding up to $13 million, against a European consortium headed by British soccer-pool magnate Robert Sangster. This year's bidding wars, from July 21st through the 23rd, should prove no less heady entertainment. —CAROL FLAKE

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tv GETTING INTIMATE WITH RUSSIA

A new documentary reveals the discreet charm of the proletariat

Comrades, Frontline's twelve-part documentary series on PBS about the Soviet Union is a masterpiece—a collection of small, somewhat idiosyncratic portraits that include off-center, but wonderfully clear, views of the vast and variable landscape.

Rita, a twenty-one-year-old studying to be a teacher in Moscow, is a perfect student, a dutiful if uninspired Communist, a model Soviet citizen. Her parents are relatively affluent, privileged members of an urban elite: the three of them share a two-room flat. A night out for Rita consists of squirming through discussions at a Young Communist League meeting, until it is time for her reward: dancing at an exclusive, if poky, little disco, where a satin-clad rock group called Alpha sings "I'm a Mischievous Moscow Playboy." Rita's life is unrelentingly square, her goals and ideas utterly conventional. Rita, the upright comrade, is a perfect lady, a perfect petit bourgeois. The portrait of Rita is fascinating and touching in a grim way—she is an uninspired and limited young woman, and yet so much in earnest. Regimented, innocent, and old-fashioned, Rita's life has an element of nostalgic charm when compared to the slick hippety-hop of the decadent West. But the most pervasive feeling one gets is claustrophobia.

In another episode, a father and son hunt in the Taiga, a Siberian forest. One roars off in a snowmobile, the other, wrapped in pelts, plods away on a fuzzy horse. It is fifty-five degrees below zero. "There's something about it—something spiritual," says Mikhail, the old father; at home, in the settlement of eight hundred people, his wrinkled, bent-over wife drags in the fire wood and fetches water from a hole in the river ice, annoyed that he won't retire. "Of course, he's a romantic," she laughs. Hearty, independent, indifferent to politics, these trappers and their families are as different from the prim and correct Rita as a family of black bears. And the filmmakers suggest that it is only here, in places like this on the very edge of Russian society, that the idiosyncratic can flourish. The state has staked its claim—Mikhail's son is a state-certified fur inspector, as well as a stealthy trapper trained by his father. But deep in the white forest, the state is clearly irrelevant.

Comrades is a skilled documentary—discreet and reserved, laced with eloquent detail. It is, finally, about the Soviet Union; but it is also about Rita and the two hunters, about a woman judge who, as a girl, used to line up her dolls to lecture them on proper behavior, about a shrewd and softly diplomatic Muslim from the Asian mountains who restores mosques with inspiration and intensity. The Soviet Union has always seemed a baffling place—a phenomenally diverse country obsessed with standardization; an achingly spiritual land devoted to bureaucracy. *Comrades* preserves the bafflement. The show does not pop the Russian people into facile dioramas. It lets you wonder—but with greater precision.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

ANATOMY OF A PRATFALL

Unknown Chaplin is a charming, beautifully made, and important documentary. Kevin Brownlow and David Gill, the film-historians who wrote and produced the three-part program (part of the PBS *American Masters* series running through the summer), has come up with remarkable discoveries from the Chaplin film archive. In part, these out-takes and home movies are a peek behind the curtain of celebrity. At the same time, these stolen glances—Chaplin ordered most of his out-takes destroyed—provide more than silent, black-and-white gossip: they are humbling lessons in the elaborate composition of pure comedy. Chaplin combined what would now be considered unthinkable spontaneity with unthinkable perfectionism; he often began scenes with no idea other than a prop—an escalator, for example—and rehearsed on film, making constant changes, for hundreds of takes.

As James Mason narrates in his musical way, we watch the elaborate progression of a scene through the out-takes, seeing it growing, shrinking, disappearing altogether to reappear with only a trace of the painstaking, sometimes eloquent, work that came before. There are finished scenes that Chaplin finally cut like a magnificent seven-minute scene from *City Lights* in which Chaplin stands trying to coax a piece of trash through a sidewalk grate with his cane. Larks from home movies—e.g., dancing with a globe—turn up in classic Chaplin films. And the filmmakers reveal some of Chaplin's special-effects techniques, examining the footage for clues with Holmesian patience and imagination. *Unknown Chaplin* is a loving document, but it never gushes. Modest, but deeply curious, this film drops us into Chaplin's working world—a place of constant filmed intelligence and reflection in which everyone keeps getting stuck in revolving doors.

—C.S.

Charles Chaplin

YOU'VE COME HALF-WAY, BABY This month, ABC airs an ambitious three-hour documentary, tentatively called *After The Sexual Revolution*, that promises to expose both the triumph and distress behind two decades of brisk, often bewildering change in women's lives. The show will concentrate on women in the workplace, in relationships, and in the family. One sobering statistic: of working women, only 24 percent are on any "career" track. Most work to survive. "Despite dramatic gains," says executive producer Pam Hill, "most women are still in a way supplemental, ghettoized in their work, a source of cheap labor." Perhaps we all haven't changed as much as we'd like to believe.

—DAVID DeNICOLO

Top: CARRIE BORETZ/Archive Pictures Inc.; center: Frank Driggs Collection

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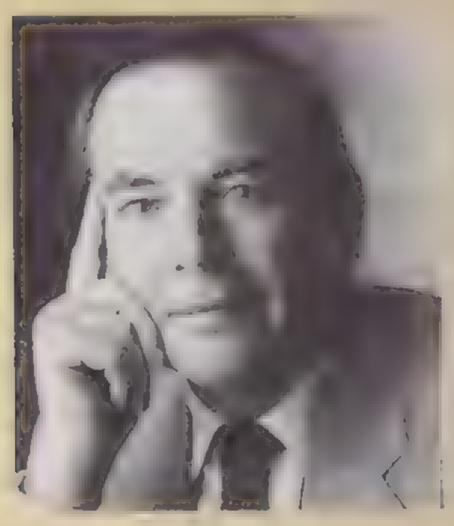
DR. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD ON AGING.

A DISCUSSION ON AGING AND ITS EFFECT ON THE SKIN.
BY
CHRISTIAAN BARNARD, M.D.



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BY LORRAINE DAVIS

IN HER OWN WORDS...

"It's wrong for society to think that being at home raising children is irrelevant to professional life, but people who do stay home must see to it that they keep a hand in their professional field. After a nine-year break, I went back to a ten-year period of retooling....As a mother, I had become someone who could handle an awful lot with reasonably good humor, day after day. A dean's job is hectic, and it's all about people."—*Barbara Aronstein Black, Dean, Columbia University School of Law; after her years at home, she taught part-time while getting a doctoral degree*

"I see the women's sports picture getting better all the time. The 1972 Title IX law that established equal opportunity in school athletics brought drastic changes. But women's sports have grown so much that now men see them as a viable career opportunity. Unfortunately for women coaches, the people with the most experience in the job are men. Women can actually learn to be more competitive by getting involved in athletics."—*Marianne Stanley, coach of women's basketball team, Old Dominion University, Norfolk, Virginia*

BUSINESS FOR THE FUN OF IT

Debbi Fields, the Mrs. in Mrs. Fields Cookies, was the luncheon speaker when a record mob of over three thousand entrepreneurially minded women crowded into this year's (the sixth) National Conference for Women in the Businesses of Fashion, Beauty, Fitness, Food, and Home Fashion, in NYC, sponsored by American Women's Economic Development Corporation with the title: "We're putting women in their place...in business." (Individual seminars are available on cassette tapes, for those who didn't get in.) Mrs. Fields revealed how she got *her* first customers: piled still-warm cookies on cookie sheets and marched out on the street to accost passersby. They followed her back to her store.

This same won't-quit approach worked when Mrs. Fields went to bankers: "The word *no* is completely unacceptable, especially when you go in to ask for financing. When you walk in, and the banker says, 'No,' don't give up. It means that you go to the next banker and the next banker. You will find people who say, 'Yes.'

"I make business decisions based on how it feels as opposed to the black and white on the paper." (Debbi Fields' intuition led her straight to seventy million dollars' worth of business in three hundred stores last year.) "...And I stand for the idea that '*good enough* never is'; our focus is always on excellence....You must make your work fun. Otherwise, life is like one long dental appointment. You have to go out and create the fun." (AWED, Room 405, 60 East Forty-second Street, NYC 10165.)

...AND FUNDING IT, IN MINNESOTA

Money for "projects that enhance the leadership skills and potential of women entrepreneurs" is provided by MINN-WE, Inc. (that's Minnesota Women Entrepreneurs), a St. Paul-Minneapolis foundation made up of successful women business owners. Suggesting contributions of $1000 for two years is one way these women raise the cash. Their "training in excellence" seminars are three weekend series for potential business owners.

MINN-WE's chair, May Yue, said: "Women have traditionally been much more nurturing, so it's easier for us to take that role." (MINN-WE, Suite 315, Edina, Executive Plaza, 5200 Wilson Road, Minneapolis MN 55424.)

MONEY TALKS

Each check you write can become a conversation starter on women's rights if you order from Message!Check Corporation. A handsome camel-colored check designed by Pat Hansen is headed—in red type—"Equality for Women," with the definition printed below: "*...The state of being equal: having the same rights, privileges, opportunities, and compensation." Founders Amy Larkin and Priscilla Fenton will donate to the National Organization for Women $1 of the $14 you pay each time you order two hundred checks printed with your name and address, plus deposit slips and a check register. Checks and deposit slips are coded, just like your bank's (send bank reorder form from your present supply).*

Ms. Larkin and her partner both had experience in non-profit organizations, but theirs is a for-profit enterprise. "We'd like to make a difference as well as a dollar, have a business that contributes to the world and also allows us to become independent." (Message!Check Corp., P.O. Box 3206-D4, Seattle WA 98114.)

THAT TOWN WITH WOMEN IN CHARGE

It's said a female take-over of the political scene in the town of Kent, Connecticut (population 2600), wasn't planned, it "just happened" ("We've got a job to do, and we're doing it"), but let's count the women in office there: First Selectman Maureen Brady, who acts as mayor, and Selectman Dorothy Osborne (the third selectman is a man), Probate Judge Joan Downes, Town Clerk Marian Pacocha, Tax Collector Ruth Epstein, Postmaster Leona Dotson. State Senator M. Adela Eads is also Chairman of the Board of Education; Representative to the U.S. Congress is Nancy Johnson. Add editor of the town's newspaper, Karen Chase.

Married and the mother of three, Ms. Brady had worked in the First Selectman's office, then ran for the top job when her children were grown. Now she says, "It's fulfilling to know that you have an active part in what happens in your community. If you want a political post—go for it."

ON YOUR WAY

Kashmir, July 10-August 1 (or July 9-31, next year): Womantrek wanderings in Kashmir, over 13,387-foot Nichinai Pass and on to see lakes, temples, palaces...and in the **Galapagos Islands, July 15-26** (July 14-27, next year): tour with sailing, snorkeling, swimming. (Womantrek, 1411 E. Olive Way, P.O. Box 20643, Seattle WA 98102.)
Seneca Falls, July 19-20: Celebration, 138th anniversary of the First Women's Rights Convention, National Women's Hall of Fame. (P.O. Box 335, Seneca Falls NY 13148.)
London, July 22-30: Theatre Party in London, including music and dance. Bon Voyage, Inc., Exclusive Travel for Women (P.O. Box 80, Marblehead MA 01945.)
Saratoga Springs, July 25-August 1: Tenth Anniversary Conference of International Women's Writing Guild, Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, NY. (IWWG, Box 810, Gracie Station, NYC 10028.)
Wyoming, signup time: "Women and Wilderness" courses in Yellowstone National Park; introductory class, August 7-8; back-country trip, August 9-10; "Natural World" class, August 30-31. (Info: P.O. Box 117, Yellowstone National Park WY 82190.)

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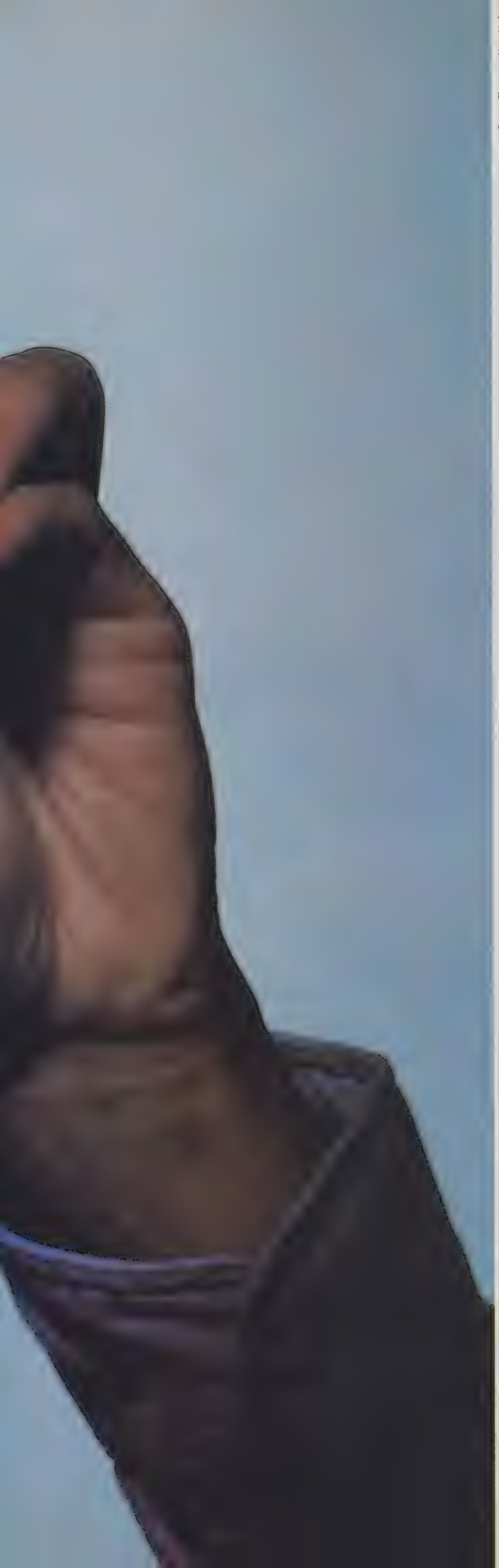

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Q BEAUTY A

Sloughers . . . nail-"growth" aids . . . makeup that lasts

Q Summer seems like a good time to try a body slougher to make my skin smoother. What are the pros and cons of sloughers? How are they used?

A The purpose of sloughing, at home or in a salon, is to exfoliate the outermost layer of dead cells and so freshen skin. Generally, the salon procedure involves cleansing skin, then applying grainy sloughing cream to arms, legs, back, and upper chest. A soft electric brush sometimes is used to help remove dry-skin patches. After the sloughing agent is washed off, moisturizer is applied.

According to Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, NYC, many sloughers have astringent-like qualities and are of most benefit to oily or acne-prone skin. If you have extremely dry or sensitive skin, avoid sloughing products or do a patch test beforehand (apply cream on inner arm, wait twenty-four to forty-eight hours to check for a reaction).

Sloughing creams, whether used at home or in a salon, should *never* be applied to the genital area or nipples; neck and breast areas also tend to be sensitive and should be avoided.

Iris Model, senior vice president/director of education at Clinique, which makes a body slougher, notes that sloughers should not be used on "blemished or irritated skin or on 'broken' or sunburned areas." Also, body-sloughing creams should not be used on facial skin, as they are usually a bit "rougher" than those creams designed for use on the face.

Q My nails break very easily. Can using a "nail-growth" product help?

A "*Topically applied* products *cannot* affect nail growth because nails grow from a matrix deep inside the skin of the fingers," says Richard K. Scher, M.D., professor of dermatology, head of the nail unit, Brown University Medical School. "But what can help to make nails less susceptible to breakage is applying a nail hardener."

Ordinary nail polish also will give nails some protection from breakage. Products—such as hardeners, base coats, top coats—that contain formaldehyde, which works with the keratin of the nail to harden it, are particularly effective; but, in rare cases, formaldehyde can cause an allergic reaction. Nail wraps are another option, if you are not sensitive to the glues used. In extreme cases of brittleness, softness, or peeling, a dermatologist should be consulted. (Sally Hansen's Maximum Growth is both a base and a top coat that can be used daily to make nails more resistant to breakage. Clinique makes a nail hardener that is formaldehyde-free.)

Q How can I help makeup to last in hot, humid weather? In summer, my skin often becomes "shiny" by mid-day.

A In summertime, most women will need to alter makeup habits to some extent, says NYC makeup artist Rick Gillette. His advice:

- Avoid using heavy makeup bases. Look for a matte foundation in a light liquid or water-based pancake formula (these usually come in compacts) with a high concentration of talc (if you have oily skin, a pore-minimizing foundation is a possibility). If you need more coverage than a light foundation offers, try a creamy *powder* base (comes in a compact, is applied with a sponge) rather than an oil-based product. Even women with dry skin should consider a water-based liquid or pancake foundation in warmer weather.
- If your skin tone is even and you can get away without overall coverage, apply foundation only where a bit of camouflage or smoothing is needed (under eyes, on cheeks, forehead). Another choice in summer is simply to use a translucent or pressed powder over moisturizer. Apply with a brush (it provides lighter coverage) all over the face.
- Consider switching to a "lighter" moisturizer and avoid over-moisturizing. Some women may need to use a moisturizer only at night; those with oily skin might use it during the day just where needed—around eyes, mouth, for example. *Do*, however, wear a sunscreen whenever you are outdoors.
- Be aware that you may need to check your makeup and touch up with pressed powder more often in summer—say, in the mid-morning, at lunch, before leaving the office at night. Using a brush, rather than powder puff or pad, to apply pressed powder reduces its coverage, so you can use it more frequently without getting a heavily made-up look.
- Remember: if you keep makeup to a minimum, application simple, it may even be possible to wash all makeup off and reapply when going from office to "evening." ▽

VOGUE, July, 1986

Christian Dior

MAQUILLAGE

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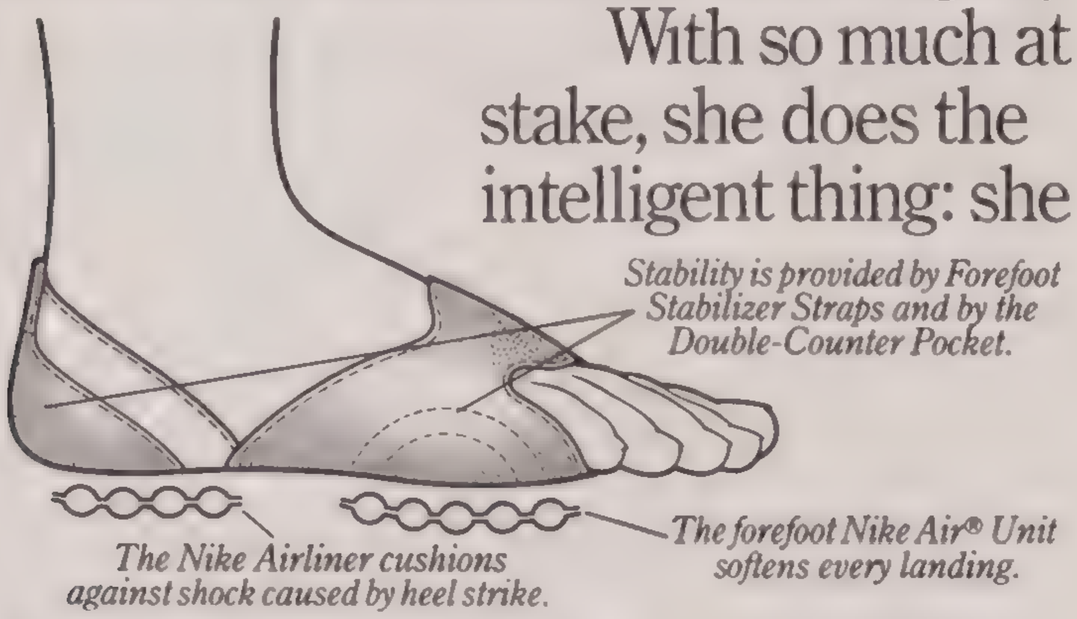
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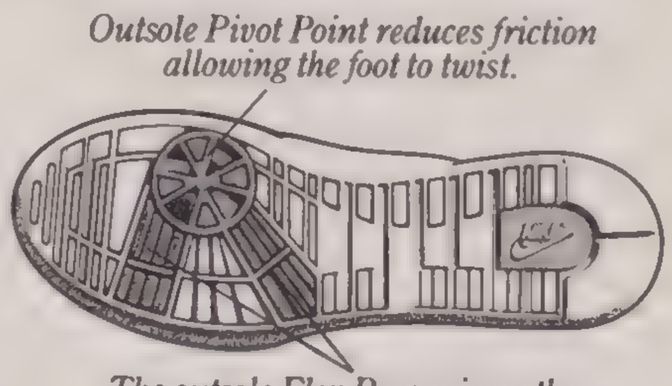

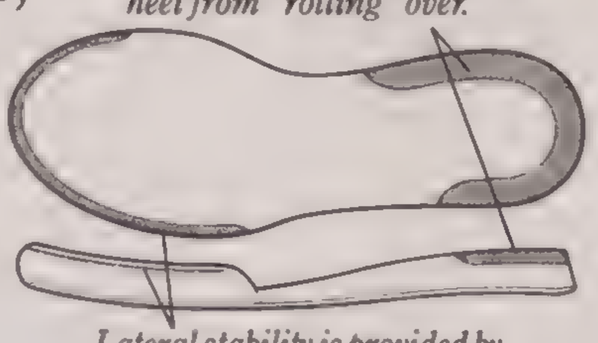
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GESTURES...
The best styling tools are your hands; the techniques, as simple as tossing, shaking hair, above, when you blow-dry or brush to add volume. Another, finger-styling, adds shape.

QUICK CARE...

In summer, many women shampoo as often as twice a day. Under these conditions, it's best to lather only once and rinse hair thoroughly. Frequent shampooers should steer clear of shampoos, conditioners, and mousses that over-coat hair. (Some solutions: Jhirmack Lite shampoo, conditioner, mousse; Redken cream shampoo to cut through buildup.) Right now, hair's shine and strength are high priorities. In Jacques Dessange's shampoos, coconut oil provides shine; liquid silk protein in Aqua Net shampoos and conditioners is said to add strength. The treatment for hair that's sun-, sea-, or chlorine-damaged: switch from a shampoo for normal hair to one designed for chemically treated hair, advises Edward Rondina, national artistic director of Heidi's salons. Even curling hair has become quick, practical. Sunbeam's Superfast curling iron heats up in sixty seconds.

Top left: ARTHUR ELGORT Makeup by Andrea Paolem. Middle, bottom left, and right: WAYNE MASER Makeup by Maria De Schneider. Details, last pages

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Photo: Roberto Carra

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health

Fat families . . . TB again . . . more. BY MELVA WEBER

NEW VIEWS ON OBESITY

Scientists have stopped putting down the fat person as someone who is weak-willed, has bad eating habits, or was overfed at the family table. One conclusion of recent research: tendencies toward fatness—and thinness, too—appear to be highly heritable. Studies of twins in the United States and Europe support the genetic fat theory. And recently, a study of adopted persons in Denmark, headed by Albert J. Stunkard, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania Department of Psychiatry, confirmed and extended those findings. The study found body mass is strongly related to biologic parentage and not to the weight class of adoptive parents. Another study revealed that 80 percent of the offspring of two obese (at least 20 percent above ideal body weight) parents became obese themselves; and only about 14 percent of obese people have biologic parents of normal weight.

Research in Vevey, Switzerland, zeros in on lack of a brain chemical as a cause of the abnormal food cravings experienced by some obese people. In *The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*, scientists at Nestle Research Laboratories noted that the more obese a person was, the lower his blood level of the amino acid tryptophan, indicating that a successor substance, the brain protein 5-hydroxytryptamine or 5-HT, may be in short supply. Lack of tryptophan can upset a regulating function and cause almost overwhelming craving for carbohydrates, such as sugar. In some diabetic obese patients, giving glucose failed to normalize amino acid ratios, a step needed to bring up brain 5-HT levels. This may explain why some people get more and more obese but are never satiated. The research also casts light on associations between 5HT shortage and mood disorders.

In still another approach to obesity, a British research team checked out the effects of damage to the hypothalamus, an important gland that serves as a control center for many body functions. Laboratory rats with part of the hypothalamus removed became very obese. The University of Birmingham researchers found the obesity was caused by lack of satiety: the stomach emptied itself prematurely. Therefore, they theorized in *Science*, treatment for some cases of obesity might include slowing of stomach emptying.

ENDOMETRIOSIS RELIEF

There's new hope for women who suffer from endometriosis, a condition in which patches of uterine tissue grow in the wrong places, such as on uterine ligaments, Fallopian tubes, and intestinal and bladder walls. These misplaced tissue islands behave like the uterine lining does—they thicken and then slough off and bleed in response to hormone cycles. The condition can cause intense pain, scars, cysts, adhesions, infertility, and organ damage. At the University of California, San Francisco, a research team headed by Robert B. Jaffe, M.D., explored the potential of a modified form of a gonadotropin releasing hormone (GnRH) for relief of endometriosis. GnRH analog, in nasal spray because it is poorly absorbed when taken orally, markedly improved or eliminated the disease in all of the patients, reported the researchers in *Fertility and Sterility*. "GnRH analog," said Dr. Jaffe, "blocked stimulation of the endometrium by ovarian hormones, and the implants virtually melted away." Surgical examination at the end of the six month treatment revealed shriveled endometrial implants. Several patients were able to have pain-free sexual intercourse for the first time in years.
Still to be learned: whether improvement is permanent or endometriosis will return; whether lowered doses will cure but avoid side effects such as hot flashes; whether GnRH analog treatment affects bone mass, increases risks of osteoporosis.

PREGNANT TEETOTALERS

Can a woman safely have an alcoholic drink during pregnancy, while she's breastfeeding, or when she is trying to conceive?
Some women who drink—even heavily—through pregnancy give birth to normal babies. Others who drink very little have babies with alcohol-related birth defects, which fall under the heading of fetal alcohol syndrome (FAS), one of three leading causes of mental retardation among newborns. Scientists cannot tell in advance which pregnancies will be unaffected by alcohol.
Robert G. Niven, M.D., former director of the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism (NIAAA), says the only safe rule today is no alcohol at all in the childbearing period. "Until it is clear which women—if any—can consume alcohol safely during pregnancy, its use, even on infrequent occasions, should be avoided," says Dr. Niven, adding, "women who breastfeed should be urged to continue to abstain until their babies are weaned."

TUBERCULOSIS—MAKING A COMEBACK?

Tuberculosis of the lung—the dreaded "consumption" of yesteryear—is gaining strength in the United States for the first time in many years. Dixie E. Snider, Jr., M.D., of the Centers for Disease Control, said at an American Lung Association meeting that factors believed to contribute to incidence and spread of TB are AIDS, intravenous drug use, shelter conditions for the homeless, an influx of immigrants and refugees. (The TB-AIDS connection is not yet clear, but incomplete data suggest the incidences of TB, AIDS, and drug use are correlated.)

Today tuberculosis is curable through drug treatment; but, according to Dr. Snider, we need programs to identify people with TB and to get and keep them under treatment. "This will require a real commitment," he said. Health workers must be trained to find people with TB symptoms such as chronic cough, to get them medically evaluated, and to see that those with TB take their medication. Follow-up is important because the TB-prone groups such as homeless people, alcoholics, and non-English-speaking immigrants may fail to take their medications, and may live in crowded spaces where risk of spreading the airborne TB infection is high.

BACK SURGERY UP FRONT

A revitalized surgical approach is improving the recovery picture for some victims of spinal fractures. Called "anterior spinal decompression," the procedure involves operating from the front of the spine, inside the body, instead of from the back.

Dan M. Spengler, M.D., an orthopaedic surgeon at Vanderbilt University Medical Center in Nashville, Tennessee, explained the uses of the operation, formerly considered an unorthodox surgical approach. When a back injury leaves fragments of broken bone on the frontal, or anterior, side of the spinal cord, traditional approach from the back—posterior laminectomy—is ineffective. For certain patients with incomplete spinal lesions, the frontal approach is better.

A typical candidate for this approach is a car or motorcycle accident victim with a "burst" fracture. "Part of the spine explodes and pushes against the spinal cord," said Dr. Spengler. "There must be some nerve function remaining—we can't repair a severed spinal cord; but by removing the bone fragments by anterior decompression we can help to restore the most motor function possible."

Last year, an outbreak of herpes made her miss the boat. This year, with the help of her doctor, she missed the outbreak instead.

Whether you have a mild, intermediate or severe case of genital herpes, you should see your doctor to help gain new control over your outbreaks—especially if you haven't seen your doctor within the past year.

The medical profession now has more information than ever before about the treatment of herpes, as well as effective counselling and treatment programs that can help you reduce the frequency, duration and severity of your outbreaks.

If in the past you were told that nothing could be done for herpes, it's no longer true. Herpes *is* controllable.

Ask your doctor about these treatment programs, and whether one of them would be suitable for you.

See your doctor...there is help for herpes

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Q HAIR A

Self-styling tips... a "good" cut defined

Q I used to go to my salon weekly to have my hair styled; but now that I don't have that kind of time and am doing my own hair, I'd like to know *which* product I can really count on, i.e., the most reliable to produce style fast.

A To begin with, a woman who styles her own hair should see her stylist for a cut at least every six to eight weeks, so she has a working base, says hair pro Dayton Mast, L'Image salon, Dallas. "Then, I strongly recommend glazes for quick, easy styling. Glazes last longer, dry faster, and are lighter than gels; they don't weigh down hair, which makes them good for fine hair. Glazes also help perms and body waves to last longer as they grow out, because as a glaze dries, it slightly tightens curl.

"Glazes provide style options, too—you can achieve a smooth, wet look by slicking hair back... or you can blow-dry hair after applying the glaze; this adds volume at the roots, lifts hair off the scalp.

"When to use a gel instead of a glaze: if you need *extra* control; if, for example, you have thick, coarse hair that's hard to manage.

"If you want to achieve a more polished look after glazing, use a finishing hair spray. The modern way: run your fingers through your hair to 'place it,' spray hair lightly, then blow-dry." (One product he recommends: John Dellaria's Playce finishing spray.)

Growing out hair that's at an in-between length? "Slick down sides with gel, tie up the rest in back, add a long fake tail. Today, hairpieces provide women with more options, so women with medium-length hair shouldn't feel limited anymore," says Mast.

Q Magazines are always suggesting a woman get a "good" cut, but I don't really understand what this means. Can you explain?

A A "good" cut is one that works for *you*...that *looks* good on you, says Bruno of the Elizabeth Arden salon, NYC.

The technical aspect of any cut should be based on your hair's behavior and texture, not on fashion, says Kenneth of Kenneth salon, NYC. "If you have curly/coarse hair that's difficult to manage, have your hair cut fairly short, slightly layered with a 'line' that uses the curl, rather than works against it. Don't try and 'stretch' hair or change curl, because your hair will require a lot more manipulation to keep it looking neat."

A good cut should last four to six weeks, depending, again, on hair type/texture, says Kenneth. "After that time period, the graphic shape of the cut grows out and you need to see your stylist for reshaping." Clues to a bad cut: one that curls at the ends in unnatural directions or that doesn't fall easily into place.

Haircuts, today, should provide hair's "line": so, if, for example, a woman has to dash off to a business lunch or meeting, all she has to do is smooth her hair with a brush, comb, or even her hand. Crucial to a cut: practicality—a woman should be able to do things with her own hair; she shouldn't have to rely on her stylist to keep her hair looking good on a daily, or even weekly, basis. Giveaway to a successful cut? A style that still looks great three weeks after you've had it cut, adds Kenneth. ▽

for further information (313) 258-2873

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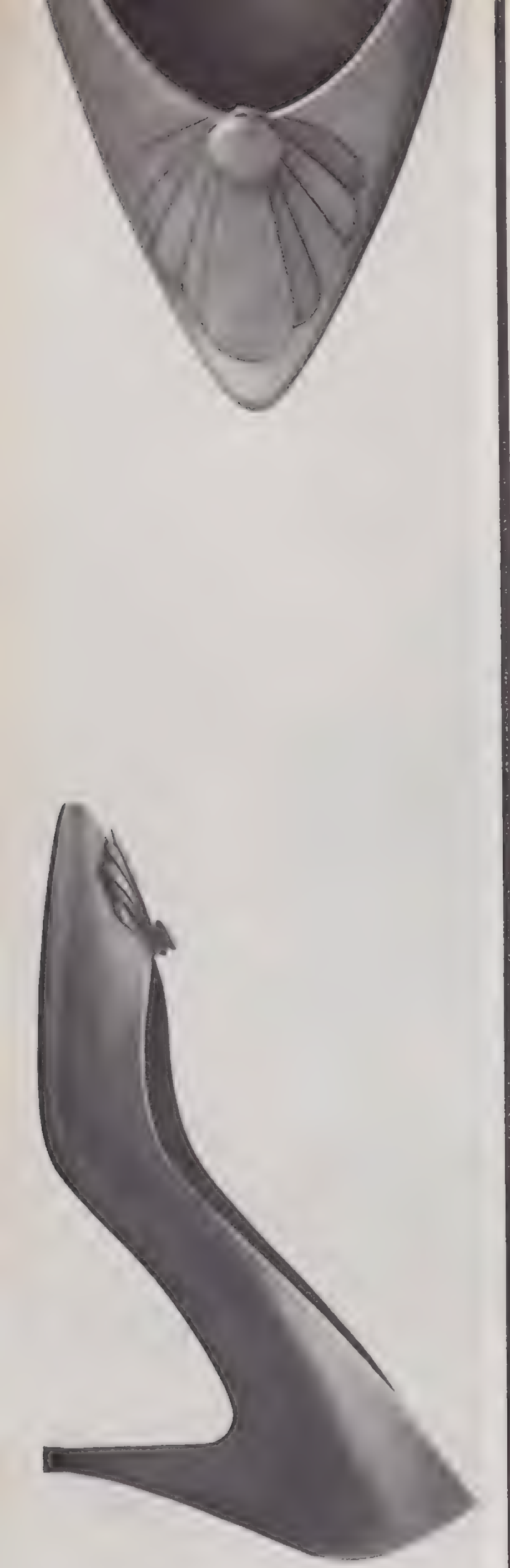

horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

July's Astrological Weather: Over the July 4th weekend, Venus' attraction to Uranus sparks unlikely summer romances between intellectual Aquarius and sensual Taurus. Partnerships with Aries or Capricorn may be at risk around the 9th when the Cancer sun opposes Mars—count to ten before sounding-off to a Gemini or Virgo co-worker. It's not their fault that Mercury turns retrograde that day, mixing up messages and obstructing common sense decisions for the rest of the month.

CANCER June 22-July 22 Your surprising behavior on the 2nd, when Venus attracts experimental Uranus, may lead to a decidedly untraditional Independence Day weekend. Celebrate this new you at the Cancer new moon on the 6th. Around the 9th, as the sun energizes Martian desires, you'll have greater expectations from a partnership. As long as you don't ask for more money, these needs should be met by the full moon on the 21st. Children will listen to whatever you tell them on the 26th, but your parents may resent any display of your personal power.

LEO July 23-August 22 During the first week, Venus in Leo draws you to unusual amusements and exciting playmates. Don't overdo it—Mars in your health house could cause a knee injury, tooth problems, or a serious sunburn, when it is opposed by your sun ruler on the 9th. Stock transactions can pay off on the 15th; so will an investment of time and energy in your partner's problems. The best time to elicit understanding from your parents is the weekend of the 26th when the Leo sun supports paternalistic Saturn. Visit the folks, but stay clear of the siblings.

VIRGO August 23-September 22 After your Mercury ruler turns retrograde on the 9th, take some time off from work since hardly any progress will be made until early August. During this summer slump, old friends may pop up to renew former relationships. Don't waste time worrying about a financial matter that arises on the 2nd and resurfaces on the 16th—it won't be resolved until next month. Your partner, however, may benefit from the support the Cancer sun sends Jupiter on the 15th. Venus in your own sign targets you for romance on the 23rd.

LIBRA September 23-October 22 Throw a party. Your sociable Venus ruler attracts a fascinating assortment of friends and neighbors over the July 4th weekend. On the 9th, the Cancer sun in your career house may cause a rift in the family, though there is a substantial reward in store the last week when the sun favors financially dependable Saturn. By then, diplomatic Venus will have calmed tempers at home. Fight the tendency to overextend yourself and to make promises you don't really want to keep on the 31st when Venus opposes grandiose Jupiter.

SCORPIO October 23-November 21 At the beginning and end of this month, challenging aspects to Mars and Pluto, your two ruling planets, will find you defending your ethics and your goals. Neighbors or siblings might give you a difficult time on the 9th, but friends come to the rescue mid-month as Venus lends support to your co-rulers. One of these friendships could even evolve into a romance. Take an emotional or financial risk on the 15th, when the protective Cancer sun and lucky Jupiter in Pisces magnify Scorpio's intuition and understanding.

SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21 Accept all invitations to July 4th celebrations. While Venus intensifies your magnetism, chances are you'll meet someone who really sparks your interest. Once your Jupiter ruler turns retrograde on the 12th, expect delays in legal proceedings and financial matters. Therefore, take full advantage of generous parental support offered when Jupiter trines the sun mid-month. You won't be this fortunate again until November. As the month ends, guard against excessive optimism and impulsive, extravagant behavior.

CAPRICORN December 22-January 19 Social obligations and a social commitment to a worthy cause take up more of your time in the first week. On the 9th, as the domestic Cancer sun pressures you to choose between your interests and your partner's needs, tempers might explode. Be patient; at the Capricorn full moon on the 21st, this dilemma will resolve itself as peaceable Venus ardently woos stubborn Mars in your sign. By the last week, when the enthusiastic Leo sun trines your steadfast Saturn ruler, professional peers laud your latest effort. *(Continued on page 70)*

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BEAUTY FOLLOW-UP

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Shampoo Rinsability Study, Neutrogena Skin Care Institute. (Excerpt from lab report).

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Mrs. Edward O.
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"...can't believe it took so many years, so many bottles of brand Xs to find (you). I am in love with Neutrogena Shampoo and will never use another brand again."
Fay R.
Paris, Texas

Last word: If you want to revitalize your hair, try Neutrogena® Shampoo for 14 days as a freshening "vacation." Then your favorite shampoo will keep on being your favorite. And for cleaner conditioning, try Neutrogena Clear Conditioner.

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 68)

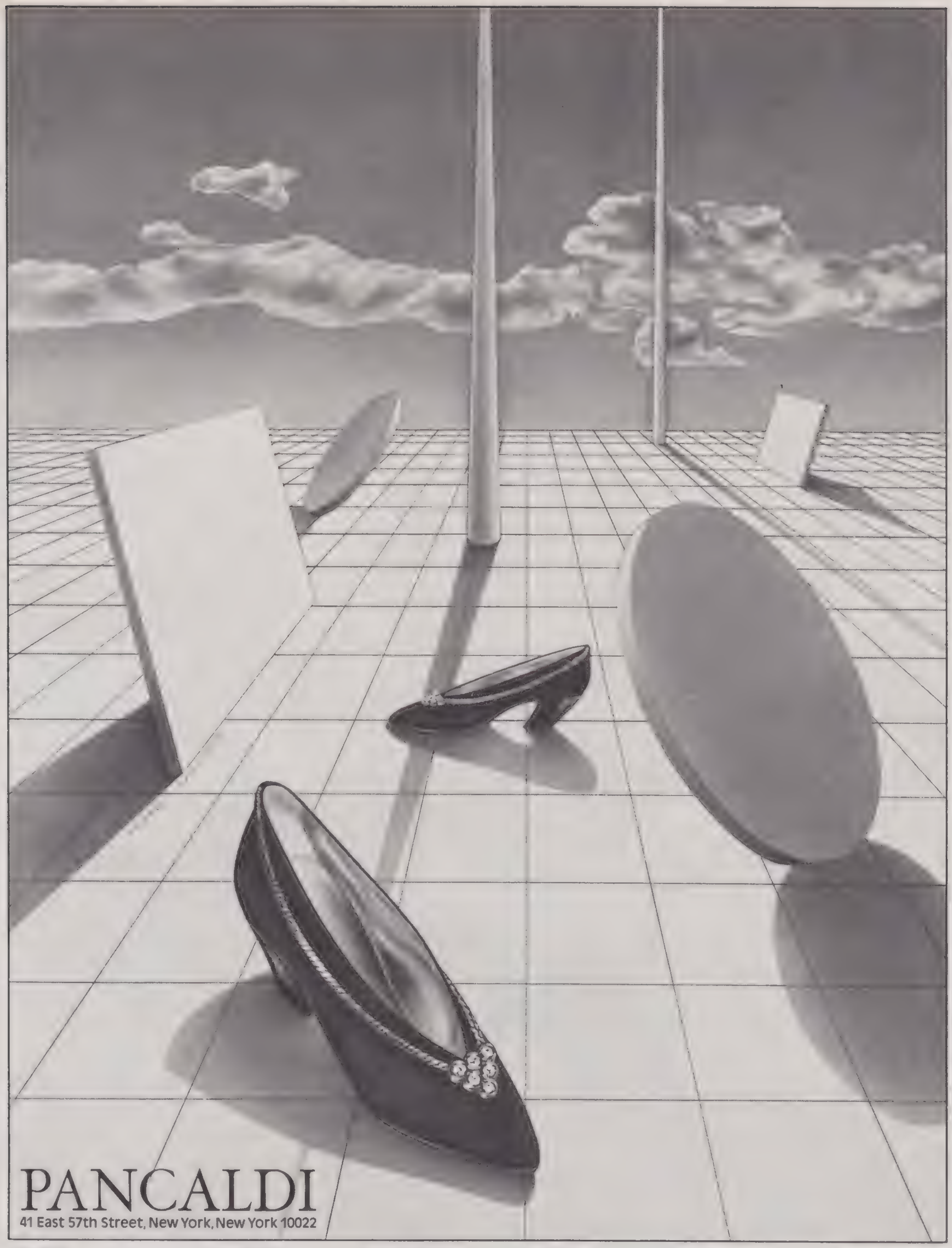
AQUARIUS January 20-February 18 The friendly overtures Venus makes to your Uranus ruler on the 2nd promise an unusual and exciting Fourth. Mid-month, as the protective Cancer sun trines Jupiter in your money house, you may have an opportunity to quickly wipe out a debt. Take it; financial matters will progress slowly until Jupiter comes out of retrograde motion in November. Successes on the job in the last week will probably be rewarded by a boost in status and, instead of an immediate raise, a healthier Christmas bonus.

PISCES February 19-March 20 For the first two weeks, as cheerful Venus brightens your outlook, work may seem more like play. Then Jupiter turns retrograde in your sign and you will begin to feel less blessed. While the sympathetic Cancer sun protects you, turn to an intuitive lover or an adult offspring for emotional, perhaps even financial support. This is an exceptionally creative time for you, so after the optimistic Leo sun trines Saturn on the 26th, you may decide to return to school, travel abroad, or rethink your career objectives to great advantage.

ARIES March 21-April 19 As a domestic Cancer sun polarizes your Mars ruler on the 9th, strong cultural ties, treasured family traditions, and fond childhood memories have a great hold on you. Apply for a vacation or home loan around the 25th, when Saturn—representing other people's money—is willing to lend financial substance to your dream. A harmless flirtation with a co-worker or a customer could help solve a problem at work the week of the 21st when Venus is on the best of terms with Mars again.

TAURUS April 20-May 20 Between July 9th and August 2nd, while a retrograde Mercury hovers in your house of communication and short trips, expect even more car trouble and static or cold silence from your siblings. Once your Venus ruler enters Virgo mid-month, utilize your heightened esthetic sense to redecorate your home. Romantic love is strongest on the 23rd when Venus and Mars are happily aligned, but other partnerships could be under stress the last week as rebellious Uranus and overconfident Jupiter upset your emotional and financial equilibrium.

GEMINI May 21-June 21 The Cancer sun in your money house points to a lucrative investment opportunity on the 9th. But because that is also the day your Mercury ruler changes direction, you may excessively deliberate every decision until early August. Though your physical energy may be low, your self-esteem is high as a stroke of Jupiter's good fortune mid-month enhances your professional reputation or social standing. While Mars and Venus provide an easy flow of sexual energy and affection around the 23rd, your intimate relationships grow more intense.



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women & cars

1987 previews . . . bargaining for a new auto

BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

As more and more women buy their own cars with their own money, they will inevitably discover that shopping for a car is quite unlike shopping for a suit. In most clothing stores, the price of the suit is fixed; the amount you see on the price tag is the amount you expect to pay at the register—even if you've seen the suit for less elsewhere.

Not so when buying a car. In the automotive market, nearly everything is up for grabs. The sticker price you see on the window is only the manufacturer's *suggested* retail price; a seller can add or subtract as much as he likes—depending on what the market will bear. And historically the best price has gone to the most astute negotiator.

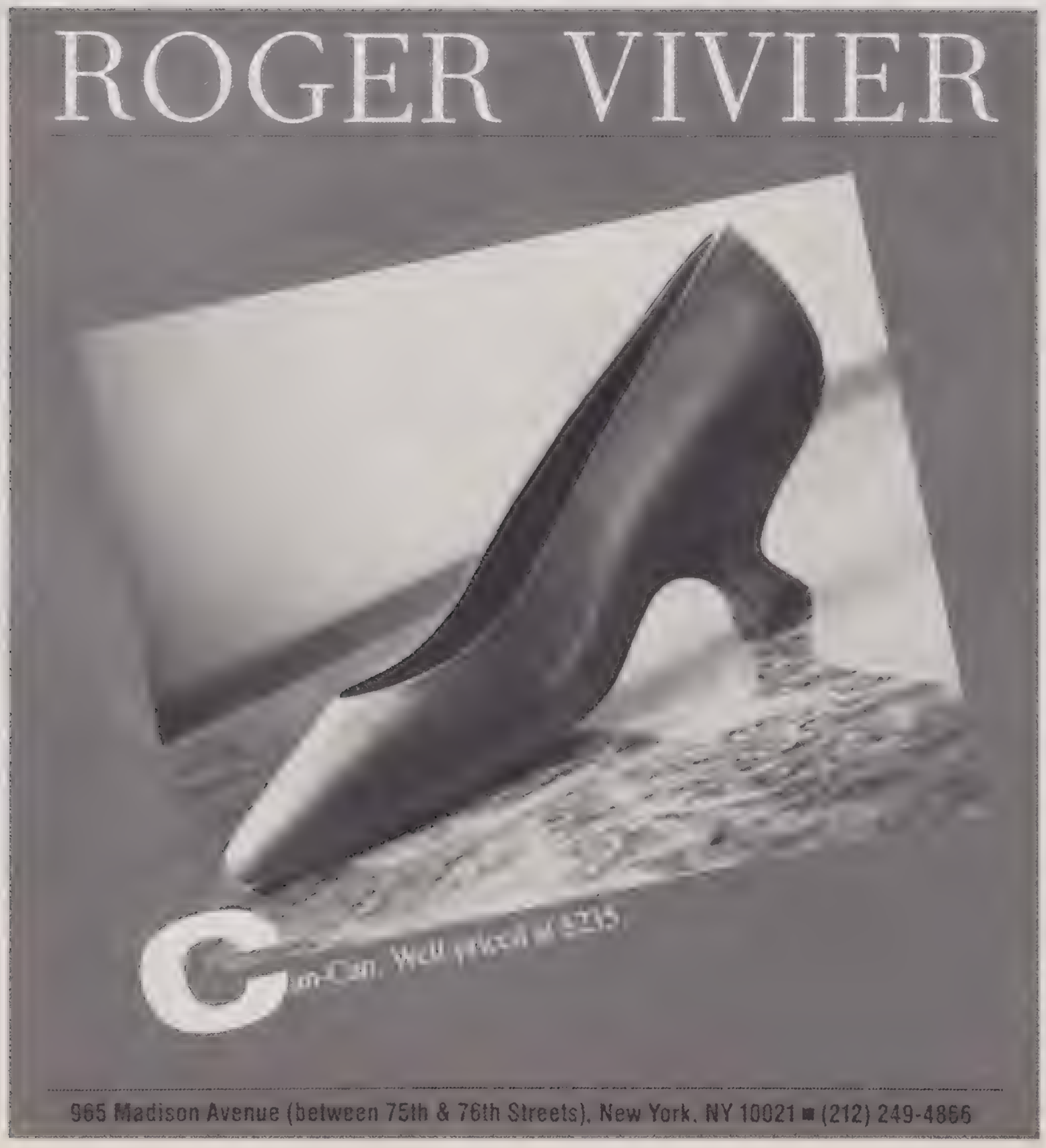
As a result, most women must change their mode of thinking and shopping before they set foot in a car showroom. Some tips from Gordon Page, veteran auto dealer, consultant, and author of *Deals on Wheels: How To Buy, Sell and Care for a Car* (Fireside), who claims that all getting a good deal takes is an ability not to be thrown by a fast-talking salesman:

First, shop around and hold out for the best price and the best terms—on everything. "If you walk in the door and say, 'Oh, that's gorgeous' to the first car you're shown," Page notes, "you're dead. Play hard to get. Also demand the best rates on financing and on credit life and/or health and accident insurance—don't jump at anything just because you think *you* need it." And he advises, keep any trade-in car a secret until the salesperson has given you a final offer on the new car—then you'll have renewed leverage.

THE DYNAMIC DUO

Time was when car makers tried to lure women into the showroom with pink interiors and lace-covered seats. It didn't work. What seems to be luring them now is what attracts a man. The only difference research shows: women value safety over performance, are necessarily more price-conscious. Family-minded women, of course, tend to opt for larger, four-door cars.

Yet every now and then, in test marketing, women give a car slightly higher marks than men. Such is the case of Chrysler's new 1987 Plymouth Sundance and Dodge Shadow, sister cars rolling out of factories this month, available in showrooms this fall. While one would hesitate to call these "women's cars," it is interesting to note the attractions: a streamlined yet boxy look, a middle-of-the-road base price near $7000, fuel efficiency (about 25 city/35 highway), interiors that are roomy, comfortable, and easy to get into and out of.



IN THE FAST LANE

There's always been a certain attraction to owning a high-performance, high-style car. It not only looks and drives differently than any other car—but you "feel" different every time you step into it. A high-performance car brings with it an implied level of quality, style, design. Up until now, however, few women have owned such cars—either because they were deemed too expensive or too "masculine." But times they are a-changing. Fast. Today, 38 percent of sporty Alfa Romeo Spider convertibles go to women, up from 20 percent only three years ago; and the number of female BMW buyers has increased since 1981 from 8500 to 20,000. As women's independent earning power increases, the number should go higher and higher.

One of the newest competitors in the high-performance, high-style market: the 1987 Porsche 924S, deliberately priced at $19,900 to induce new buyers (like women) to try it. (Up until now, the entry-level 944 was about $24,000, and only 20 percent of buyers were women.) What a five-hour test drive through the twisting, winding hills of Georgia reveals about the 924S that a woman might find attractive: a rounder, sleeker, less "macho" body than squatter earlier versions; a snappy matte black interior (brown and light grey also available); the optional automatic transmission that many women seem to prefer; a remarkably low dashboard and hood that allow even a small woman a panoramic view and a feeling of control (something you might not expect from such a notoriously racy car). A woman might also appreciate the relatively hassle-free service policy—a special part can be flown directly to a dealer any time he needs it; that means no wasted "down" time while waiting for monthly shipments.

VOGUE, July, 1986

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Warm-weather exercise safety . . . I.D. musts

THERMAL INJURY: AVOIDABLE RISK

An alert to exercisers: don't underestimate the potentially harmful effects of the weather. "Every year there are scores of serious injuries—and even an occasional death—in athletes, particularly runners, directly caused by working out during temperature extremes. The tragedy: the risk can be avoided if one adheres to a few simple principles," said John R. Sutton, M.D., professor of medicine, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, and president of the American College of Sports Medicine (ACSM), which is waging a campaign to inform athletes about the health hazards posed by thermal injury.

"Hyperthermia, or an abnormally high body core temperature, occurs when the increase in body heat produced during exercise exceeds the amount of heat the body is able to dissipate. Hyperthermia is common not only in summer, but also in spring and fall, when the temperature increases in the middle of the day.

"Competitive individuals who push themselves beyond a limit are most likely to get into trouble," explained Dr. Sutton.

To reduce the risk of heat injury, the ACSM advises:

- Be sure you are in shape for your sport, especially a long-distance run. If you will be biking or running in hot weather, train under similar conditions, which will help the body become acclimatized.
- Drink plenty of fluids before participating in your sport, especially if it is an endurance event.
- Never exercise during an illness.
- Work at a pace that's comfortable to you. Don't push to surpass your limits.
- Be alert to early warning signs of heat injury: clumsiness, stumbling; excessive sweating or *lack* of sweating; headache, nausea, dizziness; apathy, and gradual mental changes, such as confusion.
- Always perform endurance sports with a partner.

"Hypothermia, or an excessive *loss* of body heat, is most often caused by failure to dress properly—especially on walks or runs in woods or wilderness. Sometimes the weather is not very cold to begin with, but temperature drops or it begins to rain en route, just as you may be beginning to slacken your pace. If an athlete becomes cold and wet and fails to seek shelter, exposure hypothermia may ensue," Dr. Sutton said. A simple way to drastically reduce hypothermia risk: "Come prepared with clothing that contains a polypropylene lining, which retains its insulating properties even when it is wet.

"Inexperienced athletes are also at risk for hypothermia during cool weather, since they tend to run the second half of the race much more slowly than the first half. Early warning signs of hypothermia are clumsiness, disorientation, or difficulty speaking. If any of those symptoms occur, an athlete should immediately seek shelter and try to get warm."

Another piece of advice to participants in sports events: *find out whether the sponsor will comply with ACSM recommendations regarding acceptable weather conditions and access to medical facilities.* The ACSM offers pamphlets about thermal injury for a minimal fee. Write: Public Relations Dept., American College of Sports Medicine, P.O. Box 1440, Indianapolis IN 46206-1440.

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Exercise I.D.s

Serious accidents don't happen often to exercisers, but when they do, problems are often compounded by a lack of identification. What to do: Always carry an identification card that will give police or emergency room doctors the basic information they need (you can also include information on allergies and other medical problems).
Available now: plastic identification tags that you can tuck in the laces of a running shoe or wear around your neck.
Some are backed with light-reflecting strips—good protection against having an accident at night. One to try: Alert Along Medical I.D. Tag, Weiss Works, Box 374, Elkhart IN 46515 (219) 294-2790.

VOGUE, July, 1986

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money

The most important news of the year: now's the time to change the way we think about money, how we spend it, save it, invest it. BY GORDON WILLIAMS

Say what you will about inflation, surviving it had its high points. It was thrilling to shop. You never needed an excuse for some bit of extravagance: You *had* to buy today, because everything would cost more tomorrow—and still more the day after.

Anything you could afford, you bought; and if you couldn't afford it, you borrowed and bought it anyway, because living on OPM (other people's money) was the inflationary way to go. Borrowers received dollars at their full value—and paid loans back in dollars whose value had been reduced by inflation.

It didn't take as much talent to become a success in an inflationary world as it does today. The least efficient business could prosper merely by raising prices ever higher. As for people, there were jobs for nearly everybody, and even the least qualified could count on fat raises year after year.

The party couldn't last. By destroying real value, inflation was destroying our economy. Now, the inflationary siege is over. We are living with steady or falling prices—with *no*-flation—and we need a whole new way to think about money.

With no-flation, the most radical new concept is that less is more. Once, you could earn 15 percent on an insured bank account, and you may be dismayed that you no longer can. But savers earned 15 percent on their bank accounts when the rate of inflation was 12 percent. It is better in every possible way to earn 7 percent when inflation is 3 percent, than to earn 15 percent when inflation is 12 percent.

But you don't have to be satisfied with 7 percent on your money today. Inflation turned the investment markets erratic—making them too dangerous a place in which to risk your money. Now that we have no-flation, the investment markets are far saner, so you can earn more by risking a little more. For instance, some mutual funds that invest in supersafe Ginnie Mae securities—guaranteed by the Government National Mortgage Association, and backed by the United States Treasury—have been yielding more than 10 percent. (The funds themselves are *not* guaranteed—when interest rates change, so does the value of the funds' shares.) Mutual funds that invest in blue-chip stocks have returned as much as 30 percent a year. Invest in the right stock, and you can double your money. Better yet, when you do make more by risking more, you keep it, losing nothing to inflation. Not only are today's values real, they are enduring.

Shopping in a no-flation world doesn't offer the tingle that shopping in a high-inflation world did—but you get a lot more for your money. And that's another story: In a world where values are real, seeking real value counts for more. Glitz, glitter, and wild consuming sprees are on the way out; buying what is useful and will last is in.

A basic rule for surviving no-flation is to shop thoughtfully. Instead of rushing to buy before prices go higher, you can wait because prices might soon go lower. Sales and other inducements to buy are everywhere, waiting for you to flush them out. And then there are changing fortunes of the dollar to consider. The dollar has fallen in price against the currencies of Japan and Germany and France, but not against those of Canada, Israel, Mexico, or Korea. Prices of cars, stereos, and VCRs from Japan are going higher; while prices of cars, stereos, and VCRs from Korea are not. You needn't be an international banker to shop today—but you should keep watch on the business pages of your newspaper to see how the dollar is doing.

Besides shopping smart, you must also borrow smart to survive no-flation. When inflation reigned, lenders charged high interest rates because they would be repaid in diminished dollars. When prices fall, as they do in times of no-flation, the borrower loses by paying back loans in dollars that are worth more than the ones that were borrowed.

One rule for surviving inflation was to put your money into real estate. The line was: God only made so much of it, so the price must always go higher. It hardly mattered what you paid for a house or an apartment; tomorrow you could sell it for more.

The no-flation rule is: Think twice before buying real estate. Gains in price aren't likely to be dazzling from here on. Nor are mortgage rates as low as they should be, given the inflation rate (or no-flation rate). Today, before you buy, see if renting isn't cheaper. In many parts of the country, there are lots of bargain-priced rental apartments—built in the days of high inflation—and landlords are offering loads of concessions to get them rented. Despite the American homeowner mystique, if you're going to be *(Continued on page 79)*

Gordon Williams *is business correspondent of ABC News and a frequent writer on the economy.*

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(Continued from page 76)

someplace for three years or less, it's nearly always smarter now to rent than to buy.

The rule about investing in the days of high inflation was to shun paper assets (stocks and bonds) in favor of hard assets (gold, diamonds, art, antiques, and collectibles from rare books to Mickey Mouse watches). Quality didn't matter; hard assets would have value long after paper had become worthless.

Now, of course, stocks and bonds are making fortunes for investors, while gold and diamonds sell for less than half of what they did a few years ago. Top-quality art and antiques have held their value in our no-flation world, but inferior pieces—those that are neither rare nor outstanding—are worth less today.

By all means, buy art and antiques and collectibles if you love them and want to live with them; but don't collect merely because you expect your pieces to increase in value. They may very well do so—but only if you have chosen wisely, not because inflation carried the price higher.

For better and for worse, we really live in a different world today. Times are *better* because the economy again works the way it is supposed to and so do the investment markets. You can save for a goal, and know that it won't fly out of reach while you are working toward it. Times are *worse* because the free ride that inflation offered is gone, and everyone and everything in our economy has to win on its own merits. That's why so many companies are cutting back—or cashing in. Companies have to be more competitive to stay alive, paring down costs, eliminating unnecessary jobs, shaving bonuses and raises. Without the phony lift inflation brought, the economy has become tough; there are few winners and too many losers. Victories are to be savored, not callously flaunted. Conspicuous consumption is going back out of favor, and discretion and generosity are attractive again.

"Conspicuous consumption is going back out of style; discretion and generosity are attractive again"

Of course, the rewards for accomplishment are all the sweeter today because they really do go to those with imagination and initiative, to the doers, and not to those who just put in face time. Finally, there's that matter of getting to keep what you win, which is the very best part of survival in a no-flation world. ▽

"NO-FLATION" SURVIVAL GUIDE

- Use your money to make more money. With no-flation, investing is a safer, saner, more lucrative thing to do.
- Don't get snarled by your credit lines. In a time of stable or falling prices, borrowing is too expensive to indulge in at whim. Also, if the proposed tax reform bill is passed, the deductibility of loan interest other than your mortgage may be strictly limited.
- Keep an eye on the changing value of the dollar, which affects the prices of imported goods.
- Consider renting, instead of buying, a house or apartment. Housing prices are peaking—so if you buy, you may not see much profit when you decide to sell. In many areas, rents are falling fast.
- Move away from tangible assets—including real estate, jewels and precious metals, art, antiques, and collectibles—and toward financial assets like stocks and bonds. Today, unless you buy the very best (and most expensive) pieces, you're more likely to profit in the financial market.
- Enjoy the security of a more stable economy. Work may be more competitive, but effort is more rewarding—because the goals you set for yourself aren't going to become more expensive while you're working to attain them.

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HAIR NOW

On the road: coping with care, styling

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Today, women are traveling more than ever for business, for pleasure, and they're demanding more, too—in terms of hair services, care. What busy women want: salons they can count on, trust . . . that offer the same type of quality service they get at home. A common problem for women who travel: they don't have time to find a good salon, especially if they're in a city only for a few days. That problem, solved here—a guide to some of the best overseas salon services, now . . .

IN PARIS, Alexandre is "leader of the pack" at 3 Avenue Matignon (telephone: 42.25.57.90). Alexandre himself presides over a forty-eight-strong staff in a large airy salon with a view of the gardens of the Champs-Elysées. A shampoo, cut, and blow-dry from Alexandre himself costs approximately fifty dollars. Part of his world renown comes from his unerring instinct to design "the hair for the face" . . . . At Carita, 11 Fauborg St. Honoré (42.65.79.00), Christophe Carita maintains the same high standard set by his aunts, the celebrated Carita sisters. An average price, here, for shampoo, cut, and blow-dry is about fifty-five dollars; add another twenty if Christophe himself is behind the scissors . . . . Charles or Julien are names to ask for at Jacques Dessange, 37 Avenue Franklin Roosevelt (43.59.31.31)—about forty-four dollars for a total styling . . . . Bruno Dessange, started by Jacques' partner Bruno Pittini, is a young, trendy salon on the Left Bank at 15 rue des Sts. Péres (261.4541). With the success of his New York salon (760 Madison Avenue), Bruno now spends only about one week of every six in Paris. When he is not there, Jean Claude, Régis, and Estelle all carry on the Dessange tradition—shampoo, cut, blow-dry about forty dollars. . . . Today, Jean Louis David is as famous a name in New York as it is in Paris, where his address is 47 rue Pierre Charron (43.59.70.49)—Guy or Valerie are the names to know; shampoo, cut, blow-dry about fifty dollars. . . . Patrick Ales, who designs the hair for Montana, is at 33 Avenue Franklin Roosevelt (43.59.33.96)—about one hundred dollars covers a shampoo, cut, blow-dry here. . . . The hottest name in Paris right now for superb *hair care* (no hairdressing) is Jean Yves Le Goff, 63 rue Ponthieu (45.62.51.55). Monsieur Le Goff will analyze problems and apply the appropriate treatment for about thirty-seven dollars.

IN MILAN, Raphael is known as "the Alexandre of Milan"—and prices for hairstyling/care/color are less in Italy than in France. The average price of a shampoo and set from Mr. Raphael himself, Via Gesú 11 (782.529) is about the equivalent of twenty dollars—a cut is slightly more. . . . Two salons under the same ownership, Severgnigni, Via Bigli 21 (70.12.15), and Severgnini Much More, Via Pisani 31 (65.27.98), all give superb service and the average price is again less than twenty dollars for a shampoo and set. . . . One of the "hottest" hair spots: Aldo Coppola, Via Manzone 25 (800.835).

IN ROME, the streamlined, stunning salon of Sergio Valente is at No. 11 on the Via Condotti (679.4515) With the opening of a near duplicate of this salon at Bergdorf Goodman in New York, Sergio is frequently more

here than there, but every one of his staff has been personally trained by him to a high standard. Average price: about twenty dollars for a shampoo, blow-dry. . . . Find superb cutting at Sergio Russo, Piazza Mignanelli 25 (678.04.57), where a new "look" costs about thirty-five dollars. . . . One name among many to ask for at Castore E Polluce, Via Mario de Fiori 16 (679.11.15), is Claudio. This is a "star treatment" salon, where regulars include Rome-based Ursula Andress and Elsa Martinelli. . . and regular "visitors" are Candice Bergen, Liza Minnelli. Shampoo, blow-dry—about twenty dollars; add forty dollars more for a cut.

IN LONDON, hair salons are getting better all the time and offer a wide variety of looks/treatments. . . among the best are the "classic" salons like Michaeljohn, 23 Albemarle Street (629.6969). Here, two floors of "talent" cover everything—trends to trichology besides "working for the royals. . ." The latest—about-to-be—royal, Sarah Ferguson, has her hair styled by Denise (who will be doing her hair for the Royal Wedding on July 23rd). Average price: about forty dollars for wash, cut and blow-dry. . . . Vidal Sassoon started his distinguished career thirty years ago in London, has nine salons in London today. Christopher Brooker, a Vidal protégé, now runs Sassoon; while Annie Humphreys is known throughout the city for her color expertise. You can find them at 44 Sloane Street, London, S.W.I. (235.7791)—average price for shampoo, blow-dry about thirty dollars; add another twelve dollars for a cut. Color service varies from as little as fourteen dollars to about ninety for a full-scale job. . . . In London, Daniel Galvin is known as the "colorists' colorist." His headquarters are at 42-44 George Street, where hairstyling goes on as well. But it is *color* that this salon is known for. Prices vary from about forty dollars to one hundred and thirty. . . . Another sign of reliability in London is a Royal warrant over the door. At 175 Sloane Street (235.2534), it means the Neville Daniel salon is hairdresser to Queen Elizabeth II. . . . John Frieda, 75 New Cavendish Street (636.1401), one of the best cutters in London, has one of the fastest, most stylish salons, definitely catering to early-bird TV anchorwomen and much traveled executives.

IN MUNICH, Vidal Sassoon at Odeons Platz 8-10 (29.19.183) is the place to go for speedy cuts, color, care. Prices range from approximately thirty to forty-five dollars for a shampoo, cut, blow-dry; color from thirty-five dollars up; body perms from forty dollars up. More top names in Munich, where the price given for the cut always includes setting: Cleo, Martiusstrasse 5 (34.25.02)—about thirty-five dollars up; Luitpold Figaro, Briennerstr. 11 (29.98.22) shampoo/cut/blow-dry about thirty-two dollars, color from twenty dollars up. . . . Gerhard Meir, who owns Le Coup, Therginer 23 (22.23.27), built his reputation on great cutting.

IN FRANKFURT, the International Airport can boast of three first class salons, all operated by Troendle Hairline, specialists in cutting/styling. . . from twenty-eight dollars up—perming too, if your plane is delayed, from fifty dollars.

IN TOKYO, OSAKA and KYOTO, the name Sadao Miyazaki stands for *style*. In his salon on the Roppongi (401.6555), a fashionable shopping district of Tokyo, all stylists have been trained in the art of elaborate headwrapping/braiding. Clients are even encouraged to bring in ceremonial kimonos/evening dresses for special occasions in order for the hairstyle to be designed to reflect a "total mood." For overseas visitors, hairstyling can be just as exciting—and different. Ask for Yukiko Sakai. Basic shampoo, cut and blow-dry—between thirty and forty dollars. . . . Suga, one of the most famous Japanese names in hairdressing, came to this country in 1965. Today, he returns only two or three times a year to his native Japan to hold teaching/training sessions for the head stylists of his ten Japanese salons. Look for the name Studio V Cut Shop or Studio Beauty Salon in Japan, and you can be sure of first-class service—they are all under the aegis of Suga. The main one, Studio V in Tokyo, is at 6-31-15 Jingumae Shibuya-ku (406.3747). It is a full-service salon specializing in every kind of hair dressing/hair care, but also offers shiatsu massage, facials, and makeup. Shampoo, set is about fifteen dollars; a cut twenty-five dollars. *Bon voyage!* ▽

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FITNESS NOW

Exercise: "holding" patterns . . . promoter or reliever of headaches?

exertion headaches

Experts suggest that occasionally exercise may trigger a headache, known as an exertion headache, which can last for a few minutes or a few hours and usually occurs during or right after a workout.

Doctors don't know exactly why exertion headaches occur but speculate that "the 'primary' or benign headache (which is not disease-related) is probably caused by a combination of events, including overcompensation of blood vessels to carry more blood to areas that need it. In contrast, the secondary headache is of a more serious nature, often appearing as a symptom of a tumor or other serious disease," according to Joel R. Saper, M.D., director of the Michigan Headache and Neurological Institute in Ann Arbor and associate clinical professor of neurology at Michigan State University. He advises patients with exercise-induced headaches to increase their warm-up time. "Warming up slowly gives the body a chance to get used to increased demands," he explained.

Little is actually known about how exercise affects migraines; but most experts agree that regular exercise is more likely to help people who suffer from the steady ache of a muscle-tension headache, because such headaches are often caused by a constricted muscle in the head or neck that mirrors tightness in the rest of the body. Physical activity releases tension and relaxes the body. Doctors report that people occasionally claim to have "exercised away" a headache.

Although it hasn't been proven, some doctors speculate that regular exercise might help to reduce headache pain. "Studies show that the body's natural pain-killing substance—a morphine-like compound called endorphin—is given off more frequently with exercise," said Seymour Diamond, M.D., director, Diamond Headache Clinic, Chicago, adjunct professor, pharmacology, Chicago Medical School. The more you exercise, the less headache pain you may feel.

Any headache, however, can be an indication of a critical medical problem. If headaches persist, have them checked by a doctor.

body control

Now, a focus on "controlled" exercise involving fewer repetitions, more attention to "holding" an exercise in correct body placement. The goal: instead of doing lots of moves, executing each more slowly in a contracted-muscle position. This may seem easy, but you'll *feel* muscles hard at work.

The purpose is to emphasize precision of movement. The result: a safe, smart way of toning and strengthening muscles.

What happens when you go through a set of exercises too quickly? "You work muscles improperly and can injure yourself," explained Fred DeVito of The Lotte Berk Method, New York City, Los Angeles, and Bridgehampton, New York. "The point is not to move quickly through a movement. It's quality over quantity."

In technical terms, holding and releasing an exercise position—when muscles contract but remain stationary—is known as isometric exercise, a "good way of strengthening *specific* muscle groups," said Valery F. Lanyi, M.D., associate clinical professor, rehabilitation medicine, NYU Medical Center. "We don't believe in the philosophy of how much you can do." It's *how* you do an exercise that counts. ▽

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mind health

Slenderness and power . . . deciphering your dreams . . . sex and work. BY CAROL TAVRIS

THINNING AMBITIONS—OR, WHY WOMEN WANT TO BE SLIM

In the last two decades, the "ideal" female body has shifted from pleasingly plump to unisex slim. Brett Silverstein, Ph.D., Lauren Purdue, and their associates at the City College of New York documented the changing female ideal by computing a "bust-to-waist" ratio of women in popular women's magazines. The ideal body type became decidedly non-curvy twice during this century: the mid-1920s and the mid-1960s (to the present).

Silverstein found that men and women associate the *zaftig*, big-breasted body with femininity, and femininity, alas, with incompetence. Thus, in times when women are admitted to universities and enter professional fields in greater numbers (notably, the 1920s and the 1960s through today), women have faced a depressing dilemma: whether to conform to the new thin standard—to appear competent and unfeminine—or to risk being thought feminine and incompetent.

This dilemma, Silverstein also found, was most pronounced among achievement-oriented women, particularly those who doubt their competence and those who are insecure about what others think of them. Ambitious women who are insecure about their abilities adhere to a slimmer standard of attractiveness than intellectually secure women do. And anorexia and bulimia are more common among high-achieving women than among low achievers.

A thin era, today as in the 1920s, brings increased attention to dieting and a greater incidence of eating disorders. The obsession with weight control, Silverstein says, occurs when the level of discrimination against women decreases enough to let women into universities and the professions—but not quite enough to break the association between femininity and incompetence.

WHO REMEMBERS WHAT—AND WHOM?

Apart from the universal fact that we all think everyone else's memory is better than ours, does one sex have better recall than the other? The answer is yes—but it depends on what is being recalled.

Elizabeth Loftus, Ph.D., professor of psychology at the University of Washington in Seattle, and her students Marzu Banaji, Jonathan Schooler, and Rachel Foster reviewed dozens of studies of sex differences in memory and found that women excel in "verbal memory," the recall of words, information, and writing. Women are also better than men at "face memory"—recognizing faces they have previously seen. Men excel in "spatial memory," recalling, for instance, landmarks, maps, and positions of objects better, in general, than women do.

As observers, men have more accurate memories than women about such "male-oriented" aspects of a situation as the men, or the cars, that were involved, and women are more accurate at recalling such "female-oriented" aspects as the women in the situation.

Though women and men have equally strong memories overall, sadly, women themselves seem to be more forgettable: in real-life conversations, what men say is remembered better than what women say.

SENSE AND SURREALITY

The interpretation of dreams has long been a puzzle and challenge, whether as a pleasant pastime or a part of therapy. Eugene Gendlin, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago, has worked out a method of dream analysis that draws from many theories about dreams—those of Freud, Jung, Perls, and others. Gendlin's method is based on the individual's own "bodily experience"—what he calls a physical felt shift—in determining the "correct" dream interpretation. This sensation is like the physical sense of relief that occurs when you remember something that had slipped your mind. "A breakthrough in a dream is like that," says Gendlin in his book, "Let Your Body Interpret Your Dreams" (Chiron Publications). Before, the dream seemed crazy and meant nothing. "Suddenly it is all about a certain part of your life, and you know it."

To reach that breakthrough, Gendlin offers questions "for the dreamer to ask the body." They include:

- *What associations come to you in relation to the dream?*
- *How is your life like the story told in the dream?*
- *Can the dream continue? Visualize its ending. What happens?*

Gendlin offers ways to overcome the usual defenses that prevent people from understanding dreams they dislike or fear. He suggests that dreamers explore the opposite of their first reactions, ignore the negative mental critic ("this dream means you're lazy"), and look beyond the first apparent interpretation. These aren't bad strategies in waking life, either.

DO WOMEN WORK BETTER WITHOUT MEN?

For many years researchers have been troubled about a consistent finding: when women work alone or with other women, their expectations of success and actual performance do not differ from men's. Put women with men, though, and their achievements sink (along with their hopes).

Joan LaNoue, Ph.D., and Rebecca Curtis, Ph.D., of Adelphi University, observe that when women do not do well at work, they often blame bad luck or their basic inability, two things over which they have no control. People *can* control how much effort they exert, however. Indeed, high achievement depends on increasing one's effort even after repeated defeats. But women, blaming themselves, often give up after failure—especially in the presence of men. So LaNoue and Curtis tried a little "attribution therapy" to get women to think differently about work.

The researchers had seventy-two men and seventy-two women work on a routine numerical task by themselves, in same-sex groups, mixed-sex groups, or alone. After checking the results, they told the subjects that they had done quite poorly (whether or not this was true) and asked them to pay themselves as they felt they deserved. The women in the mixed-sex groups had lower expectations than men, rewarded themselves less, and attributed their "poor" work to lack of ability more than men did.

Before moving on to the second part of the experiment—having everyone solve an anagram test—LaNoue and Curtis gave half the group a lesson in "effort attribution." They explained that on the next task their performance would not be a matter of luck or ability but of concentration and perseverance; that they needed only to *try hard*. The rest of the subjects were told only that they would be working on an anagram test.

For all the men, and for women who worked with women, the pep talk made no difference in performance; but that simple consciousness-raising lesson effectively broke the self-defeating cycle of low expectations, poor performance, and low self-reward *for the women working among men*.

Women's expectations of success, say LaNoue and Curtis, vary with social circumstances. Since women actually do as well as men, and often better, it is heartening to learn that the remedy is for them to concentrate on the task at hand instead of blaming themselves in advance for not being able to do it.

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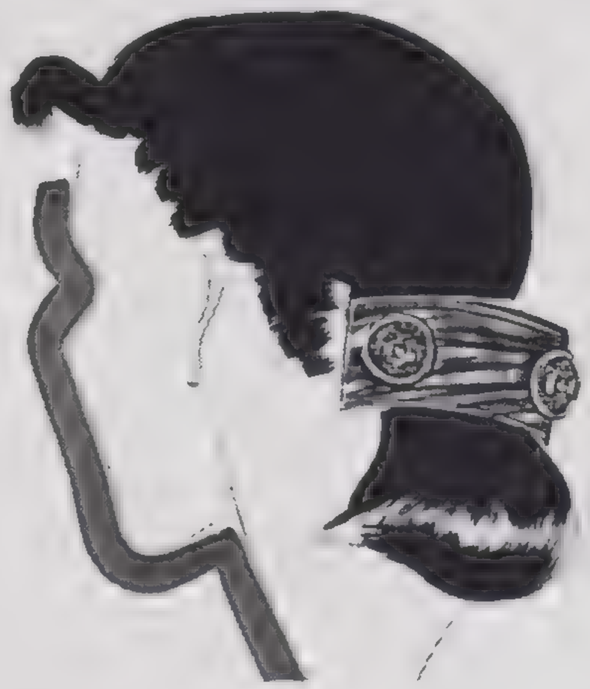
hAIR NOW

Style solutions—for volume, for quick changes . . . salon advances

LONG LOOKS

No woman wants to grow her hair long only to sacrifice shape or fullness. With improved cuts, care, and volume-building techniques, there's no tradeoff. The proof: the long hair, *left*, that's full from crown to ends. Hair was flipped over (head down), then blow-dried—a method, says hair stylist Madeleine Cofano, that causes the hair shaft to swell, producing volume especially at the crown. To "thicken" hair's ends, Cofano rolled them over a round brush and blew them dry.

Delights of the season: bows of synthetic hair, oversized clips of "tortoise." Imo at the Regency Hotel, NYC, stacks three nylon hair bows on a low ponytail. Antonio Da Costa Rocha of La Coupe, NYC, shapes a woman's own hair into a big bow, *top right*. The "tortoise" and coin-studded clip, *right*, updates a basic style (by Jack Rhodes, Benjamin salon, NYC).



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SHOP TALK

How often should a woman get a haircut? Today's precise cuts require frequent "follow-ups," says Christopher Brooker of Vidal Sassoon. The good news: with these cuts, hair is consistently attractive, requires a minimum of daily styling . . . . What you can expect at the growing number of salons owned by women: attention to the realities of a busy schedule. The convenience at Claiborne's salon in North Atlanta: it's open on Mondays (when most salons are closed), stays open late on Thursdays. Comfort starts the minute you enter the living-room-like waiting area at NYC's LSR salon.

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CARRYING THE TORCH

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend,
the first female Kennedy to run for office
is very much her own woman—
and the hope of other women like her.

BY MAUREEN ORTH

Townsend at headquarters, with a poster of her father, Bobby Kennedy, in background

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, thirty-five, is a dynasty original—driven, direct, passionate, and pious. She's energetic, hyperkinetic, and loath to reveal her deepest emotions. A straight-arrow lawyer who possesses the mind of an iconoclast, she is also the self-appointed guardian of her famous family's idealistic impulses. The eldest of Robert and Ethel's eleven children, the eldest of the grandchildren, Kathleen is the first Kennedy woman to run for public office—for Congress in Maryland's second district outside Baltimore.

More than one family intimate will say that Kathleen has it all: Bobby's heart and Jack's mind. Her sense of politics, like her father's, is messianic. "I am a pragmatist who also believes that government should touch our ideals," she says. "I'm part of a generation interested in achieving justice. I'd rather be thought of as a woman reaching not out for power but to make a better country." Within the family, Kathleen is highly respected but is viewed as "the nun." According to Nancy Steiner, a friend and writer for the *Today* show, "Kathleen is so driven by what she feels that it makes your hair stand on end. She is more committed to her own personal and intellectual values than anyone I've ever met."

Townsend has inherited her father's prodigious stamina and his thin, wiry build. With her dark eyes framed by oversized glasses, she doesn't look like a typical sexy Kennedy. Her image is half-intellectual, half-suburban P.T.A. A rookie candidate, Townsend appears to be learning to apply makeup and dress like a professional, though her skirts still tend to get twisted around her waist and her boots don't always match her outfit.

Her mind, however, is totally coordinated. She asserted, for example, in a speech she gave last fall to the Texas chapter of N.O.W., that women would only have real power if they learned to wield military power. She also said that the women's movement had failed to address its most important issue: "What we need and want are an ethics and an environment that support a parent's choice to both work and care for her children.... Only if women directly confront the question of who shall raise America's children will we take power as women."

Townsend seems to have thrived precisely because she is not bound by traditional Kennedy family behavior. Unlike her brother Joe, who at thirty-three is running for Congress in their Uncle Jack's old Massachusetts district—the seat Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill is vacating—Townsend is risking a candidacy far removed from Kennedy country. She is running a tough race against incumbent Republican Helen Delich Bentley, in a district that encompasses both affluent horse breeders and blue-collar workers hard hit by factory closings. Registered Democrats there outnumber Republicans three to one, but this district gave Ronald Reagan 66 percent of the vote in the 1984 presidential election.

Townsend, vulnerable to charges of carpetbagging, is happy to acknowledge that her husband's family is better known there than her own. Her husband, David Townsend, grew up in this part of Maryland; both his father and mother, now retired, worked in the public school system and have lived in the district for more than forty years.

Traditional Kennedy liberals would be taken aback by some of Townsend's political beliefs. Her pet project, which she worked on while assisting the Massachusetts governor's Office of Human Resources, is a program that gives college tuition to people willing to spend time on a police force after graduation. Her test for government programs is their effectiveness. "What Democrats have said in the last thirty years is, 'I have a new program,' " she explains. "Democrats have to look at ways of evaluating programs in terms of what they actually accomplish." She criticizes Republicans as well, for practicing a politics of selfishness. "Instead of Reagan's asking, 'Are you better off now than you were four years ago?' he should ask, 'Are you helping other people?' "

It is clear that the core of Townsend's philosophy still springs from John F. Kennedy's inaugural address: "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." Gay Garth Legg, a neighbor who is helping on her campaign says of Kathleen, "She is in a sense carrying the torch, but she isn't returning to the old idealism—it's tempered by what we've all been through. In 1970 we were against the establishment. Now we have become a part of the establishment, and some of us have to step forward and lead."

Ironically, it hasn't been easy for Townsend to take that step. "The Kennedys are wicked male chauvinists. Even the women in the family are," says Charles Peters, editor of the *Washington Monthly* magazine and a mentor of Townsend's. Townsend says that it never occurred to her to run for office while she was growing up at Hickory Hill—even though she was taken by her father to many of his public appearances and was surrounded by power brokers and the media. She says, "The women's movement very much helped me—it gave me the idea that women could run."

By the time she was ready to graduate from Harvard, Townsend had already spent a semester in Florence making pottery, a summer in Arizona on a Navaho reservation, and another summer in Alaska working on a federal program to teach Indian mothers how to take care of their children. (At age nineteen and unmarried, she felt unqualified for her job, and considered it a waste of taxpayers' money.) In her senior year of college she married David; and after graduating, in 1974, she followed her husband to New Mexico, where he taught and she enrolled in law school.

David and Kathleen Townsend have often moved from one state to another, taking turns in the advancement of their careers. David Townsend now teaches liberal arts at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. The antithesis of the Kennedy macho male, he is unathletic and soft-spoken, and he has spent periods immobilized by rheumatoid arthritis. David is the family cook and often plays Mr. Mom to the couple's three energetic young daughters—Meaghan, eight; Maeve, six; and Kate, two.

Kathleen says that her interest in politics has evolved just over the past few years. But according to Harrison Rainie, coauthor of

Growing up Kennedy (Continued on page 91)

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KATHLEEN KENNEDY TOWNSEND

(Continued from page 88)

and a longtime observer of the family's third generation, Townsend was apparently upset in 1976 that she was passed over to manage Ted Kennedy's Senate reelection campaign in favor of her brother Joe. "Joe had a maturity problem," says one family associate. "The family thought he needed the bonding process with Teddy." Townsend was forced to wait.

In 1980 she signed on with Ted Kennedy's campaign for President, writing position papers on the environment and women's issues, appearing often on her uncle's behalf, and generally working very hard to earn her stripes in the family. Rainie says that in 1982, "Kathleen told them in effect to put up or shut up about their belief in the equality of women." After that she got the job of managing Ted Kennedy's 1982 Senate race, for which she cheerfully put in fourteen-hour days. Her self-confidence soared. "That's why I don't have to go to candidate school now," says Townsend. "I know the nuts and bolts of running a campaign."

Around this time Charles Peters published in *The Washington Monthly* two articles by Townsend , "The Forgotten Virtue of Voluntarism" and "A Rebirth of Virtue: Liberals and Religious Renewal," that spelled out much of her political thought. Both called for moral courage and took liberals to task, in the first piece for disparaging the notion of voluntarism, and in the second for not taking religion seriously, "as my father did." She also argued that Democrats had allowed the moral majoritarians to usurp spiritual values for their own narrow political ends. Taken together, these two essays have provided an original and thoughtful position from which to run.

This past winter I spent a day campaigning with Townsend and the young mothers who are her supporters. "Whoever comes with me depends on who can get the babysitter," says Townsend. The most memorable stop was at the Dundalk Elementary School. Kathleen Townsend was asked to read to 115 first-graders the same story that her mother, Ethel, had read on *Sesame Street* years before. First-grader Andrew Layman not only drew her father's life in pictures on a paper roll that he hand-cranked through a cardboard TV set, but he also recorded his narration on an audio cassette and ended with a refrain from "America the Beautiful." A teacher had invited her to the school to celebrate Brotherhood Week, because, "Her daddy was a great American who believed in and practiced brotherhood." Said Townsend, "I had seven brothers. Isn't that a lot of brothers? Do you think we always got along? I also have three sisters. Do you think you can have sisterhood, too?"

Her next appearance was at a fundraiser for the Women's Campaign Fund, in Washington, DC, an hour's drive south. The problem: where to change. A Burger King bathroom was overruled when Townsend declared, "Forget it. I'll change in the car." She whipped off her blouse as the car approached a stop light, saying, "Any niece of Eunice Shriver's ought to be able to change in the front seat. It never bothers Eunice—she shows her bare bottom to the world."

Townsend chattered away on the drive down to the capital, a live version of the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. "Did you see what George Will wrote on gun control? . . . Did you read the *New Republic* article critiquing the books on women in the male corporate world? I loved it. . . . No, I really never watch television. If it's a choice between being with my children or watching TV, I'd rather be with the kids. . . . My husband put a lock on the bathroom door for me. You have to have time alone or else you spin out. . . ."

Once inside the party Townsend disappeared for awhile to collect her thoughts. Most of the other candidates talked about themselves. She plunged into a philosophical speech: "Government is an experience of our life together. It is a vehicle for our most solemn common decisions." Her mannerisms resembled her father's, though she wasn't able to move the audience the way he did. She obviously needed polish and practice, but it appears sometime soon her oratory will inspire her audience. "The challenge for women is how to translate a politics of selfishness into a politics of opportunity," she says. The challenge for Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is to get elected so that bright young mothers like her and her supporters will finally have a strong and understanding voice in Congress. ▽

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT books

LIFE STYLES OF THE RICH. . . AND HOMESICK

Are we too chic to make a house a home?

By MAUREEN HOWARD

In *Home: A Short History of an Idea* (Viking), Witold Rybczynski, a Canadian architect, asks, what is it exactly that we *want* from the Ralph Lauren sheets and pillowcases that speak to us of English country houses or life on the unspoiled prairie? Why does Malcolm Forbes close his door on the technology that reigns in the outer office of *Forbes* magazine and conduct business at a Georgian partner's desk with no telephone in sight? "Is it simply a curious anachronism," Rybczynski asks, "this desire for tradition, or is it a reflection of a deeper dissatisfaction with the surroundings that our modern world has created? What are we missing that we look so hard for in the past?"

His answer is a sweeping cultural history, splendid in its details of "home," from the Middle Ages when life was a public affair in a divinely ordered universe to the mechanized, often impersonal households many of us live in today. *Home* is full of delicious information: that the ancient Greeks and the pleasure-loving French at Versailles developed the chairs that still best accommodate the human body; that the Victorians were fresh-air fiends given to devilishly chill ventilating systems. Rybczynski wears all this learning lightly; he shapes his own concepts of home around the simple ideas of comfort, privacy, intimacy. These are words we take for granted, but Jane Austen first refers to "English comfort" as we understand it today in *Emma* (1815); and privacy, well there was no such thing: until the French bourgeoisie sorted out their families from the servants in the seventeenth century, sleeping, eating, visiting, and business all took place in a common room.

By setting standards that have to do with honesty about how we really live today, Rybczynski makes us look around our rooms with a fresh eye. He's not down-home conservative, but he is understanding: "People turn to the past because they are looking for something that they do not find in the present—comfort and well-being." And he gives little comfort to his profession: "Like most architects, Le Corbusier did not understand, or would not accept, that the advent of domestic technology and home management had put the whole question of architectural style in a subordinate position." He's downright funny about the unyielding edge of the seat, the unpleasant feel of the double-stitching of Breuer's famous Wassily chair: "This is an easy chair in which one cannot relax for more than thirty minutes at a time."

Witold Rybczynski is more than a clever scold. He is often passionate in our defense: ". . . so called postmodernism has missed the point; putting in a stylized strip of molding or a symbolic classical column is not really the issue. It is not watered-down historical reference that is missing from people's homes. What is needed is a sense of domesticity, not more dadoes; a feeling of privacy, not neo-Palladian windows; an atmosphere of coziness, not plaster capitals. . . despite [postmodernism's] visual wit and fashionable insouciance, it fails to address the basic problem."

We, those of us who are only householders or homebodies, not inspired engineers or architects, are left with the basic problem. After we have closed the door on the new bars, the eating out too much, the office politics, what are we to make of the places we live in? Do we open the briefcase on the kitchen table and undo four centuries of home life? Do we live in one of the millions of American homes where the television has replaced the unnecessary hearth? Do we serve coffee on the coffee table and pull up our chairs to talk with each other, perhaps over a slice of homemade cake? And do we listen to each other in some private place?

One thing we must surely learn is that our homes, hard-edged or chintz-cluttered, cannot be merely esthetic experiences. This is where we live, folks; it's not a stage set. I am more frightened than the author of *Home* by the fantasy we turn to without much thought, the make-believe. I am not an English lady with fancywork in my dimity lap, nor a hearty woman of the Great Plains. And you, you look self-conscious under the trendy non-reading lamp, ill-at-ease perched on your slick leather couch midst all that imperial travertine, homesick.

The dumpsters at the back door of my apartment house are loaded these days—sinks, toilets, bookcases, whole walls thrown out along with a dead cyclamen whose zippy pink flowers had pleased us for six months. So much making it over, making it ours, but we must be very careful, as we throw out the obsolete tea cozy and all the new gadgets that didn't work, that we do not junk our lives. The end of the twentieth century will not be about damask in the drawing room or showplace kitchens with laboratory sinks, though naturally we will amuse ourselves: one real household chore will be to examine our attitudes of home and perhaps improve at least the small spaces in which we live imperfect lives. We are very busy now, but we must remember as we rebuild or spruce up, as we place the answering machine and the VCR conveniently in plain view, what it was we've mislaid or stuck in a corner. It was the sense of being home, of someone, perhaps only ourselves, saying, "Come in. Hang up your hat."

> "Our homes cannot be merely esthetic experiences. This is where we live, folks, not a stage set"

Maureen Howard *is the author of the novel "Expensive Habits" (Summit).*

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ZEN AND THE ART OF WRITING ABOUT IT

Peter Matthiessen's exhilarating Zen journals

By ANDREW HARVEY

Zen Buddhism is the fiercest of the various schools of Buddhism. It has nothing to do with metaphysical speculation or philosophy, and very little, in any conventional sense, with ethics. It is an arduous system of meditation whose end is a direct intuition of the nature of existence. Dogen, a Zen master of the thirteenth century, writes, "Once [the] heart [of zazen—sitting meditation] is grasped, you are like the dragon when he gains the water, like the tiger when he enters the mountain. Forms and substance are like the dew on the grass, destiny like the dart of lightning—emptied in an instant, vanished in a flash." In his new book, *Nine-Headed Dragon River: Zen Journals 1969-1982* (Shambhala), Peter Matthiessen gives a patient and lucid account of his attempts to "gain the water."

Matthiessen makes clear at the beginning the problematic nature of his book. "The unwary reader has in hand a 'Zen book' composed against the best instincts of its author, who has no business writing upon a subject so incompletely understood—far less a subject such as Zen, which is fundamentally impossible to write *about*." The journals Matthiessen kept over thirteen years of work, travel, and spiritual discipline provide what he calls a "rickety armature" for poems, stories, and teachings, "those luminous expressions of deep insight by Zen masters, past and present, which have delighted me and refreshed my life. This book will only justify itself if it transmits enough of that delight so that others may be drawn toward the path of Zen."

Peter Matthiessen need not have been so modest: he has written a most luminous and skillful book, original both in its subject matter and structure. The journal form is ideal for his purpose—intimate, fragmented, unheroic, it can mirror (without falling into) the repetitiousness and bafflement of every spiritual search. There are few perfect rhythms in religious experience, many stumblings, breaks, and fallings-off, and Matthiessen is faithful to this necessary jaggedness. He is not the hero of his saga; he is fully aware of his faults—his vanity, his egoism, his stubborn Yankee in-

"Matthiessen has found a clear and quiet voice, and we listen"

transigence, his spiritual ambition. He watches his every move with a sharp and very dry eye. We trust and delight in him without admiring him especially, or being intimidated by his intensity and formidable learning. Matthiessen has found a clear and quiet voice to talk to us in, and we listen.

The *Nine-Headed Dragon River* is full of fascinating, finely presented information, of arresting speculation—about the future of Buddhism, the nature of American Zen; it is criss-crossed and invigorated by moving portraits of Matthiessen's first wife, Deborah, of his various Zen masters, including one from Brooklyn, Bernard Tetsugen Glassman-sensei, whose calm brilliance illumines the last third of the book; and it is given a certain contemplative unity by continual references to, and dazzling quotations from, Dogen, the Zen master with whom Matthiessen feels a particular affinity. Very few writers have the courage, inner experience, and literary technique to take us into the reaches of mystic awareness. Matthiessen has; his prose is among the finest of our time—at once sensual and austere, sinewy yet full of warmth, eloquent yet reverent, polished clean by silence and awe. *Nine-Headed Dragon River* is a clear gift to us from a complex man who has schooled himself to speak of central things with a most honorable exactitude, from a man, our contemporary and spiritual friend, who is beginning to live simply in the light of the truth of his chosen discipline:

"To study the Buddha Dharma is to study the self
To study the self is to forget the self
To forget the self is to be enlightened
By all things."
(Dogen)

Andrew Harvey, *a poet and novelist, is the author, most recently, of "Burning Houses"*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

SURVIVING DISASTER

What happens to people faced with catastrophe?

By DAVID DE NICOLO

From the eruption of Vesuvius to the Great Fire of London, from Northern Ireland's Bloody Sunday to a car accident that takes the life of an only daughter, human history has always known the terror of catastrophe. *When Disaster Strikes* (Basic Books) is Beverley Raphael's unyielding analysis of what happens to people faced with horror and upheaval most of us cannot even imagine.

Raphael's most involving work is on personal loss and grief. She uses a great range of case studies to reveal facts of human behavior that are as gruesome and sad as they are spellbinding. Raphael explains, for instance, that viewing the dead body of a loved one satisfies our need for finality; by curbing our persistent, often excessively morbid imaginations, it can also prevent the physical details of the death from haunting the bereaved.

Raphael tells how the public nature of disaster can pressure those who have lost homes or family into playing artificial roles—asking them to turn grief on and off for cameras, then expecting them to be "over it" as soon as the fascination with their suffering has waned.

Recovery from the loss of a loved one, an astoundingly delicate process, depends more than anything on emotional release, and the movement through generally defined stages: numbness or denial; intense distress over the separation; anger and protest; mourning (which includes a review of life with the deceased); feelings of futility mixed with guilt; and, eventually, acceptance. People *do* recover—but each step is slow and painful.

Since this is fast becoming the decade of terrorism, Raphael's studies of group behavior in cities such as Beirut and Belfast have a particular urgency. Plagued by civil violence and international terror, these communities suffer from psychological distress that will last years longer than the physical scars. With the constant threat of new attacks, normal recovery from loss is next to impossible. The citizens remain in a limbo of mental torment.

By never prettifying, never mincing words, Raphael breathes compassion into her reader. On the AIDS epidemic she writes: "The sad consequences for many victims of this modern plague are anger, guilt, rejection and isolation, and a lonely death of despair."

Despite the sadness of her subject, Raphael returns to the idea that people *survive*, that life, so easily destroyed, has tremendous value and is worth our greatest efforts of preservation. A rare mix of scholarship and humanism, *When Disaster Strikes* stands out as a heartening, even tender study in an age of so much pessimism and destruction.

TAKING MEN HOSTAGE

How to hang on to a man? Catch-22, set 21 free

By STEPHANIE BRUSH

Don't ask if the "Forever" in the title of Tracy Cabot's *How To Keep a Man in Love with You Forever* (McGraw-Hill) applies posthumously; we mustn't be flippant about Ms. Cabot's staggeringly earnest research in the field of modern-love technology, or, to quote the author, "high-tech intimacy."

The perpetrator of the equally straight-faced *How To Make a Man Fall in Love with You* (maybe you're starting to detect a pattern here), Ms. Cabot is out to convince the women of America that once we have nailed that all-but-extinct species, "The Available Man," then the Infinite Homework Assignment of Love has only begun. Just to get us all on her side, Ms. Cabot drives a tiny dagger (and sometimes a large poleax) of doubt into every complacent heart with timely reminders about the soaring divorce rate—as well as case histories of not-smart women who failed to learn their mates' "Love Language," or to use it with properly Scheherazadian skill.

And what, you may ask, is a "Love Language"? Ms. Cabot feels that it is every woman's job to find out a man's dominant sense (out of a possible menu of "vision," "hearing," and "feelings") and to play to that sense for all she is worth—as in, "I'm beginning to *hear* what you're *saying*," or "I can *picture* that," or "You *touch* my soul, you scrumptious caveman." (Sorry, the last example is mine; I am still working to replicate Ms. Cabot's subtlety.) If all of this sounds suspiciously like not-so-new neurolinguistic programming, you get a gold star for erudition, but Tracy Cabot is not the first how-to author guilty of Rod McKuenizing hard science for personal profit.

Ms. Cabot takes great pains to remind us that her pieces of advice are not manipulative, condescending, or antifeminist—even sobering ones like, "Find out the expressions he likes to see on your face and look at him that way." Or, if you are desperate for him to gift you with *eau de toilette*: "Tell him the name of the perfume—'Joy' for example reminds you of his name, Joey. Auditory men love the sound of their own names. Say it [sic] a lot." If your husband's name is "Biff" or "Tank," you have no business aspiring to *eau de toilette* in the first place.

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PAPA SCHLOCK

What's new from the Hemingway industry?

By RHODA KOENIG

In preparing the book for publication," reads the Publisher's Note to *The Garden of Eden*, "we have made some cuts in the manuscript." Was there ever a more disingenuous note in publishing history? In fact, an editor at Scribner's hacked this 247-page novel out of fifteen hundred pages Ernest Hemingway wrote in the 'forties and 'fifties. This production, like the posthumous (and profitable) *A Moveable Feast*, *The Dangerous Summer*, and *Islands in the Stream*, is destined to enrich Scribner's. But what will it profit us, the readers, in return for our $18.95?

The time of *The Garden of Eden* is the 'twenties, the places are Spain and the South of France, and the boy and girl are David Bourne, a writer, and Catherine, his rich bride. We know it's the 'twenties, however, only because of references to Bollinger Brut 1915 and the unpopularity of the Riviera in summer. Hemingway makes no attempt to evoke the customs, habits, and prejudices of that vanished age, and this omission is disastrous, for he means us to feel trepidation and horror over Catherine's decision to . . . cut her hair. The stripped-down, basic prose, the lack of any tension and atmosphere make us feel nothing but a giggle and a shrug.

There's also a great deal of to-do over Catherine's sexual mischief—from time to time she declares that she's a boy, and, in bed with David, she calls him "Catherine." These little honeymoon tricks are presented as symbolic of the darkest evil—but it's hard to be awed by a demon goddess who promises to be a good girl, complains that her husband practices "solitary vice," and stares at herself in the mirror after a sexual act to see if she looks different. Things get more difficult when she introduces another girl, Marita, to their sex games. Marita, who tells the couple she loves them both and they can do anything to her, has got to be the blobbiest female outside a straight-porn fantasy.

Throughout this vague and slender novel, we read portions of a short story that David is writing. In these sections, about a small boy's experience of cruelty on an elephant hunt with his father, Hemingway is much surer of himself, and the language is measured and vivid, with the full, fearful weight given to words like "dog" and "friend." But the purpose of this story seems to be to explain why David bears a psychic wound and is so terrified of, as we would say today, talking about his feelings. In turning David's story to a foolish, reductive use, Hemingway betrays his art—but not so badly as his publishers, who have only produced one more piece of evidence that his novels are nothing next to his short stories.

Rhoda Koenig *is a writer for "New York" magazine.*

SIGNORET, NOVELIST

The late actress's revealing family saga

By STEPHEN KOCH

Signoret at age forty-five, during the filming of "The Deadly Affair" in London

Simone Signoret was an anthology of Gallic beauty. In the 'forties, she was the existentialist tough girl, with her watch-it-buster allure. The 'fifties began with the mean look of nightmare love in *Diabolique*; that hardness turned inside out as the plangent intelligence of Alice in *Room at the Top*, her greatest role. During the 'sixties, Signoret became the face of the French woman-of-the-world; later she was grandmother to the misbegotten. Common to every phase was a *knowingness*: Signoret played on the image of the smart blond as inventively as her friend (and rival in love) Marilyn Monroe played on the image of the dumb one.

But Signoret's final offering before her death last year was not a film but a novel, with a hint of farewell in its title: *Adieu, Volodya* (Random House). A remarkably competent novel, it is the saga of two Russian Jewish families in Paris during the 'twenties, enmeshed in worlds Signoret knew well: she provides wonderful gossip about "Hollywood-sur-Seine" in its infancy, just before the world came to know totalitarianism. The French novel in its more elevated recent forms has downplayed depiction and richness of sensory recall. Here Paris comes rushing back: the stairwells, kitchens; the bars, kiosks, factories; the children. Signoret knew it all.

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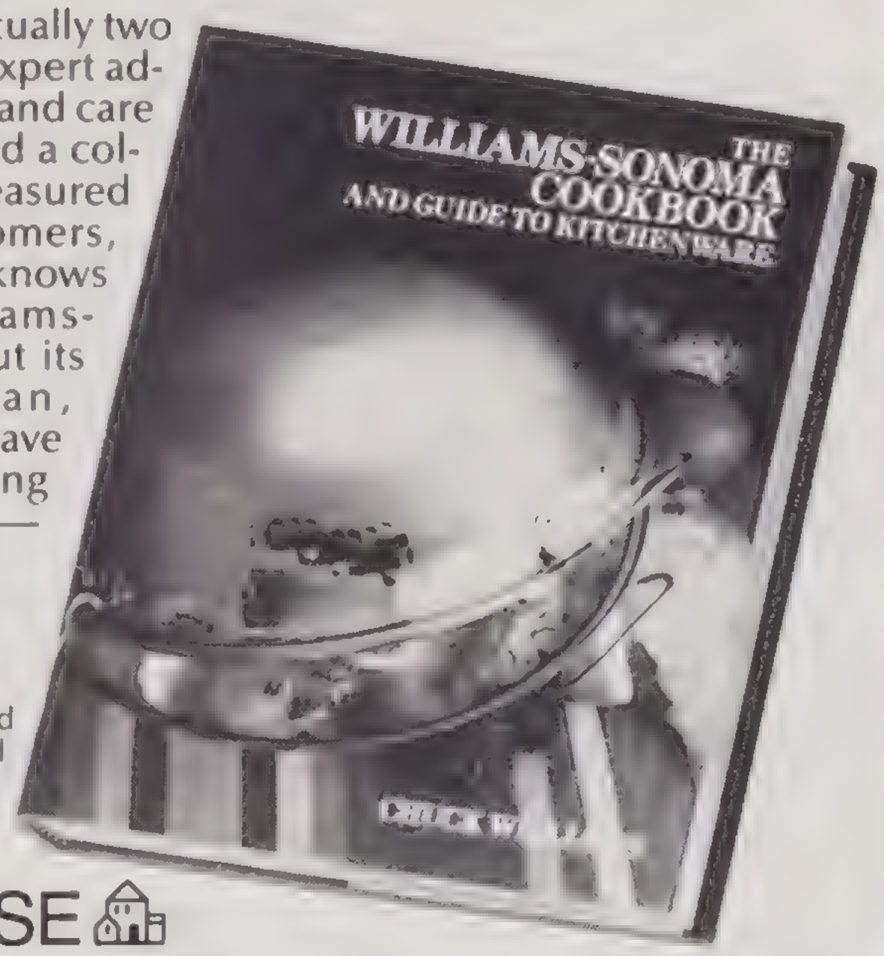

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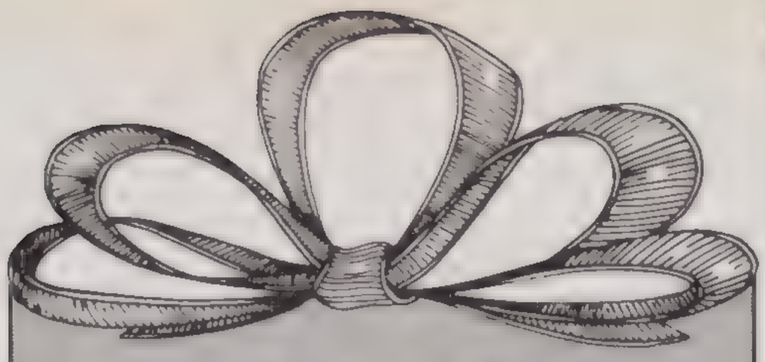

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THE BEST OF WINES

Fresh, vivid whites for summer's sultry days. BY MARTIN GERSH

As the temperature rises, my thoughts turn lightly to refreshing white wines. This annual summer roundup consists of selections from France and California. Far from being the proverbial, tame "nice glass of white wine," every one of them is characterized by vivid personality and satisfying complexity, like the best reds.

At any time of year, though, ordering a terrific white offers a practical solution to the dilemma presented by restaurant wine lists: the affordable reds are often too young to drink without prolonged aeration; the mature ones, prohibitively costly. Whites are invariably among the better buys, and, though rarely acknowledged, compatible with a wide variety of foods—even delicately prepared beef and game.

Most of the wines reviewed below should be consumed during the next two years, not only because they are intensely pleasurable to drink now, but because further cellaring would not improve them as it would formidable reds. Inevitably, newer and fresher vintages of these and other splendid whites will come along to take their place.

RECOMMENDATIONS

French Whites

Riesling 1983 (Domaine Zind Humbrecht) *Expansive, multifaceted, its remarkable flavor suggestive of ripe apricots—an extraordinary and enchanting wine from Alsace. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $8-$9.*

Sylvaner d'Alsace 1983 (Josmeyer) *Unusually good—lively and full-bodied, showing a delectable honeydew melon-like taste element with an intriguingly salty finish. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $4-$5.*

Pinot Blanc 1983 (Trimbach) *Substantial, with luscious, engagingly sweet fruitiness adorned with hazelnut nuances, this is quite a wine. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $4-$5.*

Gewürztraminer 1983 (Trimbach) *From Alsace, a huge, stately Gewürztraminer whose gracious fruit presence reveals melony overtones. Best drinking: for the next 1½-2 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $6-$7.*

Chablis Premier Cru 1983, Montmains (Michel Nathan Fils) *Moderate-bodied, rather smoky, nicely fruity, this is a suave and distinguished white wine. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 40-50 minutes. $9-$10.*

Tokay d'Alsace 1983 (Domaine Zind Humbrecht) *Polished, discreet in scale, possessing a heavenly Cranshaw melon-tinged flavor aspect—uncommonly attractive. Best drinking: for the next 2½ years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $7-$8.*

Riesling 1983 (Trimbach) *A handsome, memorable Alsatian Riesling of moderate size—exquisitely scented, serious in manner, with excellent varietal fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $5-$6.*

Chablis Premier Cru 1983, Vaillons (Michel Nathan Fils) *Well-integrated, revealing a charming peachy fruit constituent—a highly superior Chablis. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $9-$10.*

Riesling 1983 (Hugel) *This is a stunning Riesling of imposing scale, with the most sumptuous and elegant flavor imaginable. Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 40-50 minutes. $7-$8.*

Gewürztraminer 1983, Château de Mittlewihr (Preiss-Henny) *Really formidable and quite unforgettable—featuring a startling, tangy fruit presence embellished by a salty-sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 40-50 minutes. $6-$7.*

Riesling 1983, Château de Mittelwihr (Preiss-Henny) *A most praiseworthy Alsatian wine of ample body and oily texture—flowery but not at all sweet, with outspoken, citrusy fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $5-$6.*

Chablis Premier Cru 1983, Montée de Tonerre (Michel Nathan Fils) *Tightly knit, with a fascinating hazelnut-tinged flavor component—outstanding. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 35-45 minutes. $9-$10.*

Riesling Réserve 1983, Les Pierrets (Josmeyer) *Heroic in scale, strikingly glamorous, this marvelous Riesling shows fine balance and laudable concentration. Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 50 minutes-1 hour. $8-$9.*

Gewürztraminer Réserve 1983 (Domaine Zind Humbrecht) *An excellent, notably complex Gewürztraminer of important size whose amazing varietal fruitiness is markedly resinous. Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $8-$9.*

Saran Blanc de Blancs (Moët & Chandon) *If you are seeking the magic of a great Champagne in a still wine, this superb, all-Chardonnay white made in Epernay by the venerable Champagne house of Moët & Chandon (famous for its Cuvée Dom Perignon) will fill the bill. Grand in scale, its incredibly beautiful taste characteristics include citrus- and melon-like elements. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 15-30 minutes. $18-$20.*

California Whites

The Reserve Cellars of Ernest & Julio Gallo Limited Release Sauvignon Blanc 1983 *Extremely well made, moderate-bodied, with an attractive, unaggressive ferny flavor—utterly beguiling. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 25-35 minutes. $3-$4.*

The Monterey Vineyard Chardonnay 1983 *An admirable Monterey County Chardonnay—meditative, creamy-textured, with rich melon-like fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $6-$7.*

Cakebread Cellars Sauvignon Blanc 1984 *This is an urbane, Graves-style Napa Valley Sauvignon Blanc of nice size with wonderfully aromatic varietal flavor heightened by a long-lingering second taste. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $9-$10.*

The Monterey Vineyard Pinot Blanc 1983 *Forceful yet well-balanced, its vivid lemony taste constituent complemented by perceptible smokiness—a highly commendable Pinot Blanc. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 35-45 minutes. $4-$5.*

Mayacamas Vineyards Sauvignon Blanc 1982 *Truly exceptional, titanic, intensely flavorsome—in the mode of Pavillon Blanc du Château Margaux from a great vintage year. Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 50 minutes-1 hour. $10-$11.*

Monticello Cellars Barrel Fermented Chardonnay 1983 *From Napa Valley, a dynamic wine—impeccably structured, fragrantly fruity, remarkably fine. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 35-45 minutes. $16-$18.*

Iron Horse Vineyards Chardonnay 1984 *A veritable blockbuster with compelling ferny-citrusy fruitiness whose aftertaste continues long after you have put the glass down. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $12-$13.*

Mayacamas Vineyards Chardonnay 1981 *Reminiscent of the celebrated white Burgundy Chevalier-Montrachet, this is an absolutely wonderful, colossal, and enthralling California Chardonnay. Best drinking: for the next 4 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $23-25.*

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Taking the heat off summer—cooling citrus, fiery tropical dishes. BY BARBARA KAFKA

Wild mushroom and leek ravioli sauced with sweet young peas

I am a citrus nut, a certified lemon fiend. When I set up in my kitchen to develop a new recipe or I go someplace to teach a class, my assistants know without being told that a cup of freshly squeezed lemon juice is as necessary to me as my ignominious, non-gourmet, caffeine-laden diet soda. There are all sorts of reasons to use citrus fruits in cooking. The acid in citrus (and in vinegar, wine, or, in Asian food, tamarind) helps to stabilize sauces and balances spicy and sweet flavors. Since acid reinforces salty flavors, I don't need to use as much salt. A little lemon juice also compensates for the missing acid in less than perfectly ripe fruits and vegetables.

Citrus is a positive, upbeat seasoning. I make my salad dressing with lemon juice and olive oil, a bit of kosher salt (better because it's all salt—no added chemicals, and has a coarse texture), and a few grinds of black pepper. Fish and seafood are, to me, inedible without a squeeze of lemon or lime, which also does much for chicken, sautéed vegetables, veal stew, and fresh strawberries as well as for the more ordinary piece of melon. Lemonade, gin and tonic with a squeeze of lime, and iced tea with lemon and orange juice and mint are practically the insignias of summer. If I didn't already like semitropical climates, I would have to reconsider because of the prevalence of citrus in typical hot-weather cuisine.

There are other flavorings—chilis and warm spices like cumin, coriander, and cinnamon—and attitudes toward food that we have begun to pick up from hot parts of the world. We are aware of the tangy pleasures of Spanish and Mexican dishes like lime-marinated seviche, gazpacho, and chiles rellenos, and of Indian dishes (they really know about hot) like curries, raitas, and spicy vegetable salads. Tropical dishes are brightly colored, informally arranged, and are served cool or tepid to tempt appetites prostrated by heat. I think there are many more regional foods we might adopt, particularly those of the Caribbean, especially since so many of their ingredients are becoming readily available.

During a recent trip to St. Barthélémy, better known as St. Barts, I realized how well the island's simple Caribbean blend of tropical and French cookery fitted my indolent, sun-drenched style of life there. Nothing could be better than a vivid salad of thickly sliced red-ripe tomato sprinkled with coarse salt and topped with lemon-gilded slices of mango, flecked with the small leaves of bush basil, and lightly dappled with good olive oil. This was served to me on the beach at Taiwana in tree-shaded comfort. Lunch was completed with giant red prawns in their shells that had been lightly marinated in olive oil, garlic, lime juice, and red pepper, then skewered, interspersed with lime halves, and grilled until lightly charred. A glass of cold white wine and chunks of bread made it a heavenly meal.

There is a delightful new restaurant in the Boston area that seems to share my fascination with spring and summer vegetables. Michela's (245 First St., Cambridge MA 02142, 617/494-5419) is named for its owner, Michela Larson. The food is Italian, light and elegant, with a sure sense of seasons. Although Michela's is a little hard to find, located inside the newly renovated Carter's Ink building, seeking it out is worth the effort.

Michela herself is not cooking in the restaurant, but her hand and taste are clearly evidenced in every dish. A talented cook with a broad education, she honed her culinary skills as a caterer and a private chef. At her restaurant, the food is inventive without any distortion of basic Italian precepts. *Agnello alla pastorella* is a lamb sauté with vegetables and innovative leek fritters. There is a tender green lasagna made with fresh spinach pasta and goat cheese. Even pizzas are special without being strange: one terrific example has roasted new potatoes and pesto.

One of the lightest and most beautiful pasta dishes is made with ravioli of orangy-red tomato pasta shaped into teardrops and arrayed on a ground of fresh pea sauce, springlike and mildly sweet to set off the acid of the tomato pasta and the rich, deep flavors of the wild mushroom, baby leek, and goat cheese filling—what colors!

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½ cup chopped wild or baby leeks
¾ cup chopped fresh wild mushrooms—Roman (cremini), porcini, chanterelles, portobello, and/or oyster
1 small clove garlic, smashed, peeled, and minced
1 teaspoon minced fresh thyme leaves
1 teaspoon minced fresh basil leaves
½ cup fresh goat cheese
Salt and pepper

In olive oil, sauté leeks, mushrooms, garlic, and herbs over medium heat un-

(Continued on page 106)

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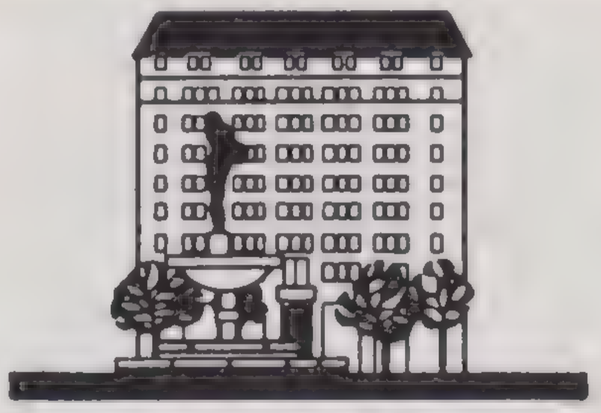

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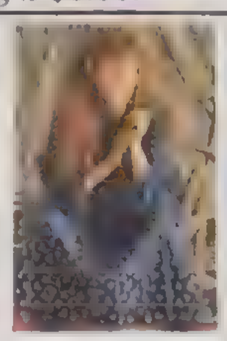

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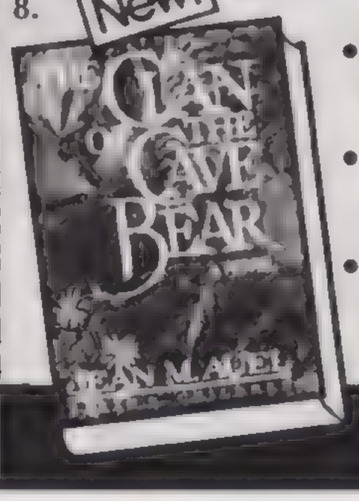

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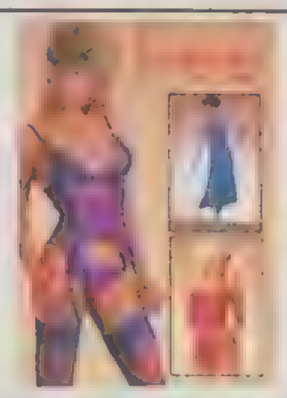

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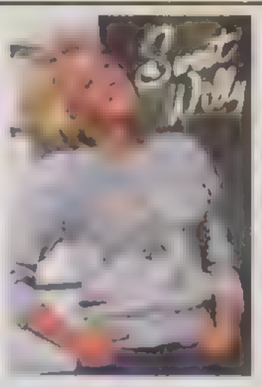

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FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 102)

til leeks are translucent and mushrooms soft. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Place in food processor with cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Pulse on and off just until mixed—there should be texture, not mush. Set aside.

Tomato Pasta

7 ounces all-purpose flour
2 large eggs
3 ounces tomato paste

Place flour in food processor and pulse two times to aerate. In separate bowl, whisk together eggs and tomato paste. Slowly pour mixture into flour while processor is on. When mixed, remove from processor and form into a ball. Dough does not need to rest. With a pasta machine, roll dough thinner and thinner until it goes smoothly through the rollers at the number two setting.

Using 4-inch round cutter, make at least twenty rounds. Using the same cutter, cut each round again forming a crescent moon piece and an oval piece. Reserve moon shapes for another use—they'd be nice in a light vegetable soup—or reball and roll for more raviolis (which will require making about half again as much filling).

Put one teaspoon of filling on each oval. Wet edges of pasta. Fold over and seal by pressing on dampened edges to form teardrop shapes. Place ravioli on a kitchen towel sprinkled with cornmeal. Cover with another towel until ready to use.

Fresh Green Pea Sauce

1 tablespoon olive oil
2 tablespoons white onion, chopped
½ pound fresh shucked peas
(or ½ pound frozen tiny peas)
1 cup chicken stock
½ cup heavy cream
Kosher salt
Fresh ground black pepper

Sauté onion in olive oil until translucent. Add peas and cook for 1 minute. Pour in chicken stock and bring to a boil. Pour entire mixture into blender. Add cream, salt, and pepper and purée until smooth. Pass sauce through a fine sieve.

Final Preparation and Presentation

6 shiitake or other largish mushrooms,
sautéed in small amount olive oil

Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Cook ravioli 4 to 5 minutes or until just tender. Drain.

Pour enough pea sauce on the bottom of each plate to cover barely. Arrange 5 ravioli on top of sauce. Garnish with sautéed sliced wild mushrooms if desired. ▽

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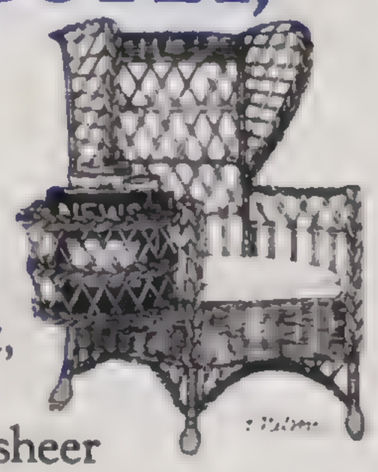

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ENTERTAINING

King Hussein likes burgers, Mrs. Sadat adores apple pie . . . and other lessons in dinner diplomacy

BY WILLIAM AND CHESBROUGH RAYNER

Shadowed by the Lincoln Memorial, Mrs. Roosevelt entertains at the State Department

Selwa Roosevelt, known as Lucky to her friends, is chief of protocol at the State Department. She has responsibilities that some women would envy, while for others the duties would be so nerve-racking that they would go into seclusion. Mrs. Roosevelt, who holds the rank of ambassador, and her staff of sixty look after visiting dignitaries. The office organizes all functions given by the State Department and by the Vice-President when entertaining on state occasions outside of his house. The Ambassador often accompanies the President when he travels abroad or to the U.N., where she arranges the functions for him as well as the Secretary of State. Her office ministers to six thousand diplomats stationed in Washington; and her duties include everything from handling gifts from the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of State to granting diplomatic immunity.

Entertaining is one of the most important parts of her job. Since Ambassador Roosevelt assumed the responsibilities of the chief of protocol in 1982, she has learned a great deal about the likes and dislikes of her guests. She has discovered, for example, that the King of Jordan loves hamburgers, His Highness the Amir of Bahrain adores corn bread, and Mrs. Sadat fancies apple pie. All foreigners seem to love ice cream, and so Mrs. Roosevelt serves pumpkin or mango ice cream with chocolate shavings.

Selwa Roosevelt claims that her knowledge of the intricacies of diplomatic functions was not something she picked up in college. "At Vassar," she says, "they taught you everything but how to give a good dinner." Nor did her childhood prepare her for the life she was destined to lead. Selwa (which means "consolation" in Arabic—consolation for the firstborn's not being a boy) was raised by Lebanese parents, in the small town of Kingsport, Tennessee, and to this day the charm of a Southern drawl mists through her otherwise clipped diction. Her mother still lives in Tennessee, where she enrolled in college after her husband's death, studying to become a professor of linguistics. "My mother was the greatest intellectual force in my life," says Ambassador Roosevelt.

What her early education omitted in diplomatic training she learned as the wife of a young envoy, Archibald Roosevelt—grandson of Theodore Roosevelt—whom she met when he interviewed her for a job after college. He proposed to her two days later.

After years of giving parties in Istanbul, Spain, and Britain for her husband, who is now the director of international relations for the Chase Manhattan Bank, Ambassador Roosevelt was certainly qualified to entertain at the State Department. Surprisingly, protocol is only one of Mrs. Roosevelt's guidelines for seating: when possible, she tries to place guests next to people with whom they might enjoy talking. Forced to contend with endless changes in her guests' schedules, she has devised a mechanism that facilitates last-minute changes. She has a large board diagramming the tables, each table surrounded by slots, representing seats, for tabs inscribed with the guests' names.

Other considerations are far more complicated than seating. Ambassador Roosevelt must pay close attention to cultural idiosyncrasies—dietary customs, colors that are taboo, decorations that might offend. For example, the Chinese don't like thick cuts of meat; and if you are entertaining a Hindu or Moslem, beef, pork, and shellfish are out. In Mexico, yellow flowers signify death, so no yellow floral arrangements are displayed. In the Arab world, green is the color of the prophet, so you might use green tablecloths.

The reception rooms at the State Department where these functions are held consist of a suite of ten of the most magnificent rooms in this country. They are based on the interiors of great eighteenth-century houses in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. Mrs. Roosevelt believes that these rooms contain one of the best collections of American furniture and decorative arts in the world.

Mrs. Roosevelt's official functions leave her very little time to entertain at home; but on these occasions she tries to mix her two worlds, diplomacy and journalism (she wrote a column for the *Washington Star* entitled, "Diplomatically Speaking"). "On my birthday, aside from Secretary Schultz, all the guests were writers. When I had Nancy Reagan for lunch, the other guests, again, were writers.

"Another difference between entertaining at your own home and at the State Department is that at home, you can be more sure of the timing of the meals. I wouldn't dare serve a soufflé at the State Department, whereas at home I often do. A hot soufflé of tomato and basil is one of my favorites."

We have always thought that one of the clues to a person's character is how long employees will work for them. In Ambassador Roosevelt's case, she has employed the same two women to help her out at dinners for the last twenty years. She also can count on some other support: Archie Roosevelt. "For years," he says, "Lucky played second fiddle to me; it's about time she got to be first fiddle." On those rare nights that they stay home, he does the food shopping.

A rare treat: luncheon at home with friends

Photo, top left: BILL McNEELY, bottom right: ERICA LENNARD. Details, last pages

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LIVING

The French river barge goes American: with screening room, sauna, "weekend home" will never be the same. BY BARBARA PLUMB

Vacationers hesitating about going to France this summer will have the opportunity this month to partake of France here. They may visit—or buy—a Seine River Yacht, reconstructed from the barges that are a familiar sight on the Seine, Marne, and Rhone rivers. The newly created decks, cabins, and public areas, built on the sturdy hulls, are glamorously furnished. As a holiday house, the boat can either be anchored permanently or used to sail inland waterways. Two different deck configurations are available, as well as such amenities as library, ballroom, music salon, screening room, and sauna. The crew's quarters are separate from the private areas of the boat.

Only four barges will be converted per year in the ADN Engineering shipyard at Denain in northern France. The premier model, the *Diderot*, can be visited in New York City through the 10th of July, then in Philadelphia. It has been outfitted with furnishings by such famous French designers as Andrée Putman and Philippe Starck, as well as by many other imaginative creators. The planners selected space-making, folding tables and chairs that work well on a boat. Some of the armchairs could easily be taken for the classic ocean-liner deck chair. Although all lamps are by different designers, they harmonize in the one open thirty-foot-long space where living and dining are combined. All the furnishings can be purchased in New York City at Aligne, 59 Greene Street.

The Seine River Yacht "Diderot," above, provides a generously proportioned living space with its 127-foot length and 16-foot width. . . . On the deck, top left, modern French furniture acts as a lively foil for the original 1920s wooden pilot house. The woven rattan armchairs are re-editions of 1920s garden chairs; the canvas armchairs, based on 1930s designs, have been restyled for industrial production. . . . The bathroom, center left, displays a glass fresco of drifting clouds by mosaicist Ghislaine Cesar. . . . Living-dining-bar area, bottom left, has three different levels of ceiling and floor. The area rug by Andrée Putman sets off a sling-seat chair by Mallet-Stevens alongside a dining table and chairs by Philippe Starck.

ROBERT C. LAUTMAN

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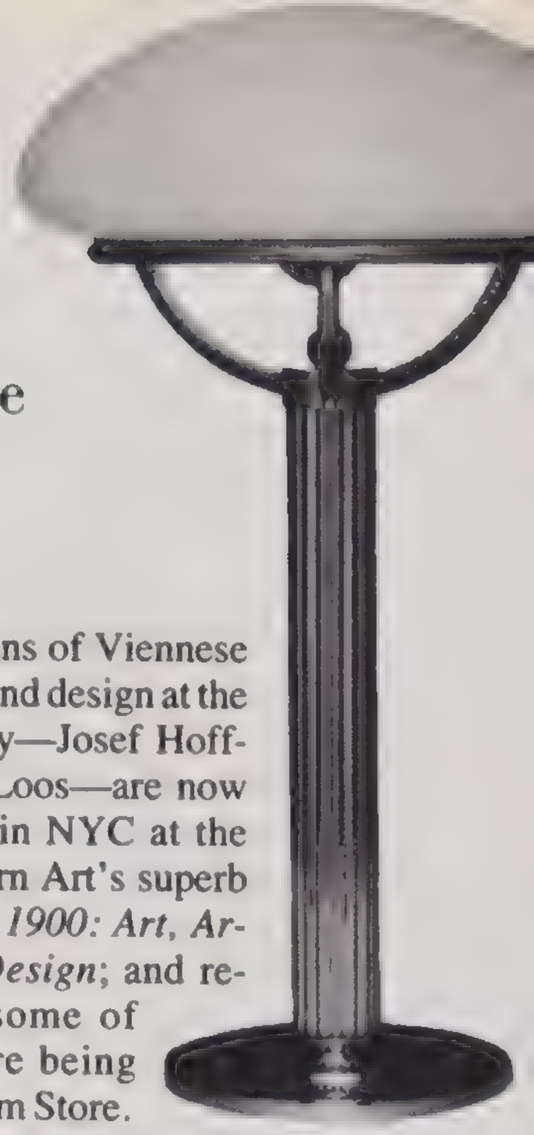
LIVING

Vienna style, 1900: waltzing into the future



Two of the titans of Viennese architecture and design at the turn of the century—Josef Hoffmann and Adolf Loos—are now being celebrated in NYC at the Museum of Modern Art's superb exhibition *Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture, and Design*; and reproductions of some of their creations are being sold in The Museum Store.

Though linked by the show, Hoffmann and Loos held differing attitudes about design. Hoffmann co-founded the Wiener Werkstätte in 1903 as the Viennese equivalent of the London Guild of Handicraft, which he greatly admired. Initially, his designs were elongated and rectilinear; but later he turned to more decorative, curvilinear shapes. Loos, who devised one of the first flat-roofed houses, disliked modishness in design and believed that removing ornaments was tantamount to high art. In 1910, he published a controversial article, "Ornament and Crime," claiming that "anyone who defaces walls with ornament is a criminal."

The exhibition at MoMA, organized by Kirk Varnedoe, the Museum's Adjunct Curator in the Department of Painting and Sculpture, limits itself to the period from 1898 to 1918. This era was "the *crème de la crème* of the visual arts in Vienna," according to Varnedoe. In his choices, Varnedoe concentrates on the earlier, more geometric-oriented styles from the Wiener Werkstätte high years, 1903 to 1908. "We demonstrate the transition from rough-and-ready extreme simplicity to a more suave style," Mr. Varnedoe said while preparing the show. "We have fewer of the folk-style-oriented, baroque, and fruitily decorated pieces that come after 1908."

Many of the furnishings and silverware are being lent for the first time by private American and European collectors, making this an exciting opportunity to view the astounding riches of Viennese craftsmanship.

Replicas of Viennese classics blend gracefully with any period. The table lamp, top right, in nickel finish was designed in 1910 by Adolf Loos. $1000. Josef Hoffmann created Purkersdorf chair, top left, 1903. $1792. Alessi reconstituted Hoffmann's no-longer-extant Rosenchale bowl, center, from a photograph. $175. The decanter set, at bottom, designed by Hoffmann in 1920, has tasting-glass top. Decanter, $150; glasses $40 and $50 each. All at The Museum Store, NYC.

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TRAVEL NOW

Maxim's sets sail . . . the pampered world of a Japanese ryokan . . . new dazzle in Dallas. BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

In Dallas, local heroine/hotelier Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf's Rosewood Hotels have another hit on their hands with the new Hotel Crescent Court. Housed within a dramatic Philip Johnson *nouveau-château* structure, the Crescent has 218 sumptuous rooms and suites, a beautiful private spa, a bustling brasserie that's already one of the town's top dine-outs. Above all, the Crescent offers services: maids to help with unpacking, seamstress and presser on hand twenty-four-hours a day, concierge and room service anytime.

Crescent rooms come with fresh flowers, original art, three phones, Dallas and New York City newspapers; bathrooms are stocked with Lancaster cosmetics—used at Brenner's Park in Baden-Baden; and the spa is the first in the U.S. to offer Lancaster beauty treatments. Adjacent to the hotel, a small shopping arcade evokes the Belle Epoque with fountains, flowers, ornamental railings and trellises. Top tenant: Chicago's exclusive Stanley Korshak specialty store. For more, see page 122.

***Maxim's des Mers*, that glamorous new French yacht that recreates at sea the Art Nouveau splendor of fabled Maxim's restaurant in Paris, makes her U.S. debut at New York Harbor's Statue of Liberty bash. After the festivities, the opulent thirty-passenger vessel begins regularly scheduled sails of the Western Mediterranean (out of Monte Carlo) and of the Caribbean (based in Antigua). For information on itineraries and rates, see page 122 or travel agent.**

TWO-DAY WONDER

A majestic world of craggy peaks and lush forests, Yosemite National Park is one of America's greatest natural wonders. Making getting there easy, even in the crowded summertime: California Parlor Car Tours' two-day packages out of San Francisco. The price—$122—includes a room at Yosemite Lodge, a park tour, round-trip transportation via deluxe motorcoach. If you prefer to do the same trip via private limo, count $1500 per couple. And if space is available, Yosemite's landmark Ahwahnee Hotel can be booked for another $80 on either tour. Call: (415) 474-7500.

Top to bottom: JAIME ARDILES-ARCE, FRED SEIDMAN; ANSEL ADAMS/Courtesy of the Trustees of the Ansel Adams Publishing Rights Trust. All rights reserved

FUTON FANTASY

Promising the Japanese odyssey of your dreams, Abercrombie & Kent has come up with a twelve-day tour that features ryokans—those seductive inns where you stay in tatami-matted rooms, sleep on futon beds, have restorative hot baths and shiatsu massages, and are waited on hand and foot. A & K's new tour goes to ryokans in Kyoto, Nara, and on Lake Hakone—plus spends time in Tokyo based at the luxurious Imperial Hotel. Monthly departures are set through October of this year, and from April to October of 1987. Prices—subject to change—$7743 per person for couples; $6677 a head for groups of four; air fare between the U.S. and Japan is additional.

DEAL DOWN UNDER *Now through September 30, Air New Zealand's "Kiwi Smile Fare" is a mere $896 for round-trip flights between L.A./San Francisco and Auckland. This great fare permits stopovers in Fiji, Tahiti, and Hawaii—plus you can add on Australia for $100. See travel agent now!*

VOGUE, July, 1986

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TRAVEL FITNESS

Spas: beyond diet, exercise. . .the spa experience, today, is as diverse as it is individual

Until recently, most women went to spas to indulge themselves, to lose weight, to get in shape. But, now, because there's a fitter group of spa-goers, many women go to spas less for a crash course in diet or exercise, more often to reenergize, learn new habits, unlearn old ones. Today, spas offer more services, more specialization, more care. "The spa is everything from a health club/vacation resort to a substance-abuse center," says Mel Zuckerman, the Canyon Ranch, Tucson. . .

Is more variety better? Judging by the numbers of services that spas, salons, and health clubs now offer—as well as women's increasing demand for them—it would appear the answer is yes. Here, what's available, now. . .

INNOVATIVE PROGRAMS

The **Canyon Ranch,** Tucson, AZ, has individually designed programs for arthritis sufferers (they recommend you get your doctor's permission first), as well as a quit-smoking program. Both programs emphasize education, deal with behavioral issues. . . .To learn race walking, correct body alignment: check out the **New Life Spa**, Stratton, VT. . . .One-on-one training, which pairs you with your own private trainer, is just one of the reasons to visit the **Spa at the Crescent**, Dallas, TX. Part of the program's success, says executive director Toni Beck, "is that we alternate activities." . . .The **Mist Spa** at the Niagara Hilton, Niagara Falls, NY, offers executive-renewal programs one of two ways: employees can go as part of a corporate incentive plan or companies can schedule business meetings to alternate with the fitness, nutrition program. Also offered: a senior citizen program aimed at improving heart health, diet, mobility. . . .**Rancho La Puerta**, Baja California, Mexico, has a Heart Saver Course, sponsored by the American Heart Association, where guests can learn basic CPR (how to revive a heart beat, artificial respiration, and how to remove obstacles from a choking victim). . . .The **Hilton Head Health Institute**, Hilton Head Island, off the coast of South Carolina, offers twelve- and twenty-six-day programs, emphasizing weight loss, maintenance.

WALKING "SPAS"

For women who want to walk more, spas and clubs now offer a wide range of mountain walking/hiking retreats. . . .The **Walkways Center**, Washington, DC, is sponsoring a four-day inn-to-inn trek in Vermont, September 25-28; their *Walkways Almanac* lists local walking clubs across the country that plan hiking events; more information: 1/202-737-9555. . . .For advanced walkers, Rebecca Eastman's **Spa Spin International** takes small groups on hiking expeditions to Aspen, CO (August 10-17; 22-25), Catalina Island, CA (October 4-9; 10-12). Includes evening massages, luxe accommodations. (Eastman is also a private trainer and owner of Full Circle Fitness, LA, 213/653-4327.). . .For those who prefer competition, more intensive training: the **Ultimate Challenge** at the **Canyon Ranch** offers, in addition to walking and hiking, a week of mountain bike riding, swimming, running. Skills are put to the test in a mini-triatholon held the last day (602/749-9000). . . .

NEW FITNESS "CLUBS"

Modern development: the emergence of a new breed of private fitness clubs that offer *more* in terms of fitness, care, service—e.g., private dining rooms that serve light (business) meals. Where to go: the **Excelsior Club,** NYC; **Verandah Club,** Dallas; **Atrium Club,** NYC.

"The spa, today, is everything from a health club/vacation resort to a substance-abuse center. . ."

"SPA" SALONS

Now, even "beauty" salons are beginning to incorporate exercise classes to help meet the needs of women who want to save time. One of the first urban salons to offer both beauty and fitness programs—**Elizabeth Arden Red Door Salons**, where women can get personalized exercise instruction across the country. . . .**Georgette Klinger**'s new urban spa, in NYC, has a total-care program which includes facials, makeup/fitness consultations, one-on-one exercise classes, stress management. **Capriccio Beauty Works**, La Jolla, CA, is a full-service salon that has recently added massage rooms, yoga classes. . . .And Michael Dodd, owner of **Hair Now of London** salons, has just opened a beauty salon in the **Olympiad Fitness Center**, Boca Raton, FL. —HOLLAND SWEET

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TRAVEL

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The lush land: grape-laden vineyards in California's Napa Valley

One of the blessings of living in Europe is the fact that you are never far from Burgundy. Every now and then I drive there from Wales to potter around the wine country, exploring Romanesque churches, basking in the bakery-fragrant squares of crooked old towns, poking around vineyards whose husbandry seems as old as the soil itself and whose names have entered, like the names of great novels, the vocabulary of civilization.

It is one of the great indolent pleasures of my life: so, finding myself with a few days to spare in San Francisco, I thought I would try to emulate the experience in America and make a meander through that Burgundy of the New World, the wine country of Northern California. I expected to find it essentially familiar, in a refreshed and rejuvenated kind of way, standing to Burgundy as Harvard stands to Oxford, say, or Aspen to Zermatt; but, in the event, it proved to be one long serendipitous astonishment.

For a start I discovered that it is not an American Burgundy at all. The wine regions north of San Francisco are not very large, but they are infinitely more varied in terrain, in climate, ethnically, stylistically, and even historically than any vineyard region of France. Some vineyards do look quite like the Côte d'Or, meticulously terraced against bare and golden hills, but some are in thick forest country, edging away into wilderness, and some are on high mountain slopes where the frost forms long into the spring. They grow grapes not only from France, but from Germany and Italy too; they are tended by vintners from every country under the sun, living in houses that range from palaces to homemade shacks; and they are operated by methods that vary from the best Norman Rockwell homespun to the most utterly computerized, high-tech, and state-of-the-art contemporary.

Such surprises! Such anomalies! I found one vineyard on the slopes of an extinct volcano—sheer guts, they say, give its grapes their distinctive appeal. I stood in another and saw, just over the fence, an ancestral burial ground of the Wappo Indians, littered defiantly with beer bottles. I drank an excellent Sauvignon Blanc with "Bar-B-Q'd Oysters," I bought a Chardonnay from the fourteen acres tended by the chief of the mental health unit at St. Helena Hospital, I decided against investing in a cake of California Wine Soap.

Anything, it seemed to me before long, might happen next in this extraordinary wine field. Sometimes the sun shone with the pale benign warmth, sea-washed and woody, that is peculiar to Northern California. Sometimes clouds whirled around the forested hills, and mist lay in the early morning all among the vines. Rain or fine, through it all I proceeded in a delicious daze, fueled by fresh white wines picked up along the way, Bar-B-Q'd Oysters when available, and vegetable sandwiches from organic delicatessens.

Many of the wineries are determinedly pious of style, looking sometimes like monasteries, missions, or hilltop shrines, but more often like funeral homes. Others lurk incongruously in wooded clearings, prowled about by cougars and supervised by buzzards. One claims to be the First Solar Winery and stands magnificently among its serried vines, all

PETER MENZEL/WHEELER PICTURES

ashine with potent panels. One was formerly the home of a black sorceress so powerful that to this day people still gather stones from around her grave to wear as talismans. Try looking for voodoo pebbles in Beaune or Beaujolais!

But a more vital difference between the Old and the New is this: that whereas Burgundy feels majestically settled, sustained by grand tradition and expressing itself in mellow consistency, the wine country of Northern California is all fizz, fire, and risk. By Burgundian standards it is a brand-new industry here, and it has a bullish exuberance to it.

For a European this is like stumbling across an aggressively innovative community devoted to the production of farthingales or hansom cabs—a marvelously invigorating contradiction in terms. No wonder so many of the great names of European booze have bought their way into Northern California, from Rothschilds and Hennessys to Whitbreads, the English brewers; and one occasionally feels among these Arcadian landscapes the less-than-lovely scrutiny of conglomerates far away.

It is not, though, the big connections that give the country its excitement. It is the proximity of countless small practitioners creating their own original wines from their own particular grapes, as they must have done on the Côte d'Or a thousand years ago. For all the award-winnings and the fashionable listings, a glorious spirit of amateurism still ennobles these parts. There are vineyards run by airline pilots, sheep farmers, stereo engineers, stock analysts, and TV comedians. There are one-family vineyards, one-man vineyards even, and vineyards so modestly tucked away in secluded enclaves that they seem hardly more than private pergolas for summer afternoons.

Far in the north of the region, toward the top end of Mendocino County, I dropped in at the vineyard run by Paul and Marguerite Frey, both physicians, together with a fluctuating selection of their twelve children. Though Frey Vineyards win medals for their wines, and are clearly run with great technical skill, they represent amateurism in its highest and most reassuring kind. The winery, built by Paul Frey with his own hands in a kind of Japanese-Bavarian style, is supplemented by a superannuated school bus and a haphazard assortment of wooden houses, and is attended by dogs, peacocks, ducks, and horses.

Everything is organic here. The grass with all its flowers and herbs is left to fructify between the vines; Dr. Frey strolled with me around his thirty acres of vineyard, wearing a peaked cap like an old schooner captain, and introducing me now and then to relatives we encountered, with an amiable and gentlemanly air of *dolce far niente*.

Is this how it was in Burgundy long ago? Not quite. This is almost the exact spot where, in the last century, the British pressing south from Oregon encountered the Spanish land grants. It is the headwater of the Russian River, named for the Russians who once colonized the Mendocino coast. Just over the ridge from the Frey property, the wilderness begins; and the pure cool wind that ruffles those grasses between the vines and sways the pines, firs, and redwoods on the hills around reaches the fortunate Freys directly over the treetops from the Pacific Ocean.

As it happens, Paul Frey does not particularly like wine. In this he seems to be in a small minority among his colleagues, who mostly like it very much. Some nasty wines certainly emerge from California—some of the most malicious bottles I have ever regretted saving a few dollars by buying have come from state-of-the-art California vineyards. But there are lovely wines, too, as all the world knows by now; and something else that differentiates this country from its older peers is its manner of boundless enthusiasm. There is no bore like a wine bore, but the general delight of Northern Californian wine people in their own product is wonderfully infectious.

The smallest café up there, the most absolutely wheat-germ deli is likely to offer you a knowledgeably identified selection of wines. Some restaurants help you with your choice by telling you how many bottles of wine were made, its precise amount of residual sugar, or the exact day they started harvesting its grapes. The inn at Boonville lists from forty-five to sixty wines all from the local valley, which looks from the map to be about ten miles along, and every month a Calistoga publication called *Just Released* reviews, as one might review the books of local authors, the latest regional wines—"clean, narrow aroma," "barely adequate acidity," "pronounced butterscotch nature. . . ."

I love this expertise. Self-conscious it may often be and sometimes as irritating as the jargon of computer buffs, but at its best it is very much the Real Thing; and it genuinely links the wine people of Northern California with their peers and predecessors down the centuries. Halfway up the Sonoma Valley, in a book-littered, cat-comforted house upon a ranch, lives M.F.K. Fisher, an artist who has, perhaps more beguilingly than any other, captured in words the allure of wine and food. On my last day in the vineyards, I called upon her, and we sat in a cool and easygoing kitchen, dappled by the Sonoma sun, in a sort of green haze created by the vines and pastures outside the windows, and the wooded hills beyond.

We drank not a thing, and did not even talk of wine, but in the company of that merry stylish gourmet, there among the California grapes, I felt the gods of all the vineyards to be somewhere near, whether they spoke the language of Napa or of Chambertin. ▽

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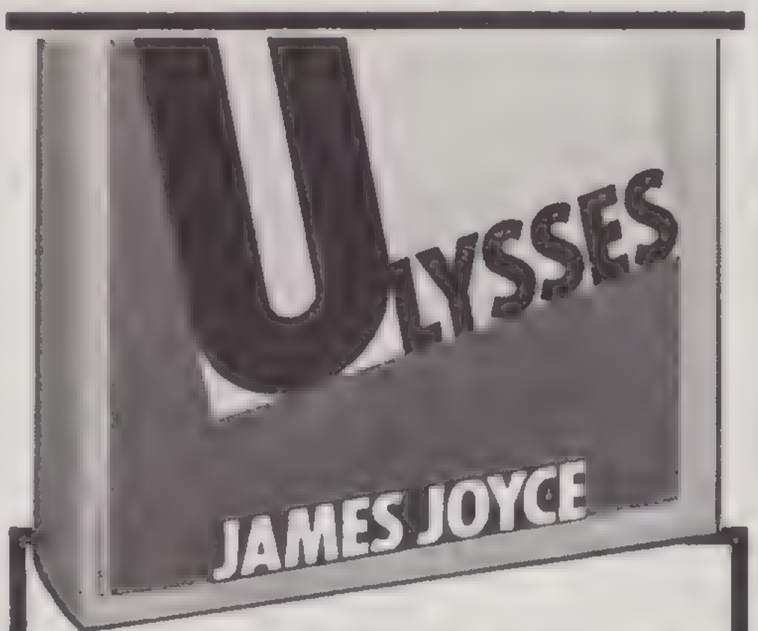

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LETTER FROM PARIS

Tough guys—the late "Saint Genet," Depardieu, and a pragmatic Chirac

BY EDMUND WHITE

Jean Genet, arguably France's greatest postwar novelist and playwright, died last April 15 at the age of seventy-five, the day after his old friend Simone de Beauvoir. With Genet's and De Beauvoir's deaths, France seems to have lost the last members of a heroic artistic and intellectual generation. The critic Roland Barthes, the philosopher Michel Foucault, the historian Fernand Braudel. . . they're all gone now.

The only consolation is that just before dying last fall, Braudel published his most popular book, the best-selling *L'Identité de la France*, in which he traces the complexities of France's past and ascribes the nation's gradual unification to the growth of a national army (which counted between five hundred thousand and a million soldiers at the beginning of the eighteenth century when the country's population was only nineteen million).

And now Gallimard has announced the posthumous publication of Genet's last effort, a five hundred page book called *Le Captif amoureux* ("Prisoner of Love" might be one translation), the first serious work from his pen since *The Screens*, his play from the late 1950s. That play deals in a surrealist fashion with French imperialism in North Africa; similarly *Le Captif amoureux* deals with Genet's experiences when living among Palestinian guerrillas.

Throughout his life, Genet stood outside French society or directly opposed to it—a useful antagonism in a culture as homogeneous as France's, in which everyone from the concierge to the countess seems to hold the same values if not the same opinions. Abandoned by his mother when he was still an infant, Genet grew up in a foster home until age ten, when he was unjustly accused of stealing. He subsequently decided to imitate the role of criminal that had been thrust on him: he turned himself into a petty thief and homosexual prostitute. In character with his active self creation, Genet later turned down the chance to learn who his real mother was. While in reform school at fifteen he read the sonnets

of the Renaissance poet Ronsard and for the first time felt the allure of literature, a pull strengthened by a later immersion into Proust.

Genet became a perverse angel of eloquence, a criminal dandy. During his fourteen years behind bars he wrote a series of masterly novels: *Our Lady of the Flowers*, *The Thief's Journal*, *Miracle of the Rose*, *Funeral Rites*, and *Querelle*. When someone asked him recently why he had stopped writing, Genet replied, "It seems to me that since all my books were written in prison, I wrote them to get out. Once I was sprung, there was no more reason for my writing to exist." Certainly Genet never liked to discuss his books: when Dieter Schidor, the German producer of the film version of *Querelle*, attempted to discuss the book, Genet seemed to have no memory of its plot and wanted only to know how Schidor had "conned" the money for the film out of investors.

Genet was the subject of *Saint Genet*, an enormous critical study written by Jean-Paul Sartre, but he claimed never to have read it all the way through. The two friends eventually broke over Sartre's pro-Israeli and Genet's pro-Palestinian positions. Later Genet befriended Foucault, who once told me that no matter how late it got or how much he drank, Genet always went home to sleep in his shabby room, usually in a hotel near a Paris train station ("The better to make a quick getaway," Foucault remarked). He always carried all his money on him.

In his novels and plays (including *The Maids*, *The Blacks*, and *The Balcony*, which was splendidly revived this season at the Comédie-Française), Genet addresses the heterosexual bourgeoisie. In the stage directions to *The Blacks*, he requires that one member of the audience be a white man or, failing that, a dummy of a white man, and this symbolic figure is to be alternately bullied and flattered.

Within his fictions, however, Genet sets himself up as the ruling demon, constantly reminding us that his characters are figments of his imagination; just as we have suspended disbelief and are entering the illusion, he reminds us that it's all a dream and he alone is in charge. He seemed to believe that meaning lies as much in settings, props, and chance words as in our most precious convictions, and that a single gesture, even an unintended one, could change a person's essence. With Genet the perverse becomes the rule: the bad is good, the ugly is beautiful, the accidental essential, and the transient eternal.

Of course, the French have always had a taste for the satanic, long admiring such perverse writers as De Sade, Bataille, and Genet. Bertrand Blier, the director of a new hit movie, *Tenue de soirée*, admitted that he carried Genet's books with him to the set every day though he never opened them. Yet what better cherub than Genet could stand guard over the story of a homosexual thief, a poetic thug, played by, of all people, France's official tough guy Gérard Depardieu?

At the beginning of the movie Miou-Miou is berating her husband, the bald, minuscule Michel Blanc, for the boredom and poverty of their lives. Enter *(Continued on page 122)*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

(Continued from page 121)

Depardieu, who throws money at her, pays court to him, spouts gorgeous words, and literally bares his chest (which is covered with a tattoo of a Spanish galleon).

Within minutes he's shaken the couple loose from their spleen and ennui and convinced them to go on a housebreaking jaunt with him. Endowed with a sensitive nose for hidden but accessible wealth, Depardieu sniffs out treasure. Since Miou-Miou has never had such fun, she urges her husband to put out for Depardieu (secretly she hopes to seduce the charming brigand herself).

A design for disaster, but along the way the feelings the characters experience (and generate in us) are tender and comic, generous and childlike. Miou-Miou brings a sweet pathos to her role, and Michel Blanc is superbly adroit in flickering from bantam-rooster indignation to turtle-dove amorousness. Just as good is Depardieu, who never plays a clichéd poof but rather seems to be a clown out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

My other favorite French film of the season is *37.2° le Matin*, a sexy, action-packed, ultimately tragic film by Jean-Jacques Beinéix, the director of *Diva*. Whereas *Diva* was slick, slight, and very Parisian, *37.2° le Matin* takes place at a tacky beach resort off-season and in a sleepy provincial town—tepid settings for the torrid stars, the lithe Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle, his tempestuous, half-mad woman. At its worst, Beinéix's work seems little more than chic rock videos strung together, but in his new film the tension of the script breaks through the limits of stylishness. Dalle portrays a woman with a pungent sexuality, a clear-eyed understanding, a quick appetite for life—and a screw so loose it wrecks the whole machine. Her violent outbreaks (in an American movie, of course, *he'd* be the violent one) make the couple's happy moments all the more poignant. For its frank sensuality, romantic passion, beautiful stars, and fast-track plotting, *37.2° le Matin* is bound to attract international audiences.

As the dust settles after the spring elections in France, new features of the country's political life are emerging. The biggest change is that France is moving toward an American-style two-party system. The fringe parties are no longer significant. The Communists, whose basic programs have been preempted by the Socialists, are weaker than ever, owing to bad leadership and the decline of trade unions and blue-collar jobs. The far right (Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front) is a single-issue anti-immigrant party, of consequence only in an area like Marseilles where many Arab immigrants can be found competing for scarce jobs. In the center are the two dominant blocs: Mitterrand's Socialists and the conservative coalition behind Jacques Chirac, the new prime minister.

The Socialists did much better than the polls predicted (32 percent of the total vote), no doubt because of Mitterrand's personal popularity. The French like whoever is president. They've been directly electing their presidents since only 1965, and the office itself is still so new that it's been modeled on a precedent much more familiar to the French—the king. Indeed, Mitterrand has more power than any other elected official in the world, including emergency powers that enable him to suspend all legislation in a crisis. Moreover, the French president, unlike the American, has no heavyweight state governors or Supreme Court justices to ride herd on him. The French fondness for dictators with style (Louis XIV, Napoleon, De Gaulle) favors the royal presidency.

As Nicholas Wahl, the director of the Institute of French Studies at New York University and an American expert on the French political scene, explained to me, the Socialists, in order to win the presidential elections coming up within two years, are likely to move still further toward the center. Indeed, as Wahl points out, the real change France is witnessing is the demise of ideology and the rise of a moderate, pragmatic politics. France was always different from other countries, Wahl remarked: "Its food, fashions, customs, and intellectual life were unlike those in any other country. But now everything is drifting toward the European norm." Wahl attributes the death of ideology to the disrepute into which Communism has fallen in France and to the belated recognition that we live in a world that requires patient adjustments, not fiery gestures, and compromise, not revolution. ▽

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VIEW

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

Night: WITH AN EASIER TWIST

Dinner dressing, above, at Armani: as easy as a sweater and long skirt. Below, at Valentino: sweaters, with a polished edge

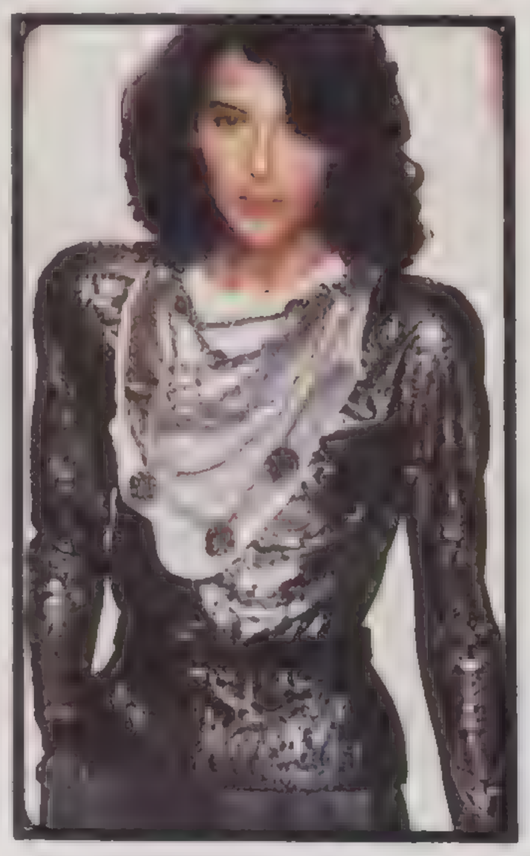
"I've always believed in sweater dressing for any moment of the day or night," says Sonia Rykiel. And, this season, designers on both sides of the Atlantic tend to agree with her. "Knitwear has replaced any other fabric for the evening," says Claude Montana. His "evening dress" is long, fully body-hugging, totally covered—and in grey wool jersey.

"Covered-up and important" nights at Armani translate to a sweatery attitude—a long swingy foulard skirt and cashmere pullover—or a new, long "princess" dress: In truth, about as much dressing as most women's lives require. That sweater-and-skirt notion, in the hands of a designer such as Romeo Gigli, moves to a younger woman's long, long slinky turtleneck and full skirt—or, at Williwear, to a ballerina's organza skirt and bodysuit.

Ralph Lauren goes full length with his cashmeres: be they strapless, turtlenecks, or open-back crews, they're all long, slinky columns. Oscar de la Renta, with great style, tops a simple black jersey skirt with a charmeuse shirt; Calvin Klein takes the blouse-and-skirt plot (it's a favorite solution of the season) to include a "blouse" that comes in white jersey. His "evening" skirt? Long, waisted, full—and in men's grey flannel.

("Evening" continued page 128)

Big-time ball gowns aren't the fashion message; something that's easier-going is . . .



Beadings and sequins, for fall, have mostly gone by the wayside. What's new, above left, at Armani: a silver sweater with shine. Sweater dressing, above right, at Romeo Gigli. At Bill Blass, top, real glamour—in a sweater-style dress

BILL KING, CLAUS OHM. Hair by Madelene Colano for Bruno Dessange; makeup by Lydia Synder

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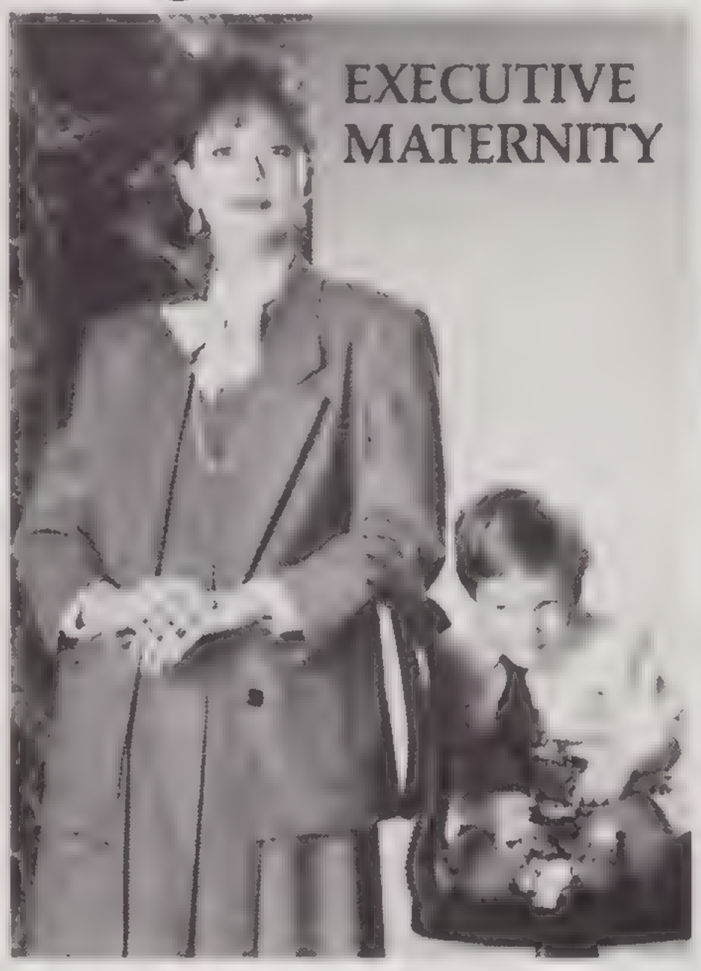

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VIEW

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WHAT'S "FORMAL?" INFORMAL? CASUAL?

CLAUS OHM

Once upon a time, long ago, people—generally—meant what they said and invitations said what they meant. "Formal" at the bottom of a card meant just that: a long, knock-'em-dead dress, lots of taffeta. Today, chaos often reigns. And every spot has its own dressing definitions.

CASUAL: White pants? Think again. Palm Beachers hear "casual" as "slip into your Geoffrey Beene from another season." Washingtonians—sticklers for tradition, the last to stop separating men from women post-dinner—don't even include the word in their party vocabularies.

Women claim "casual" is practically non-existent—even when a hostess begs for it. "For a Sunday night party, a friend once said, 'Come as you are from the country,' " says Charlotte Mailliard, San Francisco's deputy chief of protocol. "No one showed up like that. I suspect many went home and changed."

Then, too, there are new directives: "creative casual" (which usually implies a theme or costume dress) or the word "picnic"—which, people in Newport have discovered, has many interpretations. "Last summer, we were invited to a 'luau picnic,' " says Patsy Corbin. "People wore pants and sweaters, expecting to sit on a rock with a paper cup. When we got to the house, we found waiters serving hors d'oeuvres from silver platters."

To confuse the issue further: In Houston and the Hamptons, "casual" means jeans, loafers, no socks. Chicagoites read it as license to let go—"in anything from bare feet to sweat shirts," says Ann Landers.

INFORMAL: One step above "casual" but reams of silk-chiffon below "formal," this ever-evolving term usually calls for women in short dresses, men in jackets. At least in New York—where, according to Nina Griscom, "anything short goes. Where women dress and men don't." In Newport, that may also mean a long skirt and top. Says Corbin: "Just as dressed as if it were black tie."

It seems women "dress" more than men. "I have a terrible time with men," says Denise Hale. "I have to call up wives and say, '*This* "informal" means a blue suit!' "

"Things are either really casual or fancy," says Houston's Kay Kahle. "Nothing in between." "Informal" changes from event to event and season to season.

FORMAL: The only term anyone can agree on, "It usually means a long jeweled dress or very dressed-up cocktail look," says Mary McFadden. "And black tie for men." Warns San Francisco's Mailliard: "If it says 'black tie optional,' don't go! They don't know what they're doing."

Of course, what's written on the invitation may have nothing at all to do with what one's supposed to wear. "In Washington," says Barbara Howar, " 'formal' means come clad in state secrets; 'informal' means deck yourself out in gossip. There are only two things any self-respecting Washingtonian wants to be covered in: power and glory." —LESLEY NONKIN

IN WASHINGTON,

"FORMAL" MEANS COME CLAD IN STATE SECRETS

IN SAN FRANCISCO,

IF IT SAYS "BLACK TIE OPTIONAL" DON'T GO!

("View" continued on page 130)

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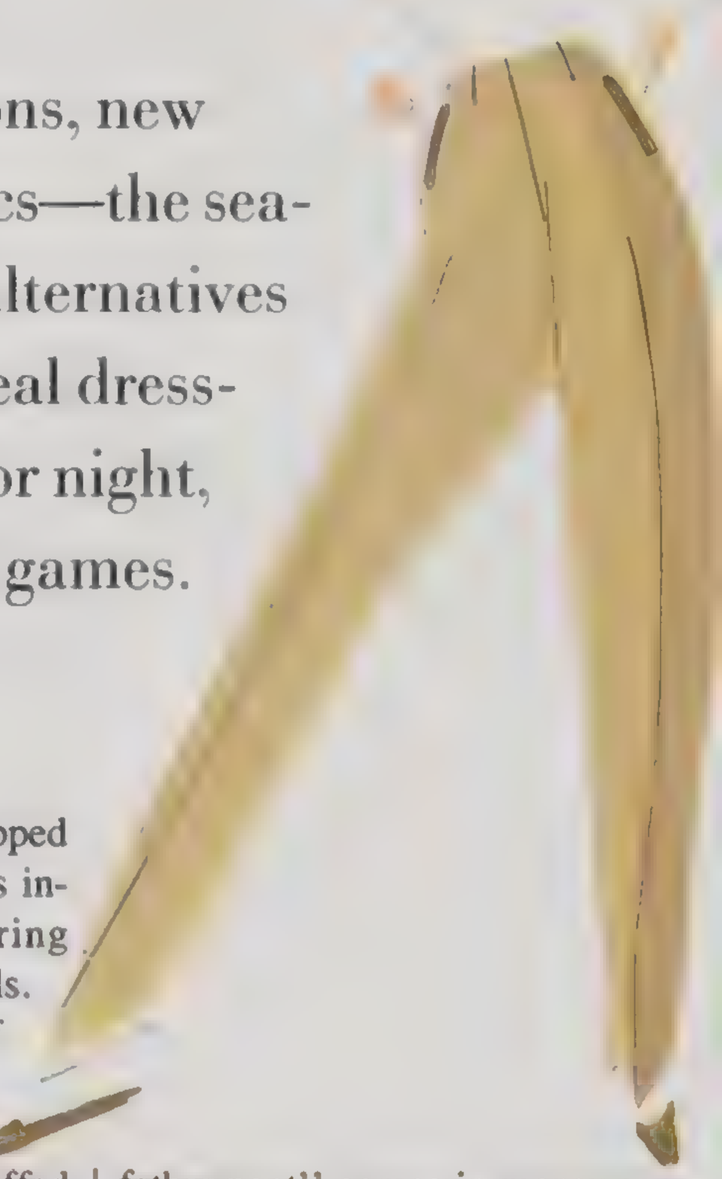
RODGER DUNCAN

VIEW

Pants

News in shape: Some come lean; others are softly rounded. All are trim pants shapes'. Here, from fall collections, new pants classics—the season's clear alternatives to skirts—real dressing for day or night, not fun and games.

CLAUS OHM



Berber baggies or oddly cropped pants are not the issue: fall's inventive trousers and tapering pants carry classic credentials. Calvin Klein sets the mood of the season by putting a knee-length coat over a grey sweater and pleated cuffed pants. The soft trouser leg is a newly narrowing one. At Montana, both slim trousers and extravagantly rounded black leather pants come with a raised—and belted—waist: pants with a bit more going for them, that are tailored, for city or at-home.

"Pants are a way of life, not a fashion statement," says Geoffrey Beene—whose "softer" pants—curved at the hips, in black tweed—still, easily, stand as a symbol of the fall pants season. Gaultier's plentiful "grandfather pant" comes in menswear grey and is tightly belted at the waist. Donna Karan gives new black jersey sarong pants a skirt-like appearance.

Even when pants narrow down—take on streamlined proportions—they never body-mold. For David Cameron, "narrower" also means "eliminated": no cuffs, waistband, or pleating. "What I feel strongly about," says Cameron, "is the suggestion of shape. Clothes should leave something to the imagination."

("View" continued on page 132)

SCOTT HEISER

ARTHUR ELGORT

News in pants: pared-down, narrow—at David Cameron, above right; top left, softer, rounded tweed pants at Geoffrey Beene. Montana raises a waist, top; Calvin Klein, above, narrows a trouser leg. Left: Ease of the season at Ferre.

Hair by Madeleine Colano for Bruno Dessange, makeup by Andrea Paoletti.

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Saks Fifth Avenue

VIEW

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE

Can a leopard change its spots? To something in mohair or jersey? For fall '86, designers get beastly

"Classic," in '86, translates as considerably more than crocodile belts and camel's hair coatings. Familiar clothes shapes, given the added twist of an "animal" print, are roaring down fall runways: be that a soft swirly "zebra" skirt under a tweed jacket at Genny, a jungle-cat schoolbag at Rykiel, or the classic shirtdress by YSL, in the sleekest leopard-print wool challis. Leopard spots light up everything at Saint Laurent from gloves to wrist bands to mufflers.

Where once "animal" often meant a jokey—"fun"—fashion item, this season's beasts, unless they're fuzzy fur coats, come quietly pedigreed: a neat peplumed "leopard" mohair jacket at Geoffrey Beene or tiger-striped wrap leather coat from Valentino. At Adrienne Vittadini, a generic (indecipherable) "animal" shows up as well—for a dress, tunic, or cardigan sweater.

("View" continued on page 134)

Beasts of the season: Leopard spots, at top, come from YSL; above, Castelbajac's "zebra" duffel. "Catty" coat and bag, far left, as they came down the runway at Rykiel. Near left: a swirl of a big shawl at YSL that's leopard-printed.

CLAUS OHM

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RANDOM HOUSE

VIEW

DAN LECCA

THE CUTTING EDGE

DINO SCRIMALI

CLAUS OHM

Jean-Paul Gaultier's future-leaning fashion comes with a surprise inside. It's called: great tailoring

Cotton candy, mimes, jugglers, carousel: When Jean-Paul Gaultier opened his Paris boutique last fall, he turned a blocked-off street near the Place des Victoires into a colossal street-scene carnival. It was a fitting setting: Gaultier's circus-style runway antics are famous—men clothed in ruffled skirts, street characters decked out like large-size Imans, fun and frou and outrageous makeup. What often gets obscured in all this is the clothing: imaginative pieces in most-modern or luxurious fabrics, some new fashion twists. And some almost-classics.

This season, the clothes themselves took center stage. With no makeup, no accessories, with only an occasional tinge of blue hair, men and women "models" (co-workers, friends, and acquaintances), without a skip in beat, poured down Gaultier's runway. No person came back for a second stage appearance; each mounted a scaffolding, stood, chatted, mingled, massed for impressive effect.

In a half hour or so, the season's show was all over. And ideas, too, were impressive.

"I believe in the body story," says Jean-Paul Gaultier. "But with an evolution. I am going modern, simple, and classic." "Simple, real pieces" translate as a big navy trench with button-out shearling lining, skating-style red velvet coat, an elastic-back tweed jacket. In a "man's-color collection," a generously cut man's-style suit comes in charcoal worsted fabric, a figure-fitting bodysuit in banker's grey knit.

Lest things get too staid: one of Gaultier's top-sellers is a green peplumed "wetsuit" jacket—for city dressing.

At the shop on Paris's rue Vivienne, meanwhile, sales people all dress in Gaultier's new numbers; and shoppers and the fashion faithful can catch the fall show that they missed. It plays regularly on video screens in the boutique—ones buried down in the mosaic flooring. *("View" continued on page 136)*

At top: At the Gaultier show in Paris, tailored pieces pair with body-molding fashion. Left: the jackets—one (center left) even comes rubber-wetsuit style.

Division of Impo International, Santa Maria, California 93456

VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's coming? Camels and crocs, a season of cashmere. . . cover up: designers' hot item. . . news from Kamali, Esprit—and older brides

People are talking about. . . a strong—coming—year for classic American dressing: softer, sparer, and sportswear-based. An important part of the season's softer attitude is a decided designer preference for such fabrics as wool jersey and cashmere. Cashmere, in fact, is fast becoming the year's new daytime "staple"—in everything from a strongly striped black-and-white polo dress or turtleneck sweater at Perry Ellis to full-length evening cashmere sweater dresses, cut with sleekly relaxed style (and surprising bits of bareness) from Ralph Lauren. The 'forties sweater set, updated to '86, might now be a small crewneck pullover and big shawl—in butter color—at Calvin Klein, a neat grey body-hugging dress and cardigan from Gloria Sachs, or an overscale, easy-going V-cardigan and pullover from "Go Cashmere." Women are rediscovering Zoran's "jogging"-shape sweaters, finding sweatshirt shapes at Nancy Heller or Anna Purna, Della Rovere's heathery pastels. Mother may well have known best: man's-size pullovers or small classic crews turn up at the famous names for cashmere—Pringle, Lyle & Scott, Burberry, or Ballantyne. In each instance, in twenty or so colors.

The new definition of "dress for success"? Simple, confident clothes.

Dressing in a great color. . . with a little surprise

The Sahara has never seen so many camels: this season, camel's hair fabrics—and camel-y classic colorings—are taking over a world of new coats, jackets, jersey knits, and trousers. The prototypal boy's coat—done with decidedly different turns—is a staple of everyone this season from Giorgio Armani to fellow Italians Fendi, Gucci, and Versace; it stars at Saint Laurent, Calvin Klein, and Ralph Lauren. Watch for camel vests and mufflers to spark the season's greys; carmel-y ostrich loafers at Prada. Suede gold-studded gloves are some of Hermès's chic-est "camels." . . . In a sea of seasonal greys, Perry Ellis has some of the most attractive "accessory" notions around: With charcoal or camel-colored flannel trousers and a sweater, he ties a big pink muffler at the neck—for a man or a woman. In another pale color—blue or buff yellow—in an added jacket or coat, the effect over camel or grey is equally appealing. . . . For this year of crocodiles—a plethora of richly textured bags, belts, boots—it's Perry Ellis' "reptile," too, that's the most easy-going. Knitted into a pullover: A decidedly large "scale" croc pattern. . . .

Fans and followers of Norma Kamali will be glad; so, too, will any number of working women. This fall, for the first time, the designer is creating a "Norma Kamali Collection"—real-dressing pieces priced between her Jones New York "sweats" and New York City-based couture shop. Result: City suitings in glen plaid, velvet, denim, or jersey; simple shirts; slip-like black dinner dresses. . . . Sign of the times: the Baby Boom is not only aging, it's now also getting married later—or for a second time. Which has not gone unnoticed: Italy's fine linens and lingerie maker, Frette, has a new collection for "older brides." Robes, bed linens, blanket covers, and more can be organized for a "trousseau"—a sort of 'eighties highly upscale hope chest.

Famous waists: For those who've yet to acquire a top-status Barry Kieselstein-Cord belt (owners range from Peter Allen to Lynn Wyatt, Jacqueline Bisset to Helen Frankenthaler to YSL) this season's new crocodile number, called "Vienna," comes one-and-a-half inches wide. Some silver buckles are inlaid with semi-precious stones such as striped agate or tiger's eye. . . . Lady Liberty, at this moment undoubtedly the most exhausted of Americans, is the focus of a show this summer at Barney's store in New York City—to benefit the Cooper-Hewitt Museum and the Smithsonian Institution. For "The Embellishment of the Statue of Liberty," top artists, graphic designers, and architects have all submitted works. So, too, have other well-known "embellishers": Mary McFadden, Sonia Rykiel, and Jean-Paul Gaultier among them.

News at night: Gianfranco Ferre, of most-modern sportswear fame, has just done a couture-level collection for big, big evenings. Floor-sweeping evening coats go over narrow pants, white organza ruffles top a short black skirt. Ferre works with velvets, embroideries, gold Lurex, subtle pleatings. . . and the "couture-level" is, quite literally, true: he's presenting these turnouts this month—at Rome's couture showings. . . . Call it what you will—a blanket, shawl, or big wrap—that extra piece is a major fall fashion item. At Calvin Klein, a giant cashmere shawl finishes off the look of a crew-neck sweater and trousers; at Donna Karan, in black, it's a "jacket" substitute for city dressing. Ralph Lauren uses a big tweed fling to add luxury to a sweater and long skirt. In fur, it's a popular cover for evening, too. And the Hermès classic cashmere shawl—now in brown—has never looked better.

WHAT'S "CAREER" DRESSING? "WOMEN TODAY HAVE TO BE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT WHERE THEY'RE GOING AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING WITH THEIR BRAINS THAN ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE WEARING," SAYS SUSIE TOMPKINS, OWNER AND DESIGNER AT ESPRIT. "THEY SHOULD BUY THINGS THAT SAY '*THESE* ARE MY PRIORITIES.'" HER "PRIORITIES?" "SIMPLE, CONFIDENT CLOTHES. GREAT COLOR," SHE SAYS. "AND A LITTLE SURPRISE." —KATHLEEN MADDEN

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Calvin Klein Footwear

PROFILE OF A NEW SEASON...

This issue is where it starts—the first full chapter in what will be a long-running fall/winter fashion story. Emerging now: a broad outline of change; an outline to be filled in during the months ahead. But what happens this month gives you a very good indication of the changes that count most, the things that make a real difference. Here, as an early guide to fall, the season in profile.

Character: Semi-classic in its nature. A season where simplicity of shape is enhanced by quality—and luxury—of texture. A season where a distinctly low-key way of dressing moves from day to night. A season where clothes may not always look different at first glance, but *are* very different . . .and they feel that way on. A season where subtle changes have not-so-subtle effects.

Distinguishing silhouette: An evolution from body-conscious dressing to a gentler shaping everywhere. Narrowness still prevails, but there's been a definite softening of line, starting with a rounder, easier shoulder. Everything is smaller in scale: long sleeves are narrower, armholes snugger, waists more defined. But anything very exaggerated—in fit or shape—is out of place.

Biggest change: The change in proportion, with a new elongation of line. It isn't just the fact of seeing longer skirts—it's a total difference in the way a look comes together. Length becomes an option, an integral part of design, not an independent area of controversy. Short or long is not a question of right or wrong—the choice is yours, depending on how you feel, what you want, and it's a choice that can change day to day, day to late-day/dinner (when longer lengths take on new appeal for many).

Pivotal piece: The right jacket—it's still the key to a finished look. The difference: what looks "right" now—a longer, over-the-hip jacket, with slight shaping throughout, smallness at the waist, a quality of cut. An even more obvious difference—an even more appealing jacket—one in color. In a season of subdued tones, a jacket that's strawberry-red or orange can take you a long, long way.

Most welcome addition to dressing: An honest-to-goodness, real-life dress—a new, a key player on the scene. It is, in fact, the season's most pervasive thought. The standout shape, and it's everywhere, at every price level—a small-topped, long-sleeved dress, with a softer, longer skirt—in wool jersey, in cashmere knit. As a daytime change of pace, as a base of dressing (as the perfect base for accessories), it's far and away the season's winner. A close second: a knit dress with the same sweater-y feeling, the same classic attitude, a slightly shaped turtleneck.

The prime movers: accessories! When you start with a more classic, more low-key way of dressing, the addition, the impact of an accessory takes on new importance. Equal to that challenge: the season's best accessories, all characterized by a richness of texture, a quality of thought and design. Accessories capable of giving a look a distinctive turn, distinctive style . . .from the gleam of a wide crocodile belt to "hold" the waist of that jersey dress (belts are, in fact, the number one accessory) . . .to a gutsy wrist strap of leather with a gold buckle—the most modern bracelet in years! . . .to the contrast of a studded suede glove on knit.

Not to be missed: the season's new shoes and boots—with equal impact, an equal richness of coloring and texture: reptiles, suedes, patents in the deepest navy, deep green, licorice. And an equal sophistication of shape and design—from the best new flat-heeled moccasins and classic pumps to charming, ankle-hugging soft boots.

Strength of the season: Coats—an international success story. More often than not, a longer coat (and longer this fall can be anywhere up to 54"). More often than not, a gently shaped and belted coat—with the easy wrap-and-tie feeling of a bathrobe, no matter how it closes.

The newest shorter coat—a dashing knee-length version, square-shouldered, straight-falling, perfect over a shorter skirt, over pants.

New words at night: Covered. Understated. Simple. Restaurant, dinner, even bigger evening dressing this fall benefits from a more low-key approach. Nowhere does the idea of simplicity of shape/luxury of fabric have more meaning.

New—inviting—phrase at night: Skirt dressing. In a season of dresses, the emergence of interesting separate skirts should come as no surprise. But the variety, the inventiveness of the new skirts—skirts that can move from more casual to more dressed situations—is a revelation. A few of the best: a longer, fuller, softer skirt—belted, crinolined—in thinnest black flannel to go on all but the biggest of evenings . . .or the more ingenious version of a sarong-wrap skirt in jersey. The more engaging way to wear them—with a beautiful white knit blouse, or body suit.

Essential elements of style: The look of hair and makeup as part of a total fashion environment, as a way of giving finish, personality to a look. When you talk about line in fashion, you talk about line that starts with hair. For fall, hair that's longer rather than shorter, but non-stereotyped, not confined to one particular look. The secret: a haircut that's layered, versatile, with a certain built-in simplicity. Hair treated in a modern way—with an emphasis on shine, on healthy color that contribute to the overall "polish" of a look.

Makeup is almost contradictory in nature—minimal in color, strong in impact. The secret, here—the sheerness of texture that allows makeup to be the season's most effective "lightener" and allows for a certain charm.

Most intriguing theme to follow: the new minimalism in fashion. It's based on a concept that goes beyond the "news" to the way clothes are worn. And what stands out—again and again—a look that's subdued, low-key. The look of less makeup. Fewer accessories. Less happening to hair. A classic simplicity to clothes. The whole idea of eliminating the extraneous has never had more validity: we're all working too hard, moving too fast to be encumbered by the unnecessary. But—an important but—it doesn't mean settling for less or going with what's boring. On the contrary, it means finding what really works . . .it means being selective, even critical. One way, one place to start this fall—with the issue that follows . . .

July 4, 1986

"I HOPE WE SHALL
NEVER FORGET THAT
WE CREATED THIS
NATION, NOT TO SERVE
OURSELVES, BUT
TO SERVE MANKIND."

Woodrow Wilson,
address to the Grand Army of the Republic,
Washington, DC, September 28, 1915

"The Steerage"
(1907) *left*,
by Alfred Stieglitz.
"The Statue
of Liberty" (1936)
this page,
by Margaret
Bourke-White.
Details, last pages.

Fall SIGNALS

An Immediate Change

What you notice first this fall—and on these twelve pages: A dynamic change of proportion, an unexpected variation in length—it may be subtle or less subtle, but it's a difference that sets up the look of the season....

King

Short or long—the choice is yours. The focus this fall: on dressing that allows individuality. On these pages, from New York designers, symbols of the season. Starting here, in new muted greys . . . A shorter skirt, *opposite*: the kind some women will stay with day in, day out. Boots, Maud Frizon . . . *Above*: a skirt with a different shape and length, swing at the hem. The type of skirt some women will opt for at night, a length many will prefer in a dress. Shoes, Paradox by Zalo. Both skirts—Bill Blass—with menswear jackets—alluding to the texture, the classicism in all these clothes. Details, see last pages of this issue.

SIGNALS...

Symbols of the season, two pivotal pieces this fall ...The best jacket, *far left*, from Gianfranco Ferre—longer, perfectly shaped, in the season's only shot of real color—red. A jacket to wear as an "extra" unmatched piece over anything dark. Here, with a matching red muffler, a black wool flannel straight skirt. Jacket and skirt, about $1465. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Nouvelle Boutique, East Norwich NY; Sakowitz; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA....The season's most pervasive idea—the theme that shows up at every designer, at every price level: a dress! The key shape, *right*—long sleeved and small on top, with a longer, softer skirt. Punctuating that simplicity: quality accessories—a flat suede boot and the best new Barry Kieselstein-Cord belt. Dress, by Michael Kors. About $560. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Balliet's; Tootsies, Houston;Barbara/Jean, Little Rock, AR. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

King

Two views to a suit—with remarkably different impact. The first, a little more relaxed, easygoing, *near right*—with a short, snappy skirt; flat, over-the-knee boots...And, *center*, a different feeling entirely—a look that's elongated, narrowed by a longer hemline—with dark stockings, patent leather pumps ...To make the point that a jacket this "classic," this shape works over anything narrow—short or long—day or night: here, it moves into dinner—and beyond. The jacket, *opposite page*, over a longer, shirred, black jersey skirt, with high-impact silver jewelry. All by Norma Kamali Collection. Jacket, about $360. Short skirt, about $110. Long plaid skirt, about $160. Long jersey skirt, about $180. Mid-August at OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Hattie, Birmingham MI; Mario's, Seattle WA. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Details,more stores, last pages.

SIGNALS... What's clearly new: the variety of proportions—of subsequent looks—available this season. And the role the right jacket plays in a wardrobe. On these two pages: the way in which one important jacket creates this variety—and the feeling of seeing something "new"—even if you're changing just the skirt...The jacket in this case, in glen plaid, with the season's longer length, shaped sides, defined shoulders...it sets up one look after another, after another...

The dress—long-sleeved, with a closer-to-the-body top, movement and ease through the skirt . . . *Near right,* Oscar de la Renta's three-piece version: a taupe cashmere skirt and new-version sweater-set—turtleneck top, cardigan. Late Aug. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Balliet's . . . . Effortless dressing—in two pulled-together pieces, *this page, far right*: Calvin Klein's black wool jersey V-neck top; above-the-knee skirt. Top, about $220; skirt, about $150. Aug., Lord & Taylor; Saks Jandel; Montaldo's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Dayton's; I. Magnin. . . . A clean sweep, *opposite, left:* Donna Karan's grey wool jersey wrap dress, anchored by a gleaming alligator belt. Donna Karan New York dress. About $575. September at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Charles Sumner, Boston; Nan Duskin; Tootsies, Houston; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Julius, Sacramento CA. . . . A "chameleon" dress, *opposite, far right*: Anne Klein II's, in dark-grey with a low V-neckline, a T-shirt underneath; another day, it could easily be a turtleneck; another day . . . ! Dress, merino wool, about $195. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Burdines; Hudson's; Dayton's. These two pages: makeup, Lydia Snyder; hair, *this page* and *opposite, right,* Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange. *Opposite page: left,* hair, Gad Cohen for Gad Studio. For details, see last pages.

King

SIGNALS...

Most welcome idea:

the idea of a dress—

short or long, in one

piece or two—in the

season's softest, sea-

sonless fabric: wool

jersey. The appeal of

"dress" dressing: the

way you can pull a

look together in-

stantly. More of the

appeal, here, subtle

changes in a neck-

line—depending on

what you put on over

or under a dress—

that transform the

look. Essential to

maintaining its per-

sonality—a strong

waist-defining belt!

Skirt dressing at its best. And, here, a skirt that could turn out to be a key element in any wardrobe, *near right*. Donna Karan New York's skirt that you pull on like pants, then drape like a sarong; paired with her cream-colored wrapped body suit. Skirt, about $330; body suit, about $250. Late August at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Nan Duskin; Charles Sumner, Boston; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Anchorage AK....A real find—a modern classic, *opposite*: a skirt that can take you through almost every "level of dressing"—except the most formal. From Calvin Klein, in thin black doeskin flannel with its own tulle petticoat; a cream silk jersey blouse. Skirt and petticoat, about $310; blouse, about $1000. August at Bergdorf Goodman. These two pages: hair, Gad Cohen for Gad Studio; make-up, Lydia Snyder. Details, more stores, see last pages.

King

SIGNALS... The appeal of evenings that are easygoing, low-key—just "dressed" enough. On these two pages, that kind of relaxed dinner-dressing...starting with a wonderful separate skirt. A skirt that may be longer, narrower, with an ingenious wrap-and-tie waist. Or it may be a little fuller, with the added femininity, added shaping of a petticoat underneath. The best way to wear it: with a perfect white blouse, or body suit. The overall effect: minimal, charming...

This is it: new real-life dinner dressing—indicative of the low-key evenings ahead. Another indication: both dresses are seasonless, in the most desirable day-into-nighttime fabric—wool jersey!...The modern black dress—streamlined in its simplicity, *near right.* This one, by Calvin Klein—with satin shoulder straps, a satin band across the top. About $1250. August at Bergdorf Goodman ....An unmistakable difference in its length, its shape, its covered aspect: a standout longer dress, *opposite,* with the exact same "skirt" you saw on the first page of these Signals. Here, for evening, with small gold buttons down the side, a reptile belt. By Bill Blass. About $1180. Late August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. To order at Marshall Field's; Balliet's; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Hair, Gad Cohen for Gad Studio; make-up, Lydia Snyder. Details, last pages.

King

SIGNALS...A charming low-key approach to dressing at night! It begins with the attractiveness—the appropriateness—of something understated. It's a new, much more modern, more subtle twist on "cocktail dressing." What gives it impact: the simple body-skimming lines, the luxury of fabric. What you like as well: the familiar concept of "a little black dress"—but one so up-to-date, so perfectly executed—it changes the whole idea...

To reach for on the first road day: the season's most appealing jerseys and soft knits. Now, with a definite sense of style. All lightweight, accessible, easy to move in. And put together on these pages with the season's best accessories . . .

Bottomless tee, $48, a wardrobe of animal prints and patterns, overall, $[illegible], leopard-fabric shoe, $[illegible], that's never excessively fitted. Above: Tunic, $[illegible], Villoutreix's animal-print knit tunic and matching [illegible]—with trompe-l'oeil of black ribbing—the [illegible]. Cardigan, about $196. Skirt, about $[illegible]. Tunic, at Neiman Marcus; August at Bloomingdale's; Burdines; Sakowitz . . . *Opposite*: More hot spots!—from Léonard-Paris, the dash of a leopard-print knit skirt in wool/silk, and long matching top edged with black ribbing. Late July at Martha; Bullocks Wilshire. These twelve pages: hair, Pascal Crucq for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Maria de Schneider, Noriko Tanaka. Details, more stores, lost pages.

Wayne Maser

SOFT DRESSING...PURE PLEASURE!

THE SNAP OF ANIMAL PRINTS

A whole new world of animal prints, a whole new—gentler—way with them from Adrienne Vittadini. This page, leopard-print wool/acrylic knit—fashionably, insistently wearable, "dressed" as a suit. Cardigan, about $140, matching skirt, about $92, turnouts, about $78. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Foley's, Houston; Nordstrom, Utah. Camisole and top at Neiman-Marcus. The rest of the wild from Michael Seroy,

opposite: his leopard print, zip-front polo top—a look-changing element for now, for later. Of cotton/ramie knit, about $86. August at Bonwit Teller; Tweeds, Coconut Grove FL; Balliet's; Kathleen Sommers, San Antonio TX. Chain bracelets, both pages, Bulgari at the Pierre Hotel, NYC. Now: a minimal new way with makeup—here, Ultima II's subtle Tamango Opal lipshine. Details, more stores, last pages.

Wayne Maser

JERSEY (ESPECIALLY GREY) MARCHES ON!

The appeal of this dressing—the presence of tailoring, the ease of jersey. A way of dressing continually evolving at Donna Karan, here with a new proportion. Above: Her longer, sweater-lined, fly-front cardigan, subtly rounded at the shoulders, with a slim matching skirt. . . in the season's dark charcoal with the lift of a gleaming crocodile belt. Merino wool. Donna Karan New York. Cardigan, about $300; skirt, about $210.

THE SHAPES TO WATCH!

ttest new designer in Milan, *left*, a
k and feeling for two-piece turtle-
akably longer, narrower, small-
pulled down over his equally
coal-grey wool jersey—the
64. Skirt, about $167. Henri Bendel; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Caron Cherry, Coconu
FL; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. . . . And the dress of th
son, *above*, smaller on the top; longer, softer in the s
belted, here in black wool jersey. From Ralph Lauren, about $238. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Chicago; Harold's, Dallas. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Another of fall's dark colors—navy. Another fall theme: the coexistence of long and short. The long look, *left*, from Gloria Sachs: a wool knit mock turtleneck, skirt, and cardigan; perfect as a city-suit alternative, country dinner dressing. Cardigan, about $170. Turtleneck, about $140. Skirt, about $150. Lord & Taylor; O'Neils, Akron OH; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom, Northern CA.

Wayne Maser

THE SPICE OF VARIETY

A crisper, shorter look, another very attractive way to dress, *right*. From Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co.: A long, lean hand-knit wool top, short wool crepe skirt, a white silk faille blouse. Top, about $280; skirt, about $170; blouse, about $330. Altman's; Montaldo's; Rich's; Balliet's. Details, stores, last pages.

The lighter side to knits . . . *Far left*: A charming, body-skimming ribbed lambswool knit dress, with matching pullover. Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh for Basco. Dress, about $98. Pullover, about $90. August at Altman's; Mooshka, Philadelphia; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH. . . . *Near left*: The very clean, long, lean look of a mock turtleneck lambswool top over a matching longer skirt. By Joan Vass, USA. August at Altman's; Joan Vass, N.O., New Orleans; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; Nelly Stallion, Seattle WA. Watch, Concord . . .

PALED IS EASIER

This duger Liz Claiborne's soft version of daytime, on-the-go dressing—a cable-knit lambswool/angora turtleneck, matching skirt, and long cardigan that pulls it all together. Cardigan, about $82; skirt, about $54; turtleneck, about $48. Lord & Taylor, Montaldo's, Hudson's, Bullock's; Details, more stores, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

Shoes/boots '86: a landmark season. . .
stunning visual impact. . .
rich colorings. . .luxurious textures

This season, when the look of fashion depends to a large extent on what you add, shoes and boots, especially, have taken on increased importance. What counts now: a new emphasis on color— deep navy, deep greens, rich browns and greys; on boots— both short and long; and, above all, on texture— a remarkable richness in new reptiles, suedes, patents. On these eight pages, the season's best, photographed in Venice, a city of extraordinary landmarks. . . .Symbol of the differences in shoes—a more sophisticated pump on a lower, racy heel, in a richer, more interesting color. Here, Prada's shiny, dark-green patent leather pump with silver tips, heels; in a shape as classic, as sleek as an ocean liner. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ; Neiman-Marcus.

Franco Fontana

Echoing a classic theme . . . a new shorter boot, a new richness of suede

Another way to the season's luxury—the predominance of suede—at its best in new short boots—new interesting colors. From the left: Andrea Pfister's olive flat boot, about $540. Capriccio, La Jolla CA; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. To order, Bloomingdale's. . . . From Pupi D'Angieri, violet short boots with cording. About $375. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC. August at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Beverly Hills. And, Donna Karan's low fuchsia boot, that wraps, closes with Velcro. Donna Karan New York. About $340. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Another dimension . . . a new-found strength—and luxury of texture

A new texture impact. . .not only in shoes, but in boots, in every length, every proportion, from the ankle bone to over the knee. The most extraordinary, opposite, are from Andrea Pfister, strong-lined, classic, in licorice-black crocodile. As much an investment—and a delight—as a fur, they represent the season's ultimate luxury. . . .To order at Delman, at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Fields . . . And, the same kind of luxury, in a new flat, to wear for day. These, above, almost a moccasin, with a sophistication of color as well as shape, in deepest navy crocodile, from Andrea Pfister. About $1200. Marshall Fields. To order at Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. Details, more stores, last pages.

Franco Fontana

A mosaic of contrasting textures ... as far as the eye can see

Franco Fontana

Bold, primitive markings and rugged textures set the offbeat tone for clothes that are refreshing news in a season of more tailored, classic looks. The difference—the "unexpected" side of European ready-to-wear—on these eight pages. . . .
This page, Joseph Tricot's comfortable oversized wool turtleneck top—roughly patterned and ribbed—over a long matching knit skirt. Top, about $250. Skirt, about $175. Late August at Joseph Tricot, NYC. . . .Close-up, *center*: as casual and strong-looking as these clothes. . .hair with extra fullness and texture. One way, *here*: a quick spray and styling with Dep's Sculpt & Hold. . . .From Italy's knit masters—the Missonis: softly colored, casually shaped boiled-wool knit coat, *opposite*: round collared, patch pocketed. . .patterned with mountain peaks! Coat, about $1560. Late July at Missoni Boutique, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. On these eight pages: hair by Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup by Andrea Paoletti. Details, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

DIFFERENT

A freespirited new approach to dressing . . . starting here, with strongly patterned knits—for country days, city weekends . . . a change of mood!

FREESTYLE KNITS!

Easygoing sweater dressing with the surprise—the whimsy!—of unexpected texture and color

Big cozy wrap of a jacket, *opposite*: Sonia Rykiel's black and ivory bouclé mohair—longer through the body, buttoned, and tied at the side for closer fit. Jacket, about $1195. Sonia Rykiel Boutiques, NYC; Beverly Hills; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Creeds, Toronto....*Inset*, as comfortable as a bathrobe: Issey Miyake's long roomy cardigan coat—in bright-yellow angora—to curl up in après-ski, at home, in the country...anytime, anywhere! Coat, about $930. Late July at Dianne B., NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus....*This* page, more freespirited layerings by Joseph Tricot: boldly striped, narrowly ribbed short wool pullover tied with a bicolor scarf at the neck—worn over an elastic-waist knit skirt...decorated with gold chains! Top, about $195. Skirt, about $130. Late August at Joseph Tricot, NYC. Details, more stores, see last pages of this issue.

Arthur Elgort

GRAPHIC BY DESIGN!

Knits with the interesting character of Scandinavian designs—or the clean impact of racing stripes . . . a whole new attitude to casual dressing!

DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT

Exuberantly mismatched patterns, *far left*: Enrico Coveri's wool cardigan jacket—and new-style high-neck pullover—worn with pull-on pants. Jacket, about $599. Sweater, about $950. Pants, about $499. Mid-July at Titti Da Milano Boutique, NYC; Amalia Branca, Short Hills NJ; Poupee, Palo Alto; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. . . . The sweater's bearish, but the look's upbeat! *Inset*, another high-neck wool pullover—this time, in a standout pattern by Byblos. Sweater, about $400. Mid-July at Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA. . . . From a designer noted for her way with cashmere dressing: Laura Biagiotti's new oversized sweater—with grey racing stripes at the shoulder. Sweater, about $860. Bonwit Teller; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Details, stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

WITH AN

OFFBEAT CHARM!

A freer attitude, a more unexpected way of dressing continue...new textured tweeds move with new ease, charm!

DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT

Unexpected takes on the daytime suit, *opposite,* from Moschino...starting, *far left,* with a black and white herringbone jacket that's anything but conventional: longer, fitted, in stretch tweed that's zipped up the front, edged in black ribbed knit. And worn over his new-shape trumpet skirt—in black wool crepe studded with gold buttons! Jacket, about $650. Skirt, about $575. Martha; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Lou Lattimore, Dallas.... More Moschino surprises, *inset:* "paint-splashed" rough-knit turtleneck dress in ribbed wool paired with a longer square-shouldered jacket in "matching" glen plaid with the closer fit—the appeal—of a gathered back held by a black taffeta bow! Dress, about $395. Jacket, about $695. Martha; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Neiman-Marcus....Pulled softly back for gentle shaping: Issey Miyake's voluminous black and beige tweed coat, *this page:* gathered from shawl collar to small-of-the-back with a leather drawstring—worn over lightweight wool and linen layers. Coat, about $1250. Late August at Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Apropos, Newport Beach and Woodland Hills CA; Chez Catherine, Canada. These eight pages, photographed at Grande Halle, La Villette, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

de BEAUVOIR

"One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman," said Simone de Beauvoir, whose extraordinary life—as a writer, feminist, freethinker—made her for many the most important woman in the world. **BY ANNIE COHEN-SOLAL**

Tokyo, September 1966. It is the height of Simone de Beauvoir's career. Tall and beautiful in her late fifties, she is the best-known woman writer in the world and the companion of Jean-Paul Sartre. She gives a long speech on "The Situation of Women Today," speaking very fast, with incredible self-confidence, and, as usual, without notes. "I think feminism is a cause that is common to both men and women," she says. "Men will not be able to live in a better, more valuable world until women manage to get a decent status for themselves. The struggle for equality between the sexes concerns both."

Twenty years earlier, in the United States, she was already decrying the conditions of women, supporting abortion and battered women, fighting against female circumcision in Africa. She was not a narrow, cranky philosopher. In 1959, she analyzed for Esquire "Brigitte Bardot and the Lolita Syndrome." When she died in Paris, on April 15, 1986, at the age of seventy-eight, the news of her death roused the emotions of several generations of intellectuals and international feminists.

Because I was writing a biography of Sartre, De Beauvoir immediately agreed to see me. She'd receive me in the early afternoon in her large white studio, which was located right next to the Montparnasse cemetery. Her appearance displayed a simple, minimal, controlled taste—red-lacquered nails and turbans that matched her dresses. Surrounded by books, photos, and small African statues, she'd welcome me with a gay smile, offer me a Scotch on the rocks, and at once start questioning me in her rapid, unpleasant, somewhat dogmatic way of speaking: "Now, where are we?"

During her last years she went on living as she always had among a small circle of intimates, eating lunch or dinner with friends in neighborhood restaurants. It was a stern and regular daily life. She had stopped teaching in 1943, but her vacations conformed exactly to the dates of the school holidays in France, three times a year.

After Sartre's death, any mention of his name would grab her attention. I used to show her my discoveries—unpublished correspondence, pictures of him as a child, recollections of old friends—and she'd enjoy everything. One day she burst into laughter when I mentioned to her Sartre's F.B.I. record, in which she appeared as "Mr. Sartre's wife"!

From the very beginning of their twin intellectual careers, they were seen as complementary. Certainly, encountering Sartre had been a way for this unabashed, well-educated "dutiful daughter" (as De Beauvoir called herself) to speed up her self-discovery, her deviance from established norms. Together, they used art and intellect as a means for undermining the preconceptions of ordinary life. For more than fifty years, they were a strange, strong, mythical, indestructible couple.

She'd first met Sartre at the Sorbonne while they both were working toward a degree in philosophy. In an almost all-male group of apprentice philosophers, she was surprisingly self-assured. "*Sympathique*, pretty but badly dressed," was Sartre's condescending first impression of her. Later, when they studied together for their orals, he had to concede that she was intellectually "solid." *(Continued on page 241)*

Simone de Beauvoir in 1954, the year she won the Goncourt prize for "Les Mandarins."

Pierre Boulat/Cosmos

Annie Cohen-Solal *is the author of "Sartre: A Life," to be published in English by Pantheon in January, 1987.*

talent ...four pages of sass, sex appeal, and sibling ribaldry

Christine Lahti: the movies' leading other woman

Christine Lahti has the swank self-assurance and tongue-in-cheek sass of a latter-day Roz Russell whose shoulder pads never get in the way of her sex appeal. She can read a line with the drop-dead delivery of Bette Davis, but she never lets you forget that sometimes even uncowed girls get the blues. She's perfect to play the kind of independent-minded woman Hollywood finds so liberating—most recently a broadcast journalist in *Just Between Friends*—so why hasn't she become as famous as Jane Fonda or Jill Clayburgh?

For one thing, Lahti is so responsive to the other actors, so capable of submerging herself in a role—she plays the person not the politics—that she just seems *familiar*. "When people see me," she says, "they think they recognize me. They say, '*Alien*—that's it.' " For another, Lahti's movies have not been big hits: she's often singled out as the best thing in an otherwise mediocre film. Which is all the more remarkable because she's not a flashy actress. Her style is subtle, relaxed. She never does *schtick*—watch her ground Goldie Hawn's hysteria in *Swing Shift*; it's the gravity she brings to a role that subverts our attention.

She was recently cast as a schoolteacher in *Amerika*, ABC's big-bucks mini-epic—now filming, under a mantle of Kremlin-esque secrecy, in Nebraska—about Russian-occupied America in the 1990s. "In the past," Lahti says, "I have been confused about the kind of actress I wanted to be—a character actress or a movie star. Now I know what I want to be is a character actress with the power of a movie star. . . the chance to play great parts."

Charlotte Lewis: Polanski's latest vixen

Charlotte Lewis is *the* new face (see next page). Exotic, untouched by life, it's a face that inspires clichés. . . and attracts Svengalis, like *Ritz* publisher David Litchfield, who discovered Lewis in a London restaurant and put her on his cover. She was fourteen. A few years later, Roman Polanski, the man who had the wit to star Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby*—and the *chutzpah* to loose Nastassia Kinski upon the world—cast the untried Lewis in *Pirates*. And even before the film opened at Cannes, Lewis was starring opposite Eddie Murphy in *Golden Child*, Michael Ritchie's new comedy.

Lewis, nonetheless, has eschewed Beverly Hills grandeur ("I hate Porsches"), conducting herself with such sweet aplomb that co-star Murphy, she swears, avoids cursing in her presence. So far, the only person unmoved by her. . . *enthusiasm* is Lauren Bacall, who ignored a note from Lewis that she received while appearing on the London stage. "I had the idea," Lewis says, "that I could talk to her for a couple of hours."

Charlotte Lewis is not accustomed to being ignored. She's been romantically linked with several older men, including Baryshnikov and Polanski. ("He was my teacher," she says of the latter.) Her mother, who's Anglo-Irish—Lewis' absent father is Iraqi/Chilean—raised her in a working-class part of London and, Lewis says, "Lets me do whatever I want.

"If I'd had a father," the eighteen-year-old adds, "I probably wouldn't be the person I am now."

Spacey and Gallagher: Broadway's "Rotten Kids"

The focus of Jonathan Miller's spanking bright and bizarre production on Broadway of Eugene O'Neill's harrowing autobiographical family drama *Long Day's Journey into Night* is not where one expects it. Although Jack Lemmon, in a casting idea coming from left field, plays James Tyrone, the Scrooge-like paterfamilias, one's attention is riveted on his two sons, portrayed with astonishing affinity by Peter Gallagher and Kevin Spacey (see next page).

Gallagher, whose bushy-browed mixture of purity and sensuality caused one writer to describe him as a "cross between Montgomery Clift and Brooke Shields," is Edmund, the younger brother who is O'Neill's rather saintly portrait of himself as a young man. Spacey—rangy, kinetic, and much less self-contained—is Jamie, the whoring ne'er-do-well based on the author's brother James. Onstage they combine humor, tenderness, and sheer *(Continued on page 249)*

Details, last pages.
Elizabeth Novick

CHRISTINE LAHTI

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... CHARLOTTE LEWIS

PETER GALLAGHER

KEVIN SPACEY

Details, last pages.

FALLING in LOVE

Sophisticated people know the perils of falling in love. We regard it as an illness, like the flu. So what if birds do it, bees do it—we're too smart to be so foolish. But this lunatic flight from common sense is ultimately more appealing than reason. BY EVA HOFFMAN

Denis Piel

As far as romantic love goes, we may be living in an age of Disenchantment. We have been warned long enough. The literature of romantic love is full of people who come to extreme grief: Madame Bovary kills herself; Werther kills himself; Anna Karenina kills herself. Closer to our own, demystifying time, Freud undertook the project of revealing the pathological roots—and routes—of our sentiments. Feminist thinkers alert us to how much the fantasy of all-encompassing love perpetuates a woman's subjugation. By now, we believe we have wised up. We believe we can see through our own romantic haze to the cold truth of reality. We believe we are undeceived.

In popular culture, the mystique of romance persists. On soap operas, experienced divorcées succumb to doctors with irresistibly paternal bedside manners; and in Harlequin Romances, virginal women are swept off their feet by strangers with burning eyes. But all this is so clearly junk food of the soul that it doesn't even provide the pleasures of self-indulgence for long.

In the literature of "high" culture, which is supposed to give perspective on our contemporary condition, the prevailing taste in matters of romantic love is *nouvelle cuisine*. The chroniclers of today's mores—Ann Beattie, Frederick Barthelme, Alice Adams, and others—are careful to keep their distance and to let us know that they are properly skeptical of sentiment. "Cynthia and Roger had only met in June, had been lovers ('in love') for almost that long, an enchanted summer of discovery," the narrator in an Alice Adams story says. The parenthetical quotation marks only make explicit the irony and detachment so pervasive in today's fiction. Again and again, that fiction gives us stories of missed connections, of cautious, fleeting bonds. Lovers meet for an evening or a week or a few months; they view each other like wary warriors who've been in enough skirmishes to know every maneuver in the book. They may feel a brief attraction, a wan, melancholy warmth that is like a nostalgic reminder of love; then, they drift apart with a faint sense of regret. It is not that contemporary characters are never "in love"; it is just that their responses are so hedged with suspicion as indeed to deserve those quotation marks.

We can't blame these writers for being messengers of bad news. In part, they are only giving us back the reality we know all too well. We know about divorce rates, break-ups, and mobility. We have learned that everyone is dispensable and replaceable, that people come and go, and that they (or we) may leave an affair for a better job sooner than the other way around. We no longer live in country houses where a handsome and eligible stranger (or second cousin) is likely to appear once every five years or so to set our hearts aflutter. The conditions of love have changed, and so has the degree of our willingness to plunge into it without reservation. It is hard to stop the small voice in the back of our minds that says so few things work out and nothing lasts forever.

Still, the novelists—and, for that matter, real men and women—who play it cool about love are not telling the whole story. For in spite of our better reason, in spite of unfavorable conditions and chastening experience, people continue to fall foolishly, incautiously, headlong, and head-over-heels in love. Moreover, it most often happens in the tritest of ways: we look into somebody's eyes and all of a sudden it seems as if we're looking straight into the other's deepest self. We're convinced that nobody has ever absorbed us so fully and that nobody will ever be this important to us again. The other person gains not only a sexual attractiveness, but a kind of absoluteness, becoming as vibrantly and intimately alive as we are. We declare that we have fallen in love after three days—and, even more incredible, we mean it.

And that is only the beginning. We are soon likely to find ourselves in the grip of more embarrassing clichés. Usually so blithely self-sufficient, we can hardly stand an hour's separation. We become positively manic-depressive: our lover's offhand remark about a former affair throws us into a tailspin, while a compliment on our appearance makes us feel that our charisma is bottomless. At work, we subside into a dreamy state as we replay exactly what happened the previous evening; then, when we see our lover again, we fall into a bafflingly stormy fight over a wrong look or word—from which we are rescued, without rhyme or reason, by the sheer force of sexuality, which, in these early stages, seems never to fail us. Life repeats romantic conventions as if it hasn't heard that they have been long outmoded.

Being in love is the most anarchic, amoral emotion. It's irrational, uncivilized, downright melodramatic

How does this irrational, uncivilized, and downright melodramatic behavior comport with our dignity and post-modern savvy? Not very well. Being in love is the most anarchic, amoral emotion in the book; it is not easily contained by our moral grids or our usual criteria for correct behavior, particularly today, when our philosophy is resolutely anti-romantic. This may be a surprising assertion, given how much we pride ourselves on our sexual spontaneity and liberation from restraint. But I believe that in matters of feeling, we tend to be prudish. Indeed, we will sooner admit to purely erotic abandon—certainly an essential part of romantic love, but hardly all of it—than to more tender sentiments. In regard to these sentiments, we like to be in control, to keep a tight rein on our destiny, and we prefer explaining our emotions ("He's still over-attached to his mother"; "She's not in touch with her anger") to experiencing them. In our individualistic, competitive, work-driven, and mobile society, passion is out of fashion.

Female skittishness about romance may be a matter of sheer psychological survival. One of the less pleasant facts of our lives is that on the level of statistics, women in America today are vastly more at risk in love than their male counterparts. Over the age of thirty, there are many more women than men—and the ratios get more discouraging the older you get. So now it is women who contort themselves to win romantic favors. This situation has become so entrenched in contemporary urban life that it is hard to remember that it wasn't always so, *(Continued on page 241)*

Enveloped by nature, abounding in art and memorabilia, Jeannette Leroy's French farmhouse is the calm reflection of an artist's state of mind. By Barbara Rose

REALM OF THE SENSES

François Halard

Summer greenery engulfs a eighteenth-century riverside farmhouse in the Languedoc-Roussillon in Les Landes, a province in southwest France. It is the summer house of Paris artist Jeanne Delmas, whose passion for gardening is as tenacious as the bougainvillea vines on the façade.

Les Landes
is less romantic
than other
areas of France,
perhaps, but
it attracts
the poetic spirit

I have always worked best in the company of a good friend—a writer or artist, usually—who is also working. Taking a break together at meals or in the evening, discussing the day's production, relieves the sadness of solitude that creative work demands. For years, my friend Jeannette Leroy and I have talked of going together to the farmhouse where she lives and works most of the time. She is a French artist now gaining recognition for her intimate, precisely detailed drawings of the objects and people she loves. (In November, she will exhibit her drawings at the Marlborough Gallery in New York City.) Last spring, we finally took our much-discussed retreat together, she to draw, I to write.

The two-story balconied and shuttered house is located in Les Landes, a southwestern province of France, and shares many of the features of the cuisine and architecture of the hilly Basque country separating France from Spain. Jeannette's restored eighteenth-century house, called La Petite Escalère—the little tollhouse—is on the bank of the Adour river, once a major commercial artery bringing produce to the nearby ports of Biarritz and Bayonne. Now many of the ancient farmhouses bordering the Adour have been converted into residences, and the stables house racehorses rather than working beasts. But the charm of the Basque country, with its constantly changing terrain and weather, endures.

Fortunately, Jeannette, who also *(Continued on page 196)*

François Halard

Summer's sultry air has plenty of room to circulate in Jeannette Leroy's spacious farmhouse. A Calder mobile revolves indolently near the stairwell (opposite), overlooking a portion of the compartmented living room. On wall is a brushed-ink drawing by Paris-based artist Zao Wou-Ki. In redesigning the living space, Leroy created a stucco wall with a dramatic archway (top), facing a fireplace and a shelf full of pre-Columbian and Oriental ceramics. Both pottery bowl and carved wooden fish at the base of the arch are Japanese. Leroy collects duck figurines (left)—she has nearly forty, many of them gifts from friends. Elsewhere in the room, a trio of Innuit Eskimo sculptures (above) share a niche with another drawing by Zao Wou-Ki.

REALM OF THE SENSES

French doors lead directly from the garden into the rustic, sun-washed dining room (above), where luncheon table is set with festive Basque tablecloth. The furniture, surprisingly, is not country French, but English pine. Leroy's 1974 pencil drawing, "Le Pain" (right), is emblematic of an entertaining style that's as simple, unpretentious and generous.

In her skylighted studio, Leroy (above) produces her drawings, such as her 1975 self-portrait (above left). Behind her desk, cupboard with glass doors holds family portraits, including an oval painting and a vintage photograph of her great-grandparents (left).

Leroy has lived an active life, and is now prepared to reap the rewards of her hard work

(Continued from page 194) keeps an elegant pied-à-terre in Paris, had bought La Petite Escalère in 1969, before the area became fashionable. She had come to love the region of Les Landes during visits to her friend the Comtesse de Tchaikovska, who owned a small but charming château near the legendary château of one of the Three Musketeers, Aramis. The green fields bordering on the Pyrénées were dotted with these country estates as well as the more modest farmhouses like La Petite Escalère, which Jeannette fell in love with as soon as she found it. Les Landes is less romantic, perhaps, than other areas in France, but it has other attractions, especially for the poetic spirit. Jeannette loved the countryside, flat but forested, and she loved the movement of the river, the warmth of the Landais farmers, the constant evocation of the peasant past.

Jeannette and I are happy to leave the bustle and turmoil of Paris for the peace and tranquility of La Petite Escalère. We have already decided that I will have the guest room she calls the Salle Matta because it contains a suite of drawings of Tarot cards that a friend, the surrealist painter Matta, made for her.

After a six-hour train ride from Paris, we arrive at Biarritz and are met by Gilbert, Jeannette's gardener and handyman, who drives us to the village of St. Laurent de Gosse in Jeannette's ancient Volkswagen. At the door, Marie-Jo, her housekeeper of many years and "the soul of the house," as Jeannette calls her, is waving. Jeannette's aging black Labrador and an assortment of local cats and children wander in and out of the house and the gardens. Soon I become accustomed to the regular *(Continued on page 198)*

François Halard

FUSCULI

(Continued from page 196)
rhythm of the day.

The rhythm is not monastic, but it is simple, repetitive, tranquilizing. Like the rhythm to the day, there is a rhythm to the house and a rhythm to the flow of the Adour, which becomes a canal in front of the Little Tollhouse. Everywhere there are ducklings that delight Jeannette: Outside, on the river and the pond, real ducks swim and cavort; in the living room, a table is laden with simple rustic painted wooden decoys surrounding an elegant carved jade duck, an Innuit Eskimo duck, and an elaborate Thai duck made of cast lead. In the dining room there is a big ceramic duck and, near the door, a duck-handled umbrella. In the bathroom there is a duckling whose tail can be pulled to yield little cotton balls. There is a sense of humor and of a camaraderie about this collection made up of gifts from different friends. It is entirely per-

(Continued on page 243)

A balcony brings the outdoors right into second-floor guest room (above), furnished with an array of primly proportioned painted wicker chairs and table, as well as a huge Austrian cupboard fancifully decorated with colorful folk-art bouquets. Leroy's longtime friend Matta, a noted surrealist artist, made the series of pastels for her; the images were inspired by Tarot cards.

"I need to be empty, passive, receptive," Leroy says. "Then things come to me. Looking at the river flowing empties me of thoughts"

The Adour River, which flows from the Pyrénées to the Bay of Biscay, has been turned into a canal as it passes before the Leroy house (above), seen from the opposite bank. Under a canopy of vines, a mosaic mural (right) by French artist Fernand Léger enlivens wall by the swimming pool.

F.L

BREAST RE

SHAPERS

Today's skilled plastic surgeons can remake a woman's breasts closer to her ideal, or give back the shape of natural breasts after cancer surgery. BY MELVA WEBER

More and more modern women, if they are dissatisfied with their breasts, are turning to surgery. Using today's new techniques, plastic surgeons are able to correct too-small, too-large, or uneven breasts; and the reconstructions done after breast-cancer surgery are truly amazing, helping to alleviate the dread that women feel for this disease. The doctors call this work "esthetic surgery."

Larger and shapelier breasts

The most frequently performed elective surgery, "augmentation mammaplasty," increases breast size through use of silicone implants (photograph on next page). Placing any foreign material, such as silicone, inside the body brings up questions of safety, of cancer risks and the possible delay of detection. The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons has monitored breast-implant procedures for more than twenty years. In more than a million implants, says the Society, no relationship has been found between the implants and cancer, spontaneous abortion, or birth defects. No illnesses or deaths have been associated with the presence of silicone implants in the body. Among the million, there was only one case of allergic reaction attributed to an implant.

There are, however, some risks involved in any kind of surgery, whether it's an implant, a tonsillectomy, or a dental procedure. These include risks of anesthesia reaction, blood clots, and breathing problems. A woman who smokes is at risk for healing problems. Plastic surgeons take special care to inform prospective patients about all surgical risks—even very slight ones.

When a silicone implant is used, contracture, a fibrous sheath, may form around the implant, giving a firmer texture to the breast. Many mild contractures are not objectionable but more severe ones may become too hard, distorted in shape, or painful. Contractures can be treated by massage and other techniques.

Breast surgery may also produce loss of sensation in the nipples and/or make breast-feeding impossible; this depends on the type of operation and the technique that is used.

At each step of the operation itself, there are alternatives. Some patients prefer general anesthesia, wanting simply to go to sleep during the entire operation. Others choose local anesthesia, which numbs the breast area, along with a sedative to stay comfortable, though conscious, through the operation.

"Any risks involved in general anesthesia have been greatly reduced during the last ten years," *(Continued on page 202)*

This appealing photographer's study of a woman's breasts celebrates a body that needs no alteration. More about "Beauty & the Breast," page 204.

Sheila Metzner

An implant that expands slowly to prepare the body for a new real-feeling breast shape... intricate "seaming" to tailor overabundant breasts to a trim new size

(Continued) says Norman E. Hugo, M.D., professor of surgery and chairman of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery at New York City's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. "Today, with careful pre-operative screening, chances for adverse effects are becoming more and more rare." For out-patient procedures, where the patient goes home following surgery, less sedation and less anesthesia are generally used; but in the increasing number of ambulatory surgery centers, anesthesiology staff and facilities are available.

A second option concerns the placement of the primary incision for the implant. All breast incisions result in a scar, but a scar at the underbreast crease will be hidden from view in the lowest-cut garment. The incision also may be made around the lower border of the areola; here the scar is unobtrusive. "With either of these approaches," said Dr. Hugo, "the surgeon has the operative field in full view, a basic premise in surgery." A less-used approach is the "axillary" incision, made in the armpit. "I consider this to be a blind approach," he said.

In a process called "undermining," the surgeon gently separates layers of breast tissues to form a pocket for the implant. This pocket may be made beneath the breast tissue but on top of chest muscles, or it may be made mostly beneath the muscle. Surgeons may favor one of these placements over the other; and, says Dr. Hugo, they have reasons. A plus factor for submuscular positioning is that the resulting breast may be softer. A minus factor may be that some arm movements involve the chest muscle overlying the implant, and this squeezing action can distort its shape.

The surgical procedure may take a couple of hours or more. Hospitalized patients can go home within a day or so; and outpatients go home right after recovering from surgery, with analgesics to relieve soreness. Though most patients are up and about within a few days, they'll be given instructions about how and when to resume normal routines, avoiding overactivity and overhead reaching until healing is established. Stitches are removed by the end of the week.

Top, left: "Tissue expander"—newest implant device to aid in surgery to increase breast size or to reconstruct a breast lost in mastectomy. Inflatable device is implanted with tube to skin surface, saline solution then added gradually, to stretch skin over the implant. Expander will be replaced by conventional silicone-gel implant (at right in photograph above); one expander model can be left in, opening closed. Below, left: Photographer's superimposed print shows gel implant in place.

Smaller and lighter breasts

The converse of breast-buildup surgery, making large breasts smaller by "reduction mammaplasty," often is done for medical reasons as well as for appearance. Very heavy breasts may cause fatigue and back strain, shoulders damaged by brassiere straps, chafing and rubbing in the deep skinfold beneath the heavy breast. On the appearance level, oversize breasts may be out of proportion to the woman, may interfere with wearing becoming clothes and prevent athletic activities. In a young girl, development of oversize breasts can cause acute social embarrassment.

One breast-reduction technique, called "brassiere pattern" skin reduction, uses a complex cutting pattern, a vertical wedge-shape incision with a keyhole outline around the nipple and areola; these are incised but left on attached tissue. Then underlying fat, breast tissue, and skin are removed, the nipple is relocated, and the remaining skin is fitted to form a smaller envelope.

In a more recently developed procedure called the "inferior wedge" technique, with incisions below the nipple, tissue is removed all around the nipple. This method is producing excellent results, according to Dr. Hugo, particularly in retaining nipple sensation and breast-feeding capability.

Scars from reduction surgery can be extensive, and they are permanent, though the marks fade somewhat with time. But most scars are covered by the brassiere cup, and are a price many women gladly pay for relief from burdensome breasts.

Neater and tighter breasts

Breast lift, or "mastopexy," is the surgery for raising and recontouring loose, sagging breasts. This usually involves repositioning the nipple and areola higher on the breast, and possibly reducing the size of the areola. The procedure is basically the removal of excess skin.

TOWARD SAVING BREASTS: CANCER SURGERY

The deep sense of dread and the fears that surround breast cancer—fear of disfiguring surgery, of drug side effects, of recurring disease—are steadily abating in our country, thanks to breast self-examinations, regular medical exams, and mammography—resulting in earlier detection *(Continued on page 246)*

Tohru Nakamura

Oversized breasts reduced by surgery

Breast lost in mastectomy reconstructed

Small breasts augmented with implants

A SENSE OF HEALING

a mastectomy saves a woman's life; breast reconstruction heals her mind. Having reconstruction surgery made me feel whole again.''

—Ruth Frank, NYC personnel director

''Feeling whole'' . . . ''being at home in your own body''—these are phrases that recur in conversations with women who have opted for reconstructive surgery after losing a breast to cancer—women whose numbers have increased four-fold in the last five years.

''Women who seek breast reconstruction want to put the fear, the constant awareness of cancer behind them most of all, to close that chapter and get on with their lives. These women have coped with the reality of their illness and want their bodies to reflect that emotional recovery,'' said Julia Rowland, Ph.D., research fellow, psychiatry service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NYC.

In a study of one hundred fifty post-mastectomy patients aged twenty-eight to sixty-eight, Dr. Rowland found that some of the most common reasons women gave for wanting breast-reconstruction surgery were not to be reminded of their mastectomies when they saw their bodies naked in the mirror, not to be bothered wearing a prosthesis (the reconstruction ''moves with me''), and not to be limited in clothing choices or in living active lives.

''Women who have breast reconstruction want to look better *in their own eyes,*'' noted Danica Kovachev, M.D., assistant attending surgeon, plastic surgery service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. ''Their expectations of the physical outcome of the surgery are usually very realistic; they don't expect to be able to get their own breasts back but to restore their body images. These women almost inevitably report that they no longer think about cancer on a daily basis when getting dressed in the morning. I believe that this relief of a daily stress may be the most important reconstruction benefit of all, that it may even help to bolster a woman's immunological strength to resist cancer recurrences.'' *(Continued on page 244)*

FOR SAFE SURGERY

Television has shown us horror stories of breasts mutilated by cosmetic surgery performed by ''store-front doctors'' in heavily advertised walk-in clinics. How does a woman locate a qualified, ethical surgeon and protect herself against incompetence, improper surgical management, or inadequate pre- and post-operative care? George J. Berakha, M.D., plastic surgeon on the staff of Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC, said:

''First be sure you consult an experienced, board-certified plastic surgeon for any breast surgery. (Members of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons are board-certified.) Look for someone your family doctor knows and trusts, or ask friends who have had the procedure and are happy with the results. Ask any surgeon whether you may talk with some of his or her former patients.''

The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons—toll-free number 1-800-635-0635, or (312) 856-1834 in the Chicago area—will provide names and numbers of several board-certified plastic surgeons in your community. The ASPRS also has formed an independent voluntary accreditation program for non-hospital surgery clinics; the American Association for Accreditation of Ambulatory Plastic Surgery Facilities inspects the premises to see that surroundings, equipment, and assistance are adequate. Ask if a doctor's facility has been accredited.—M.W.

Photographs by surgeon, Danica Kovachev, M.D.

BEAUTY & the

Breasts are back—emphasized by fashion, perfect bodies, envied by the not-so-well endowed, of the less-is-more esthetic—and centuries about our fascination with voluptuousness?

It seems to me lately that breasts are getting larger. Fifteen years ago, Twiggy, Edie Sedgwick, the Shrimpton sisters, and other 1960s-style teenage gamines, seen in profile, had only a barely perceptible rise on their chests. Today, Christie Brinkley, Jerry Hall, Kim Basinger, Jessica Lange, and Jamie Lee Curtis exude a sex appeal in which their breasts play a considerable part. On *Dynasty*, Joan Collins displays her breasts as if bra-cup size were a measure of personal magnificence. Ann and Nancy Wilson, the lead singers of Heart, proudly aim their cleavage directly at the camera in the video of their hit song "Never," ranked number one for seven weeks running by viewers who called in their votes to MTV's "Friday Night Video Fights." Norma Kamali has by popular demand added a new, larger size in the bras she makes. Eileen Ford, co-founder of Ford Models, admits that breast implants are "epidemic" at her agency: in the past six months, ten of her models have had their breasts enlarged—"without my encouragement," she adds. Once again, the ideal female form has come around to that of a more mature woman who has what the French piquantly call *du monde au balcon*—a lot of people on the balcony.

Certain well-endowed women have always found an audience regardless of the fashions of the time, and the impressions left by their breasts are indelible: In the 1953 movie version of *Aida*, Sophia Loren's perfectly engineered pyramids, which seem to start at her clavicle, nominate themselves as two of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World to which all Egypt comes to worship. In *Psycho*, in 1960, Janet Leigh's breasts are immovable, armor-like, preceding her everywhere she goes. Jill St. John, in *Diamonds Are Forever*, in 1971, is invariably clad in a bikini (no matter what the occasion and what everyone else is wearing), her pillowy breasts suspended in her bra as in a sling. And, more recently, on the 1985 cover of *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue, top model Paulina Porizkova, a pin-up girl for the 'eighties, displayed breasts that look vigorous and springy.

According to Anne Hollander, an art historian and the author of *Seeing Through Clothes*, "breasts mean everything good." Men seem to think so, and, if Philip Roth is any indication, they wish they had them, too. In *The Breast*, an appalling novel about a university professor who undergoes a hormonal explosion and turns into a giant breast, blind but capable of hearing through his nipple, Roth writes of the professor reliving a time before his metamor-

It was the breast of times: The "Medici Venus" (left), in an attitude of Hellenistic modesty; Burt Glinn's Las Vegas sun worshippers (above), in 1969, when if you had it, you flaunted it; the "Venus of Willendorf" (right), a tiny Stone Age fertility figure with monumental proportions.

breast

ennobled by our quest for

After two decades

of ambivalence—what's new

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

phosis when he and his buxom girlfriend, Claire, were at the beach: "I lean back on the hot sand, dig down with my heels, shut my eyes, and wait with open lips for her breast to fill my mouth. What a sensation, there with the sea booming below! As though it were the globe itself—suckable soft globe!—and I Poseidon or Zeus! Oh, nothing beats the pleasures of the anthropomorphic god. . . . 'Where is that strange thing? Yes, again, again.' 'I don't want to cut off your air. You were turning green.' 'With envy,' I say."

Breasts hold out the promise of nourishment, comfort, and salvation. In painting and sculpture, Charity is often depicted as a nursing mother, as is the Madonna. The bare breast in art, Hollander says, "is an icon. A single bare breast, all the way back to antiquity, usually denotes a fierce woman who is a victim or a heroine. Her one bare breast always puts her in the moral right." The woman who appears this way is altruistic, unself-conscious, unaware that her breast is exposed. She is zealously embarked on a mission, protecting her children or defending her faith or saving France.

Breasts are also a sign of fecundity, an open invitation to men to come and sow their seed. The Venus of Willendorf is a prehistoric stone fertility figure whose distinguishing feature is her grossly disproportionate watermelon-shaped breasts. The surface of her head is textured; she has no eyes, no nose, no mouth. "Why hasn't she got a face?" one bewildered art-history student at a New York university asked her professor, a woman in her sixties. "Honey," the professor replied, "if you had tits like that, you wouldn't need a face either."

The bigger the breasts, apparently, the louder and clearer their message. In the interest of journalistic objectivity, I considered buying a pair of falsies and wearing them for a week, just to see how people react to a woman *(Continued on page 206)*

Details, last pages.

(Continued) with big breasts, the way John Howard Griffin in the late 1950s had his skin dyed in order to experience racial discrimination firsthand for his book *Black Like Me*. *Buxom Like Me*. But instead I polled the men I know. They insisted that size is immaterial, that small breasts can be just as arousing as large ones, that men today are more enlightened than to fall for a woman on the basis of the size of her chest. Well, I thought, that's gratifying. But then I talked with a few women better endowed than I, who said that men had admitted to them that big breasts are in fact what men really want deep down. "When I'm thinking about fashion," Norma Kamali says, "I think of perky little firm breasts that can go braless and not bounce or hang, and then I talk to men and realize that they like big tits." It's possible that the men I talked to were being charitable. Or maybe men lie, egged on by one another to admire ever-bigger breasts as an index of their own virility.

Regardless, there is in our society a billion-dollar industry in erotica, rife with pictures of breasts that look to me and, I dare say, to most women grotesque—abnormal and unnatural, overinflated, like water balloons about to burst—and yet look to the men who buy these images attractive and arousing. According to Dale Harris, a professor of art history at Cooper Union, "The pendulous breasts that so excite the *Playboy* and *Penthouse* people"—to say nothing of the readers of *Juggs*, which bills itself "The World's Dirtiest Tit-Mag"—are akin to the large phallus. "They are exact counterparts, on a scale we know to be ridiculous. Nonetheless, they serve as an erotic stimulus." The word that comes immediately to my mind when looking at these images is *boob*, which we employ as slang for *breast* (its second definition in my dictionary), but which also means "a stupid or foolish person; simpleton; dolt" (its first definition). The women featured in pornography are depicted in such a way as to seem wholly inviting, unlikely to give anyone an argument. The camera zeroes in on their breasts; the expressions on their faces are not knowing or ironic but blank. Their physical attributes are the limits of their individuality.

But size evidently isn't everything to all men. Shape also has its paragons and its adherents. Over the course of human history breasts have been made to assume a variety of forms, from round to flat to cone shaped, squeezed together or "lifted and separated" (as ads for the Playtex Cross Your Heart bra used to promise) or, currently, free-floating. The Empress Josephine, whose beautiful bosom and thick middle reputedly inspired the Empire waistline, had breasts so exquisitely formed that, it is said, the classic Champagne goblet was molded to their contour. Painters throughout history have favored small- to medium-sized breasts, firm and round, alabaster with a slight blush of pink. Even in instances when large breasts might have been justified, painters and sculptors often eschewed them. Portraits of whores, which tended to be painted in a more erotic style than those of aristocratic women, reveal breasts that are well shaped but not huge, the reason being, I imagine, that breasts—or, for that matter, a nose or feet—that are disproportionately large would distract the viewer from the picture as a whole. There are classic antique figures of Plenty that have, instead of two large breasts, many small breasts running up and down the torso.

At first *(Continued on page 244)*

1. Delacroix's "Liberty Leading the People," 1831.
2. Jane Russell, in "The Outlaw," 1941.
3. "La Nature," by Le Tribolo, 1527.
4. "Gabrielle d'Estrées and One of Her Sisters," circa 1595.
5. Theda Bara, in "Cleopatra," 1917.
6. Dolly Parton, in "Rhinestone," 1985.
7. Fouquet's "The Virgin of Melun," circa 1450.
8. Audrey Hepburn, in "Two for the Road," 1967.
9. Annette Funicello, in "Beach Blanket Bingo," 1963.

Details, last pages.

We allow breasts to subvert the way we see ourselves.
We underestimate the impact of a woman's voice, her laugh,
her gestures. Every woman, big breasted and flat chested alike,
must conceptualize her own femininity.

Michael Spano/
Robert Miller Gallery,
New York

Hair '86: real

ties...and illusions

Given that
this is a season
of longer hair.
And, given
that there are
always "trends,"
now—
bangs, layers,
controlled
hair that moves
off the face.
The modern
reality: what
women desire
is "self"-styled
hair that holds
up rain or shine,
looks good—
or *could*—
in a matter
of minutes.
Essential:
the cut—*left.*
the same one
layered at
three different
lengths...
the basis for
the charming
styles here, by
Sam McKnight.
His views.
hair-care news.
next pages

Starting point for hair today: mild shampooing, conditioning that doesn't build up. A few options, now.
Paul Mitchell's Super-charged conditioner; Zotos Bain de Terre botanicals shampoo; Neutrogena's new clear, oil-free conditioner. Makeup, these pages, Kevyn Aucoin.

Andrea Blanch

options

The very modern, very
subtle difference between
day-*right*—total,
uncomplicated ease
—and night-*left*,
heightened simply,
quickly to achieve
dramatic effect...

Instant hair stylers: liquid tools, such as Philip Kingsley's mousse, with, *far left*, the hair accessory of the season, an oversize "tortoise" bow, Charles J. Wahba. Another "accessory": color (e.g., Clairol's hairpainting kit). Neutral mouth, *above*: Maybelline Toasted Almond liner, Sugar Rose lipstick.

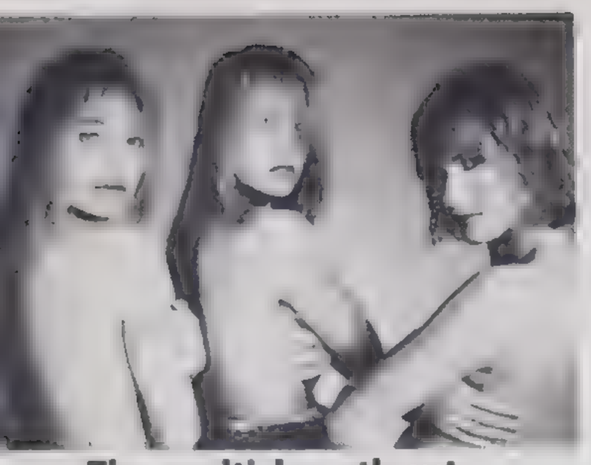
control

What makes these
looks so attractive
so utterly appealing
control at every length—
even the division
of length down
with a hairpiece—
and style versatility

Hair '86

Simplicity of style, now based on hair's health, rich "lights"—the kind achieved with L'Oréal's new soft-color highlights; and gel to coax bangs ultra straight (Sebastian's). Neutral, defined mouths, here: Chanel's Sienna lip liner, Golden Pink lipstick, *far left*. L'Oréal's Toned-up Taupe lips, *above*, with matching Rose Quartz nails.

Andrea Blanch



The multi-length cut...

Hair '86:

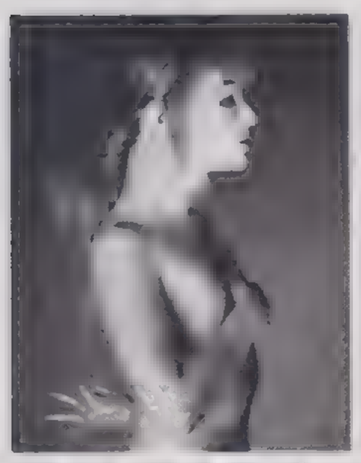
MODERN SOLUTI

New definitions of style have less to do with "fashion," more to do with ease, with a cut that allows for fast changes, regardless of length—which is our starting point: one cut, three lengths . . . the possibilities on pages 208-213

1. Heightened P.M. style

2. Basic day look

3. Simple P.M. effect



4. "Added" P.M. charm

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER

What these very modern looks, *left* (and on pages 208 to 213) have in common: they are examples of attractive and appealing hair. The common denominator, day or evening, is styling that is uncontrived, uncomplicated, with definite shape. In a word, controlled . . . but also with a simple line that allows a woman to manage her own hair, easily, herself. Specifics here:

1. The difference at night; achieved with fast, modern, "tools"—such as hands, some mousse—to add fullness, more dramatic shape to hair's front layers . . .

2. Basic guidelines for day—easy, uncomplicated style, a shape that holds its line, even in the rain . . .

3. Modern "evening" hair: a very simple effect—in this case, ultra-straight bangs—for slight exaggeration, can be done in a few minutes . . .

4. P.M. fantasy, now—a fake tail for added charm, instant change . . .

The man behind these cuts, these looks is Sam McKnight, who talks about modern hair, style, thinking here in a conversation with Vogue . . .

Q: What influences cut? Is it face shape? Hair texture?

Sam McKnight: Face shape, definitely; but body type and life style are also important . . . as is the way a woman likes to dress. All this must be considered if you're going to arrive at the best cut for a woman. You can't separate any of these factors. Hair has to adapt to *all* the moments in a woman's life.

Q: What else counts?

SMcK: From my point of view, it's better for a stylist to cut a woman's hair *after* he gets to know her a bit, so he can find out her needs. Talking with your stylist is crucial.

Q: Do you have any specific guidelines?

SMcK: No, I don't work with guidelines. The days of women having hair "styles" dictated to them are over. A woman doesn't have to conform to one particular "do" or a style of the season anymore. Every woman has different requirements; every haircut is individual. You can't say, for example, that short hair suits only someone with a small face; it's just not true. I don't think that's a modern guideline. Short hair might, in fact, suit a woman with a larger face. The right haircut depends on a woman's needs, not her face size. Modern example: on pages 208-209, you see the *same* layered cut at three different lengths. Each of these lengths could work on any model we *(Continued on page 248)*

The Problem-Solvers Modern methods are affecting hair's look. Here, a tipsheet on style, care

BODY BUILDING

● While a woman can learn which tools, products work best for her hair's length and texture through trial and error, a fast way to cut through the confusion of choices today, says John Sebastian, president of Sebastian International, is to discuss options with the stylist *first*.

● Too much length can "thin" hair; simply trimming an inch or two off shoulder-length hair can make hair seem instantly fuller, as can a blunt or minimally layered cut.

● To avoid weighing down hair when applying mousse, gel, hair spray, expert Paul Mitchell suggests rubbing mousse or gel between palms of hands first, pumping hair spray onto a brush, not directly onto hair.

● Setting lotion is a fast reshaper, can be sprayed on lightly before using hands to "place" hair—can even be used for a day-to-evening change.

HAIR REPAIR

● "Every woman who washes her hair daily needs to use a gentle shampoo, *not* those labeled for oily hair," says David Cannel, Ph.D., senior vice president, research and development, Redken. Look for a formula that contains triethanolamine laurel sulfate (TLS).

● Basic conditioning plan: Use an instant conditioner after ev-

Andrea Blanch

ONS TO STYLE, CARE...

ery *other* shampoo (one that won't build up: Neutrogena) . . . deep-condition once a week with a product that stays on hair for ten minutes . . . have a salon intensive conditioning treatment every four to six weeks.

● Fingers and wide-tooth combs are used as gentle styling tools at more and more salons. Essential if hair is colored or permed, says John Seifert of Procter & Gamble: a blow-dryer used on low-to-medium (not hot) settings only.

FAST, EASY HAIRCOLOR

● Pre-color consultations with stylist *and* colorist take much of the guesswork out of color, allow a woman to discuss maintenance, care needs.

● To offset color-caused damage, conditioners are now applied before or simultaneously with single-process color. At hair-care expert Philip Kingsley's, in NYC and London, women now come for conditioning treatments a day or two before having hair colored . . . at Bruno Dessange and Sergio Valente in NYC, fragile hair ends, bangs are coated with moisture-shielding oils before highlights are applied.

● For first-time coloring, highlights are "painted on" around face and on crown with a soft hairbrush. The advantage, say L'Oréal's James Viera and Constance Hartnett of NYC's Jean Louis David salon: color can be precise *and* subtle, can follow hair's natural layers, wave.

● In *every* type of haircolor, application is now concentrated away from the roots, for less frequent touch-ups, less *over*coloring and hair breakage, notes Clairol's John Corbett, Ph.D. On average, colorists touch up highlights every two to four months, *(Continued on page 249)*

Truth About Hair Sunscreens

Do hair products that contain sunscreens *really* benefit hair? The answer is a qualified yes . . .

. . . *if* you keep in mind that the sun's effect on hair is not comparable to the damage it can do to skin, and that "the sun is more damaging to hair's *appearance* than to its health," according to Sergio Nacht, Ph.D., director of biomedical research, Pantene Division of Richardson Vicks. Another point: the FDA has suggested guidelines for sunscreens for skin (these ratings, called sun protection factors, SPF, range from 2-15, depending on the strength of the sunscreening ingredient—and the length of time it protects skin from the sun); however, no such guidelines exist for sunscreened hair products.

Some hair companies have assigned "hair protection factors" to sunscreened products (see chart, page 247) to help consumers determine which are most/least protective. As there are no current industry standards, HPFs (also called Solar Guards) will vary from one company to the next, and products with the same number may not necessarily provide equal protection. Another difference: "SPF indicates how much longer you can stay in the sun without burning with a particular SPF than if you used nothing at all. HPF measures the amount of protection from sun damage that is provided by specific hair products," says Nacht.

"Sunscreened products are formulated to help protect hair from becoming weakened, dry, or brittle owing to overexposure to sun. Chemically-treated hair—i.e., permed or colored—and naturally blond hair need more protection.

"A sunscreened hair product labeled 15, for example, provides maximum protection, is for color-treated hair, and protects against fading, discoloration, and drying; 8 offers about half *(Continued on page 247)*

Growing More Hair?

Not until minoxidil has there been real hope; though the drug is likely to be approved, experts issue strong cautions

When it comes to keeping or losing your hair, genetics is destiny. The tendency to develop progressive hair thinning is an inherited trait, just like eye color. But whether or not that trait is translated into hair loss depends on the sensitivity of hair follicles to free androgens (male hormones) that circulate in the blood. Through an unexplained mechanism, androgens cause follicles to shrink. The hair then is somewhat miniaturized and finer in texture.

Scientists now refer to this hereditary thinning of the hair as *androgenetic alopecia*. It is the cause of so-called male-pattern baldness in men and thinning of the hair at the top of the head in women. The vast majority of men or women who are prone to hereditary thinning do *not* have abnormally high levels of circulating androgens but, rather, unusually susceptible hair follicles.

"Most women are poorly informed about androgenetic alopecia. First of all, it is not true, as many women imagine, that menopause causes hair thinning. Women who have the genetic trait for androgenetic alopecia usually begin to notice thinning of the hair during their twenties, but it may occur as early as the teens or as late as the thirties. Although the hair at the top of the head may thin noticeably, most women never become bald. Most affected women retain enough hair to style, even though they may have to work at it a bit," said Vera H. Price, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology, University of California, San Francisco.

Once one understands the causes of androgenetic hair loss, it becomes easy to see why most advertised hair-"growth" regimens are ineffective. "These products usually capitalize on the myth that hair loss is caused by bad *(Continued on page 248)*

Eddy Kohli

Major strength of the season, everywhere: coats, jackets, cover-ups. On these fourteen pages, the best from Europe. They go from "classic" to "avant-garde," but all share softer shapes, luxurious fabrics, flawless tailoring. And —all answer the need for real-life performance.

. . . In this season of darks, when you see color . . . you see red! Starting *from the left*: Gianni Versace's shearling coat— rounded in the shoulder, narrow-falling, duffel-easy but more city oriented. . . . From Valentino, a wool-knit tunic with the kind of relaxed but polished look to count on.

. . . The super jacket, by Yves Saint Laurent— strong-shouldered, shaped; to wear as a short, light coat. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. . . . And from a new English designer, Alistair Blair, a voluminous wool flannel cape with a coat underneath.

. . . Another city-oriented shearling, this, by Complice— short, zippered! These pages: hair, Bruno for Jean- Louis David; makeup, Thibault Vabre for Lancôme. Stores, last pages.

At Yves Saint Laurent leather has always been a favorite. On *this page*, in deep-grey leather, one of his hallmark ¾ coats with rounded shoulders, easy sleeves, zippered wrists—perfectly scaled, perfectly proportioned ...perfect! Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About $1990. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Boston; Jacksonville FL; Denver CO.

...One of the season's most tempting ideas—the bathrobe coat. Not translated exactly, just in principle—the warm, cozy feeling of a coat you belt or tie close at the waist. An outstanding version, *opposite*, by Mario Valentino in shearling—smaller, shorter, a great length for short skirts, pants. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

Eddy Kohli

Leather:
sleek
city-styled
—the
"fabric" of
choice in
everything
—giving
everything
an edge

Now:
"classic
plus"—
all the
advantages
of classic
coats/
jackets . . .
with
a "twist"

Eddy Kohli

The "twist" that adds new zest, reinterprets the classics, is never excessive, never eccentric. It's often a matter of nuance, of subtle changes in line, ornamentation, shape. The idea—fast—in Chanel's "basic" black double-breasted coat, *opposite:* Shorter, narrower, with rounded shoulders, epaulets, gold buttons!...racy as an elongated jacket. About $1670. August at Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Chanel Boutique, Palm Beach; Jacobson's.

...And, for all the times you need a short coat (over short skirts, pants)—Yves Saint Laurent's, *this page.* The shape's the same as his star jacket—shawl-collared, close at the waist, loosely based on a redingote, but sharper, racier, clearly new. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About $1295. Barneys New York; John Wanamaker; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Short Hills NJ; Washington DC; Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

There's a slightly offbeat unexpected approach to stripe dressing. It's all the difference between "serious" and "stereotyped." This season's pin-striped suit can be Thierry Mugler's wool, this version in green and white —the jacket decisively shaped, rounded and oversized at the top, held by a wide belt; the skirt short and narrow. About $1485. To order at Barneys New York, Rumsuell, Coconut Grove FL; Neiman Marcus. Another unstereotypical approach: another beautiful suit, Emanuel Ungaro's, opposite, in wool tweed —a long jacket with strong, flanged shoulders, a shaped waist, another short skirt. Suit about $1765. Blouse, about $470. Turnout love. Suit, Barney's Brooklyn NY; Nan Duskin. Suit, Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA. Details, more stories, last pages

Eddy Kohli

The best
suits
are polished
and
proper by
any
standard. . .
but far
from
standard

Front-
runners
even
in this
strong
coat
season:
the
camel-
color
“polo”
coats

The perennial camel-color coats turned up on both sides of the Atlantic. On these pages, two of the best. Each a little oversized, longer, not-precisely-classic. . . .It's not only the look of Giorgio Armani's wool camel coat, *opposite*, it's the way it feels. Put it on and you sense the pleasure of precise, perfect master tailoring. More delight, the slightly out-of-context way he showed it—over a flower-y silk print dress. Giorgio Armani Couture. To order, late July at Bloomingdale's. . . .And from Yves Saint Laurent, *this page*, another perfect looking, perfect feeling camel-color wool/cashmere coat, here over a baby alpaca pullover and wool flannel trousers, capable of going over anything, almost any time. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Coat, about $1670. Shirt, about $620. Pants, about $355. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY; Washington DC; Jacksonville FL; Denver CO; I. Magnin. Details, last pages.

Eddy Kohli

Eddy Kohli

More of the new jackets, new skirts, that move suit-dressing in a new direction. *Opposite:* Gianfranco Ferre's rounded jacket over another jacket, a short narrow skirt. Turnout: Bergdorf Goodman; Jimmy's Brooklyn NY; Courtyard at Marriott, Bellport, East Norwich NY; Skin at Sakowitz. The idea of a long skirt for day—or late day/dinner—the way it works on this person, in Luciano Soprani's microdotted narrow sarong with his signature jacket—small behind, round in the shoulders. Skirt, about $345, jacket, about $460. Vendorama, NYC; The Twenty Four Collection, Miami; Linda Overton, Troy MI; Rachael Brownell, Indianapolis IN; Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Details more stories, last pages.

When it comes to investment buying —nothing's a better investment than the best coat you can buy

. . .And this is a season when coats are good, better, best. Two, best of the best, on these pages. *Opposite*, from Fendi, of kolinsky fur, in Karl Lagerfeld's key shape —with rounded shoulders, an almost-circular hem, voluminous but controlled —and so light you belt it as you would a dress. Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. . .The coat that does it all, *right*: Valentino's—slim, midcalf, with a beaver collar, a manner flexible enough to go over a gilet, shirt and pants as you see it. . .or a short dinner dress at night. September at Valentino Boutiques, NYC; Washington DC; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase; Montaldo's; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

Eddy Kohli

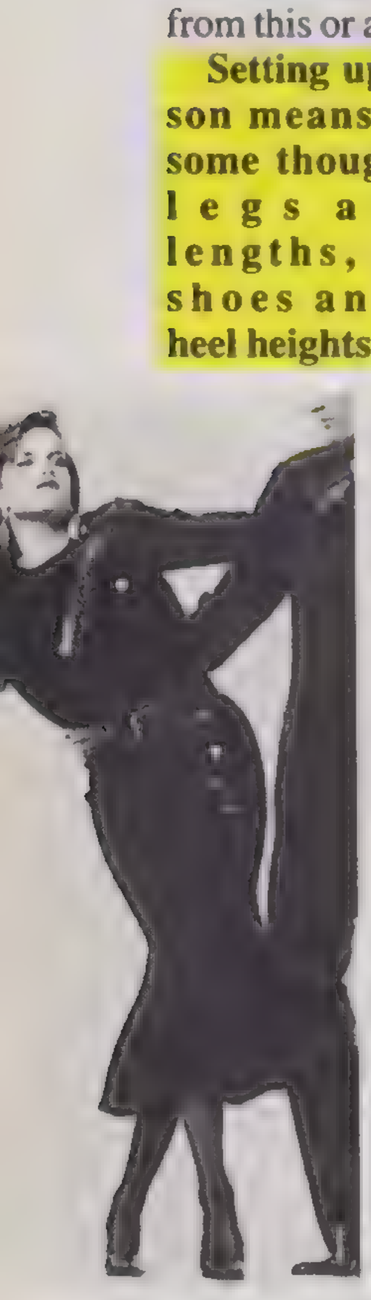
VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: new shoes, new boots—for setting up the coming season . . . the best dressing in long or in short skirts . . . great looks in hair . . . fall's standout shape—new hoop earrings

It's much the same for every woman. At the start of a new season, assessing the major—and minor—fashion changes taking place, determining the basics of the look one wants (a change in a bag or belt, a different coat, a new workday shoe) takes working out. After those basics are settled on, clothes slide into place—clothes from this or any season.

Setting up this season means giving some thought to legs and lengths, to shoes and heel heights.



coat (2) or pumps with some other kind of "material" interest and texture such as reptile or patent. With the season's renewed interest, though, in boots, both short and long—and some truly remarkable examples are turning up now—short skirts such as these often easily take to boots. With Thierry Mugler's striped wool suit (3), ones that are very high—with something of a heel—seem to strike just the right balance.

From one runway to the next, in Milan, Paris, or New York City, designers have paired fall's longer skirts with flats—an attractive and

Michael Kors's grey wool jersey (5), cut on the bias. **Entertaining or relaxing at home, most women enjoy the ease of flat—or near-flat—shoes. Going out at night, though, can be a different story.** At night, no hard-and-fast rules apply. In some circumstances, at night, certain women may opt for something higher than pancake-flat shoes. Smaller women are often better off balancing the extra length and fabric of longer skirts with the lift of a heel—as we did with Bill Blass's mid-calf jersey dress with its flaring, trumpet-skirted hem (1). Not every foot looks equally

There's no doubt these new longer, softer skirts have a definite romantic charm. So, too, does the quality of beauty now. Hair, especially, is taking on more of a classic softness, more of a prettiness—and more length than we've seen in several years (4). Nothing's tortured; shape usually comes from layering around the face. It's a direction that makes for a refreshing, very feminine change this season.

A final word—on hoop earrings (4), probably the season's most pervasive new accent: you'll be seeing hoops in gold or silver, matte or shiny. Most important is

On the whole, you'll find, two different skirt lengths dominate the season: one is shorter, to the top of the knee; the other, quite long (depending on your legs, your body, that longer length can go anywhere from just below the calf to about an inch or so above the ankle). **Current thinking on length says short skirts usually take heels, most often pumps,** shoes like the racy brown suedes worn with Mario Valentino's short leather skirt and sheepskin

sometimes difficult-to-wear proportion. Moving these longer skirts and flat-heeled shoes from the runway to real life takes some consideration: the type of shoe or boot, the texture and weight of stockings, all enter into it.

In most cases, charming flats—again, with some texture interest—provide the most easygoing proportion for a long skirt by day. Boots, too (5), by "grounding" the look, allow for the softness of a longer skirt, for the fluidity of good in flat-heeled shoes. A broad or long foot, for instance, tends to look more attractive with a low, slender heel.

One thing that does work across the board: toning stockings to shoes. And, in general you'll find, longer skirts need some weight in stockings. This season, somewhat heavier stockings—not in a pattern, but in lisle or a sweatery, flat knit—do the trick. At night, nothing beats legs in sheer dark stockings.

to find a version with a sense of scale (best sizes fall in the quarter-coin to silver-dollar range). The newest, and to our eyes, best-looking are those that are tubular. Like hair styles, it's a look based on shape: bigger, with some mass, some scale, but essentially simple. **And just as hair is neither manipulated, frizzy, nor extended, so the best hoops are simple, rather than excessive or ornate.** Which just about sums up the attitude of the season. ▽

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VOGUE'S health style

Food fortification: pros, cons . . . advice, should you take it or leave it? . . . warm-weather eating . . . ideal exercises

Diet Precision

Americans who spent over two billion dollars last year on "lite" and "lean" foods may not be getting what they paid for. Some "lite" frozen meals, for example, contain 35 percent fat, 1500 milligrams of sodium (the latter, what some experts recommend as a limit for a full *day*). In an effort to establish national standards for such labels, Congressman Jim Cooper has introduced a bill that would require all prepared or frozen foods sold as "lite" to have either one-third fewer calories, half the fat, or three-quarters the sodium than is usual for that food, and "lean" items to have no more than two grams of fat per serving and no more than 10 percent fat dry weight. At press time, the American Heart Association and Center for Science in the Public Interest endorsed the pending legislation.

SEX AND AGING

While it was once assumed that a woman's sexual desire and satisfaction diminished after age fifty, more and more experts believe that this is not the case. The latest studies suggest that sexuality is more closely tied to attitude than to age—and that, for some women, sexual pleasure may *increase* later in life.

In a survey conducted by Frances Purifoy, Ph.D., at the National Institute on Aging, more than 80 percent of women over age sixty reported that menopause had had either a negligible or positive effect on sexual satisfaction, with a significant number noting that freedom from concerns about menstruation or contraception actually resulted in greater enjoyment of lovemaking. "While the majority of women acknowledged that menopause had produced a slight diminishing of sexual desire and a decrease in vaginal lubrication, they felt that these changes had not lessened sexual satisfaction," said Dr. Purifoy. "What mattered more was how well a woman communicated with her partner, if they talked about their feelings and worked out problems together."

What may also be contributing to new reports of post-menopausal sexual satisfaction, said Lin S. Meyers, Ph.D., of the department of physiology, Stanford University, is "the change in older women's self-perceptions, their view of their own attractiveness, as well as increasing evidence that continued sexual activity actually helps to maintain genital integrity, physically reinforcing a woman's capacity for arousal."

A study published in the *Archives of Sexual Behavior* suggests that another benefit of remaining sexually active later in life may be a decrease in the physical side effects of menopause, especially the frequency and severity of hot flashes. In a study of forty-three women around the time of menopause, Norma McCoy, Ph.D., of San Francisco State University and colleagues found that women who had no hot flashes tended to have sex once a week or more, while those who suffered hot flashes had more sporadic sex. "The theory has always been that women who don't suffer hot flashes naturally maintain a higher level of hormones, which may also be associated with enhanced sexual desire," said Dr. McCoy. "Our study suggests it may be the other way around, that continued sexual activity may actually moderate the wild fluctuations in estrogen levels that cause hot flashes."

WHAT MOTIVATES WOMEN TO BE PHYSICALLY ACTIVE? MORE THAN HALF OF US WHO EXERCISE OR PLAY SPORTS DO SO FOR HEALTH BENEFITS, WHILE OTHERS CITE EXERCISE'S STRESS-REDUCING POWERS AND THE FEELING OF ACCOMPLISHMENT THAT A SPORT CAN PROVIDE. ONE RESULT OF MAKING FITNESS A HABIT: 60 PERCENT OF ACTIVE WOMEN SAY THEY FEEL BETTER ABOUT THEIR BODIES NOW THAN FIVE YEARS AGO . . . . —FROM THE MILLER LITE/WOMEN'S SPORTS FOUNDATION REPORT ON WOMEN IN SPORTS

MENTAL HIGH

The power of concentration—this cliché takes on a whole new meaning, based on information about concentration's mental and physical benefits. Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, Ph.D., professor and chairman, department of behavioral sciences at the University of Chicago, found that intense concentration produces a level of euphoria normally associated with sex, certain drugs, or endurance sports.
Dr. Csikszentmihalyi calls this kind of intense concentration "flow." Apparently, everyone who's experienced it—from tennis players to surgeons—gives the same report: Your focus of attention narrows, you feel relaxed, sense of time disappears and, as your actions and awareness merge, the outside world and its problems recede.
Dr. Csikszentmihalyi found that certain activities—dance, sports, painting, or other activities that "narrow your focus of attention, have clear goals, give feedback, and get you involved"—are conducive to producing "flow."
Can you create a situation that encourages this kind of concentration? Dr. Csikszentmihalyi believes it's possible, under proper conditions. If, for example, you're tackling a familiar work-related task (e.g., writing a report), by challenging yourself to approach the task in a new way—writing in a different style, trying to complete it in half the usual time—you may experience the exhilaration of intense concentration.
There is evidence that people who experience "flow" work longer and watch television less often than others. Dr. Csikszentmihalyi goes so far as to say that the more "flow" experiences one has, the better her quality of life.

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Bea Montague

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VOGUE'S health style your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

"Advice is judged by results, not by intentions," said Cicero. But when you're considering advice, you *need* to evaluate the intentions of the giver—as well as your own feelings—to determine if someone else's counsel will work for you. Good advice doesn't necessarily tell you *what* to do, but it should help to clarify your options. The final decision always is yours, and involves many factors, including priorities, needs, values that only you can assess.

"Advice has to be measured in several ways," says psychiatrist Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D., former president of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis. "First you have to evaluate the substance of the advice as best you can, to determine if a particular suggestion is worth considering. Then you have to examine *who* is giving it:

"*What kind of history do you have with the person giving the advice?* Has he or she been a benevolent or malevolent adviser in the past? If this person has been malevolent, acting out of selfish motives, being manipulative, giving poor advice, then be wary." (Be suspicious if a colleague who has been jealous of your success advises you not to take a job offer that looks good to you.) "If the person has a history of being benevolent, objective, and giving advice in your best interest, you can be more receptive," says Dr. Rubin.

"*Next, examine how you react to advice.* Are you vulnerable to it because you're compliant, need to be liked, and tend to be dependent? If so, you have to be especially careful to evaluate the substance of the advice and to listen to alternatives, because you're likely to be swayed by almost anybody, even when the advice is bad. On the other hand, if you tend to reject most suggestions automatically, be careful that you don't go against good advice just for the sake of being defiant. Whether you comply or rebel, you're still putting your well-being into the hands of another.

"*Finally, what is your personal relationship to the adviser?* You must be particularly careful with people who have been very influential in your life, neither to throw the advice away, nor blindly to comply with it."

Some of the most distressing advice is offered gratuitiously by people who always point out potential disasters. "Typically this person is resigned, afraid of change, and threatened by anybody else's change," says Dr. Rubin. "Since she must sustain her own status quo, she'll do everything to promote your sustaining yours. She can't be objective."

A dangerous temptation in our age of technology and specialization is to put yourself in the hands of a proven expert and rely on his advice. After all, that's what you're paying for, whether you're hiring a repairman or a stockbroker. But each time you accept advice blindly while rejecting involvement, you increase your likelihood of feeling out of control and disconnected from your world. Few problems are so abstruse that you can't understand the principles involved. Obviously you can't evaluate every detail, but you also can't afford to ignore them completely.

"Taking advice: are the words of wisdom in your best interest or your counselor's?"

Some subjects are so touchy that advice shouldn't be given or sought. "When it comes to questions of love, whom to marry or to live with, no one knows enough to advise you," says Dr. Rubin, whose new book, *Lisa and David Today* (Macmillan), continues the classic story about the curative power of love. "Friendships often are destroyed by romantic advice that goes wrong. However, by listening to you and being a sounding board, a friend might help you to find your answer."

In the area of artistic integrity, good advice is all but impossible to give or to take, because a single unique vision must reign. "Far too noisy, my dear Mozart. Far too many notes" was Emperor Ferdinand's counsel after the first performance of *The Marriage of Figaro*—a musical misjudgment quoted in Stephen Pile's *Book of Heroic Failures* (Ballantine).

The best advice often resonates with your own intuition; it may clarify your perspective or strengthen an inclination. And although it's been said that we each must make our own mistakes, good advice can accomplish that rare feat of enabling you to benefit from the experience of others.

Weight loss wizardry?

We've all been cautioned about the health hazards of diets that produce fast, dramatic weight loss. Why is one of these diets now getting raves from dieters and experts alike? The public enthusiasm for The Rotation Diet is clearly a credit to its convenience and results. The diet was introduced at Nashville's Kroger supermarket, where participants were screened, weighed in, and given the diet plan and shopping lists. Now, the program has spread to other supermarkets and "The Rotation Diet" (W.W. Norton) is available in the bookstores.

The diet was developed by psychologist Martin Katahn, Ph.D., director of Vanderbilt University's Weight Management Program. On his program, an average (5'4", 154 pound) woman may lose as many as twelve pounds in twenty-one days. How can this dramatic diet be safe? First, Dr. Katahn limits severe caloric restriction to short periods. For women, it's three days at 600 calories, four days at 900, one week at 1200, then back to the 600/900 calorie scheme. After three weeks, dieting stops. "In the first week, the five pound weight loss is 50 to 60 percent water," said Dr. Katahn. "As the diet continues, the weight loss shifts to fat reduction." According to Dr. Katahn's studies, never does the weight loss come from lean body mass.

The Rotation Diet does have its shortcomings. Dr. Katahn himself cautions that the diet is not meant for people who are less than fifteen pounds over ideal weight, who have diabetes or other health problems, or for women who are pregnant or lactating.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., professor of nutrition at the University of California, Davis, is skeptical of the claim that even women who exercise while on the diet don't lose at least a small proportion of weight from lean muscle mass.

As with any severe calorie-restricted program, there is opportunity for abuse. Women may be tempted to stay on the 600 calorie-a-day plan longer than three days to achieve more dramatic results. On all but the 1200 calorie days, a woman won't meet her needs for calcium and iron. Dr. Katahn recommends supplementation to meet—but not exceed—nutrient requirements.

"If you're healthy, this short-term diet can be a great way to start a weight-loss effort," said Dr. Stern. "To maintain that loss, a woman should continue to make modifications in diet and increase her level of physical activity after going off The Rotation Diet."

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When your body's in great condition, it should show.

By Christie Brinkley

Everyone who uses my Prell Body-Building Shampoo should know there's only one way I'd show off that beautiful body—with Prell Conditioner. Prell Body-Enhancing Conditioner is specially made to take all the body Prell shampoos in, and manage it—enhance it. So never stop with just building body. Build it all the way to *body beautiful* with Prell Conditioner.

Prell Shampoo and Prell Conditioner
The Unbeatable Body-Building System

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Your diet: fortified—for what?

BY JUDITH S. STERN, SC.D.

Today, vitamins and minerals are being added to everything from cereals to soft drinks. Do we really need all of these extra nutrients? Are there any problems in eating fortified foods?

Our continuing fascination with vitamins and minerals, along with the recent introduction of supplemented soft drinks, bring new interest to fortification. Diet Squirt Plus, billed as "a refreshing soft drink that is good for you," is supplemented with vitamins C, B_6, B_{12}, niacin, biotin, and pantothenic acid. The latest soft-drink entry is Coca-Cola's calcium-fortified Tab, now in test markets. What can be bad about a fortified soft drink? I have several concerns, the first is philosophical. Putting vitamins and minerals in a diet drink gives a healthful connotation to a beverage that basically has no nutritional value.

The guidelines for the supplementation of food endorsed by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences and the American Medical Association may help to evaluate calcium-fortified Tab:

1. "A food can be supplemented when the intake of a nutrient is below the desirable level in diets of a significant number of people." American women clearly should be getting more calcium in their diets.
2. "The supplemented food is likely to be eaten in quantities that make a significant contribution." One twelve-ounce serving of calcium-fortified Tab supplies about 10 percent (100 mg) of a woman's RDA (recommended dietary allowance), a significant amount.
3. "The addition of the nutrient is not likely to create an imbalance of other nutrients." This would result only if a woman's intake of fortified Tab were excessive and her magnesium intake were low. At this time, Coca-Cola has no plans to add magnesium to Tab.
4. "The nutrient added is stable with storage." According to Coca-Cola, the addition of calcium does not reduce Tab's shelf life.
5. "The nutrient is physiologically available from food." Tests are under way to measure how much calcium women absorb from fortified Tab. While I don't anticipate any problems, ideally these tests should be completed *before* the product reaches the public in test markets.
6. "As a result of the supplementation, excessive intake or toxicity is not a problem." As only 2 percent of Americans drink more than three soft drinks daily, calcium-fortified Tab alone should not present a risk of oversupplementation.

As soft drinks don't set out to contribute nutrients but simply aim to "refresh," they are inappropriate vehicles for fortification. On the other hand, because we count on breads and breakfast cereals for nutrients, they make excellent vehicles for certain vitamins, minerals, and fiber. Niacin, B_1, B_2, and iron have long been added to bread. The FDA recently approved an expanded fortification of breads to include vitamins A, B_6, folic acid; and minerals magnesium, zinc, and calcium.

"Cereals are part of an adult's balanced breakfast, a meal that should provide about one-third of the day's calories and nutrients," says Bud Coccodrilli, Ph.D., center manager of nutrition and health sciences at General Foods, explaining how the company determines appropriate fortification for Post Fruit & Fibre cereal. Many cereals today contain added A and B vitamins, essential minerals (such as iron and zinc), and dietary fiber.

What about "super-enriched" cereals, those that contain 100 percent or more of the USRDA (recommended daily allowances, the numbers that appear on food labels) for a number of nutrients? I would avoid these—or any fortified food containing 100 percent or more of the USRDA for a number of vitamins and minerals.

"We don't want to reach a point where every food is fortified," says Sanford Miller, Ph.D., director of The Center for Food Safety and Applied Nutrition at the FDA. "For example, as the number of calcium-fortified products increases, so does the real possibility of getting too much calcium." At the opposite extreme, eating a fortified food may give a woman a false sense of security; she may believe a few cans of calcium-fortified Tab fulfill her calcium requirements when, in fact, she may be getting a fraction of what she needs.

A woman who is truly concerned about meeting the RDAs may want to keep an eating record, then consult a registered dietitian about taking a vitamin/mineral supplement.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California, Davis*

Summer stings

Stings by jellyfish and mosquitoes are two downsides of spending time outdoors during warm weather. But these stings aren't inevitable. Here, prevention and treatment strategies...

Jellyfish can cause anything from a minor sting to major health risks. To minimize those risks, Joseph W. Burnett, M.D., professor of dermatology at the University of Maryland School of Medicine's division of dermatology, recommends you avoid swimming in infested water. If you've been stung, see a doctor immediately and try to provide a description of the jellyfish; first aid treatment depends on which kind of jellyfish did the damage. When you can't get to a doctor right away, Dr. Burnett advises: if you got the sting in water north of Norfolk, Virginia, treat it with an application of baking soda paste. South of Norfolk or in California, the jellyfish could be a man-of-war, and the affected area should be bathed in vinegar. Both treatments immobilize the capsules that deliver venom into skin, and allow you to then remove these stingers. If there is any pain following removal, Dr. Burnett advises you to consult a doctor.

Mosquitoes strike more often in the early morning and late afternoon. As mosquitoes are drawn to carbon dioxide and body heat, large people (who exhale more carbon dioxide and generate more heat) are more susceptible to bites than small people. Certain body chemistries attract mosquitoes, others repel them (but, wearing fragrance doesn't make you a more enticing target). Insect repellents work, but not the way many of us suspect; they actually confuse a mosquito's senses, sending him off to other targets.

TOTAL-BODY BENEFITS

How to get the greatest returns from each exercise session, say experts: choose an aerobic activity that works all four extremities, arms as well as legs. Among the exercises now deemed ideal aerobic options are swimming, walking while "pumping" *light* hand weights, working out on a rowing machine, and riding a stationary bicycle with movable, arm-strengthening handlebars. It's also essential, of course, that your warm-up and cool-down routines focus on all the muscles used during the workout.

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VOGUE'S health style

Appetite and heat

Why does hot weather sometimes diminish a woman's appetite? "Fewer calories are needed in hot weather to maintain the body's normal internal temperature; we desire less food and tend to have smaller appetites than we do in winter," said George L. Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., associate professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School; director of the Nutrition Support Service, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston.

Many women are delighted with this reduction of appetite and food intake because it gives them a chance to shed excess weight. While eating slightly less in summer is fine for most people, undereating—and not meeting nutritional requirements—can cause problems. "There is no way to undereat and maintain energy," said Dr. Blackburn.

To ensure good nutrition and energy in summer, Dr. Blackburn recommends:

- Avoid eating hot, calorically dense foods—such as heavy soups, stews, or hot casseroles—which raise internal body temperature during digestion.
- Meals high in complex carbohydrates—such as pasta, rice, potatoes—provide a good source of energy. Incorporate these foods into cold summer salads.
- Try eating smaller, more frequent meals.
- Eat lots of fruits and vegetables; melons especially have a high water content.
- Drink at least six eight-ounce glasses of water a day to maintain your fluid levels. Increase that intake if you're physically active.

GOOD READS

You're right to be wary of many of the diet and health books on the market, but a few are real winners. "The Nutritional Ages of Women" by Patricia Long (Macmillan) is relief for anyone who's fed up with diet misinformation. Especially valuable: sections separating fact from fiction about eating for beauty, for sports, for weight/energy control. . . . Calcium is the hot topic in nutrition today, and rightly so. An estimated two-thirds of American women fall short of the Recommended Dietary Allowance for calcium, a deficit that could put a woman at risk of osteoporosis (an age-related thinning of bone). While many women may not want to read a whole book on the subject, "The Calcium Bible" by Patricia Hausman (Rawson Associates) and "Osteoporosis: Your Head Start on the Prevention & Treatment of Brittle Bones" by David F. Fardon, M.D. (Macmillan) are first rate. . . . Staying in the hospital can be unnerving and expensive. In "The Hospital Experience" (Berkley Books), Judith Nierenberg, R.N., M.A., and Florence Janovic unravel the mysteries of hospital tests, treatments, and jargon. . . . Home care is becoming an increasing alternative to long-term hospital stays for some patients. In her comprehensive guide, "Home Health Care" (W.W. Norton), Jo Ann Friedman plots out everything from determining whether you can withstand the emotional strains of becoming a "caregiver" to "building" a hospital room at home.

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SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

(Continued from page 184)

If the jury of professors gave Sartre first place in the exams, citing his "uncommon turn of mind," it gave her second place and affirmed, "She is *the* philosopher."

What effect will De Beauvoir have on the future? What will remain of her influence? Will her literary work survive—those eight novels, eight book-length essays, five autobiographical volumes, the single play? The scores of forewords, articles, interviews, and petitions?

Certainly, the novelist will not leave a deep mark on the history of literature. Rather she'll live on as the chronicler, the memorialist, of a generation of intellectuals who set about trying to bridge the gap between literature and politics in an endless, varying dialogue. She knew how to sort out the connections between history and the projects, passions, journeys, of her group and its attempt to assign a social function to literature. She could listen to her inner voice while also attending to the world around her. She went forth as a political militant, traveling all over the world and describing it again and again. Adroit in analyzing her crises and sufferings, she knew how to stalk pain by looking it right in the eyes and then how to describe what made her hurt in minute, precise, abundant detail. That was the way she described her mother's death, the death of her best childhood friend, finally Sartre's death. That was the way she wrote a whole book on old age and physical decay. It was as a woman and as a woman philosopher that she achieved these acts of exorcism.

Of course, a special place must be reserved for *The Second Sex*, De Beauvoir's book on women that created a scandal when it was published in France, in 1949. Later it played an essential role in the early history of the feminist movement. Women at that time took as a personal manifesto her most famous aphorism: "One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman."

She became Simone de Beauvoir by conducting her life from one struggle to another, from one achievement to another. She came out against her own family and social background. Against public opinion and what people would say. Even against Sartre, finally, though more often she collaborated with him.

In the very first moments of their relationship he announced that he loved her but that as a polygamist, he would not give up his freedom. She maintained a dominant place in his life, while dealing with his need for affairs and freedom.

Did she feel jealous? If so, she had many strategies for coping with it. She'd describe everything in detail (autobiography); she'd sometimes mirror her situation in fiction (novels like *L'Invitée* and *Les Mandarins*); she sometimes had her own love affairs (with Chicago novelist Nelson Algren, with film director Claude Lanzmann). No matter what, she'd go on praising Sartre publicly. For instance, in January, 1946, Sartre traveled to the United States to spend half a year with a woman he'd met in New York six months earlier. De Beauvoir knew Sartre was madly in love, and she suffered a great deal. Nevertheless, at this very time she wrote a long portrait of him for *Harper's Bazaar* in order to introduce him to the American public. She wrote, "Jean-Paul Sartre is a new sort of figure in life and letters. . . . He has always felt a violent antipathy for persons swollen with self-importance. He doesn't like doctors, engineers, or cabinet ministers. As a general rule, he avoids the company of successful men, preferring that of women and younger men, because they impress him as having more spontaneity and truth. . . ."

Simone de Beauvoir tried to hug the truth as tightly as possible, never evading or embellishing it, to an extent that many of the women she met still mention today a certain cruelty in her, a kind of tough destructiveness. She maintained her own career at the side of her "great man," always criticizing him, always forcing him in his own books to dig deeper as though he were not yet Sartre. More systematic and better organized than he, she discovered new books for them both to read and new literary affinities. She was the one who processed information for both of them, the one who was always able to dynamite the model of the traditional bourgeois married couple. Together they met Mao, Khrushchev, Nasser, Castro. Together they developed parallel careers as teachers, writers, militant-travelers. She became Simone de Beauvoir, the very image of the new woman and the woman philosopher.

Among the five thousand mourners in Paris who followed her coffin (mostly women, women of all ages and all countries) were green-haired punk schoolgirls walking with Kate Millett. Then there was a delegation of African women in traditional costume. Next, a band of Madrid militants holding up a banner. This disorganized procession, "a women's ceremony," wrote *Le Monde*, seemed anything but a conventional cortege. Huge wreaths adorned with ribbons bearing the names of women's groups from around the world and enormous sprays of white and pink flowers carpeted the main lane of the Montparnasse cemetery on the day of her funeral. This avalanche of tribute had been sent by her readers from the Far East, Africa, Australia, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, South and North America. "For me she was the most important woman in the world!" a young woman shouted in front of a television camera.

The date was April 19, 1986, precisely six years after Sartre's funeral, same place, same day, same time. ▽

FALLING IN LOVE

(Continued from page 191)

that traditionally it was women who were the obscure, unattainable, idealized, and ardently desired objects of male pursuit.

Hardships of sociology and statistics aside, there is also the question of what is sane, progressive, good for us—and here, again, the common counsel warns against our romantic tendencies. Feminist theorists have not dealt much with romantic love directly, but implicitly they have seen it as something to get over in the interest of our greater health and autonomy. Sharon Thompson, a feminist who is interested in the positive value of romantic love, observes in her essay "Search for Tomorrow: On Feminism and the Reconstruction of Teen Romance" (1982) that feminists "have distrusted romance as one of the chief ways that women 'do it' to themselves, that is, dupe and enchain themselves. Romance, we have said, is a trap too charged with misogyny and domination for women to risk." Such caveats have affected many of us quite profoundly; after all, we don't want to become passive victims of our own penchant for submission or need for rescue. We don't want to gamble away our hard-won destinies for a momentary rush, a sterile fantasy. We don't want to be smart women making foolish choices.

And so, all too often, in the matter of love we are left with a discomforting discrepancy between ideology and experience, between the personal and the political. We haven't ceased to be preoccupied with romantic love; we have just become shamefaced about it. But which part of us, in this internal division, is right? Should we trust the call of desire or the sober voice of caution?

There is no denying that much of the theoretical literature on the subject is discouraging. In general, romantic love is condemned on two grounds: that it is doomed, and that it is delusional. In his classic study *Love in the Western World* (1940), Denis de Rougemont elaborates the proposition that romantic love and death are inextricably intertwined because it is the aim of such love to seek transcendence not attainable by any mortal. Thus, romantic fervor is satisfied only by its own dissatisfaction, and it needs to invent ever new obstacles to stoke its fires. Tristan and Isolde, those archetypal figures of romantic mythology, place a sword between them when all external impediments fail; after all, what fun is love once it becomes easy?

In our basically secular times, few of us associate the fevers of earthly love with a desire for the Godhead. Still, we sort of know what De Rougemont is talking about. There's nothing like a few crossed stars (he's in the U.S., she can't get out of the U.S.S.R., is one modern version) or a touch of the forbidden to raise the ante and the intensity. But it turns out that all the turmoil, the *Sturm und Drang*, of unlawful passion is available without the aid of any external obstacles, that the pleasures of romance will survive the death of many taboos. The simple mystery, the otherness, of the Other—his separate will, wiles, soul—is quite enough to make us feel the tension of our division and the longing for union, which can never be entirely fulfilled.

As for the delusional view, its adherents are legion. In one of the first attempts to give it a systematic interpretation, Stendhal, in his book *Love*, comes up with the metaphor of "crystallization"—a process whereby, once we pass through the crucial moment of getting hooked, we begin to attach all sorts of qualities of virtue, beauty, and perfection to our beloved, until the beloved becomes almost entirely a creature of our imagination. With Freud and the psychoanalytic schools, we enter a maze of illusion, a house of mirrors, in *(Continued on page 243)*

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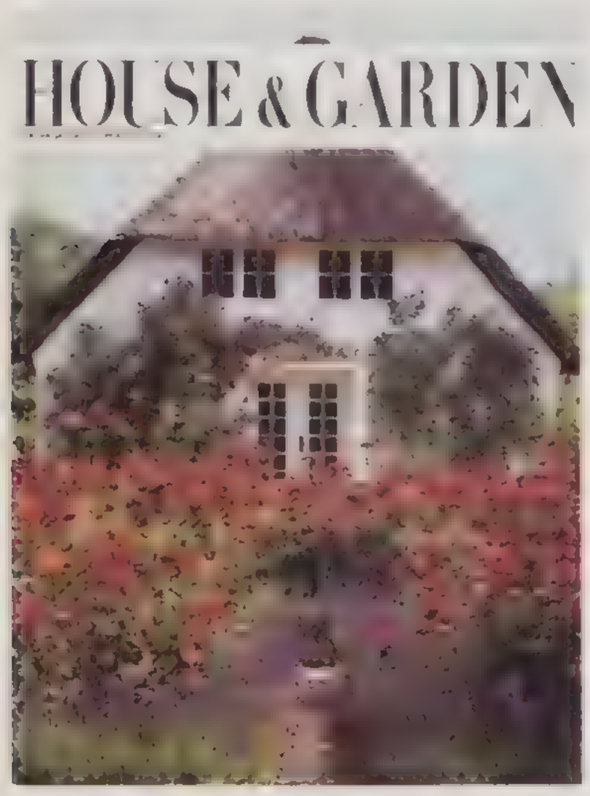

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FALLING IN LOVE

(Continued from page 241)

which it is hard to take any of our emotions at face value. Romantic love becomes primarily an expression of our pre-Oedipal narcissism and need for completion. Our unresolved conflicts about our parental figures—including an infantile need for symbiosis—are enacted in our adult intimacies and fixations. The person in front of us is more often than not a pretext, a substitute for the protagonists in that first, family romance.

There is much to learn from skeptical analyses, especially about that borderline where legitimate love meets neurosis. The possibility of chimerical self-deception is indeed the great pitfall of romantic love. The danger is that we may be in love with the drama of love, that just to feel that oceanic transport, we dissolve, so to speak, in the presence of the first sufficiently attractive person. In that case, we are likely to be rudely washed ashore again and again, chilled by the realization that the person we thought we knew so piercingly turns out to be a perfect (or, more often, very imperfect) stranger. The aura that surrounded our lover is gone, and we suddenly see crystal clear that his taste in shoes is downright pretentious or that her preference for photorealism is less than adorable. Instead of bewitched, bothered, and bewildered, we feel dejected, disenchanted, gulled.

So much for the case against. The question, after all of this is said, is why we continue to find the grand stories of romantic love so compelling—their many tragic endings notwithstanding—and to crave the thing itself. Is it pure self-indulgence, or worse still, self-destructive instinct, a death-wish masquerading as Eros?

I don't think so. Rather, I believe that the popular vocabulary and ideas of romantic love aren't subtle or truthful enough to account for the full reality of the experience. Although there is no doubt that romance may be close to fantasy and neurosis, it isn't only these. It is also one of the few chances we have for real, human transcendence, for leaping out of the prison of the self and into knowledge of another person. Romantic love may be narcissistic, but it is also anti-narcissistic. When you fall into it, you fall into another person. In that moment, you perceive another's vitality, his emotional life as if from the inside. He becomes a subjective being, as completely alive, as significant, as you are. And in his response, you feel yourself similarly known.

This experience of interpenetrating subjectivities, of immediate intimacy and recognition, is as essential to our sense of wholeness as the sun is to our health. It is a way to invest meaning in something outside of ourselves or even—daring thought!—our careers. In *Anna Karenina*, this is what the rejected Levin, who had tried to banish Kitty from his mind, thinks after glimpsing her again: "There was only one being in the world who was able to concentrate for him the whole world and the meaning of life. It was she. It was Kitty . . . . there alone was the only possible solution to the riddle of his life which had been weighing so agonizingly on him of late."

To acknowledge such vulnerability to another human being takes courage. And, if we are not to be lost and misled, we must hone the ability to read our emotions carefully, to distinguish, for example, between giving of ourselves and submission, between the fury provoked by someone who matters and the hostility aroused by someone we dislike, between repetitive obsession and the desire to enter the other's personality. The crude categories of pseudo-psychology are of no help here, for romantic love—like all critical experiences of life—is a state in which we become paradoxical. The dichotomy between "active" and "passive," between "power" and "weakness," blurs and sometimes disappears.

Passion is something we suffer, as De Rougemont says, but passion is also a force we exert. And, though the conditions surrounding love undoubtedly give men the upper hand, love itself is a great leveler. Everyone—man and woman alike—can be rendered helpless by great emotion; everyone can be undone by rejection. Anna Karenina kills herself because the rules of her society place her at a terrible disadvantage; but within her relationship with Vronsky—as with many great romantic pairs—power and submission fluctuate from one to the other. Here is what happens to Vronsky when he first dances with Anna: "Every time he turned to her, he bowed his head a little, as if wishing to fall at her feet, and his eyes were full of an expression of submission and fear. 'I do not want to hurt you,' his every look seemed to say, 'I only wish to save myself. . . .' " One reason great romantic literature continues to be so convincing is that it doesn't shirk the extremes and the complexities of emotion we are driven to when the clear boundaries of our identity are rent. There is commingling of pain and pleasure in this rending of our ordinary defenses; but there is also a chance for self-knowledge, for an understanding of what drives us and of what we deeply want.

And sometimes, there is a chance for lasting, grounded love. Falling in love clearly isn't sufficient for such an outcome, but I believe it's a necessary prerequisite. Without that first enchantment, the crucial and revealing opening of the self, it is difficult to achieve the soldering of two identities, the "bonding," as we are fond of saying, on which relationships and marriages are built. There are, alas, no recipes for passing from one state to the other. But it can be noted that what the successful pairs in literature—Tolstoy's Kitty and Levin, Brontë's Jane and Mr. Rochester—have going for them is a solid self-respect that allows them to be enthralled without being enslaved, to illuminate the other person without being blinded to his reality. The trick, in other words, is not to renounce enchantment, but to be enchanted and keep one's head. If you can do that, then you can perhaps go through a midsummer night's dream and wake up not thinking that the object of your affections is an ass—or that you are. In matters of the heart, this is achievement enough; and for awhile, it may turn even prosy reality romantic. ▽

Eva Hoffman *often writes on books and cultural subjects.*

REALM OF THE SENSES

(Continued from page 198)

sonal and of value only to Jeannette, who is amused by the similarities and differences to be found in the various ways of representing the same object.

It is the beginning of April. New plants are on order. In a sense, for Jeannette, as for Voltaire's Candide, the moment of "il faut cultiver notre jardin" has arrived. She has lived the active life as a former fashion photographer, and is now prepared to garner the rewards of self-discipline and hard work. Her house is embraced by the garden, which is constantly studied, criticized, changed, improved, maintained in a state of creation. Each day more bare branches fill out, hiding the house in an envelope of green, and the river becomes less and less visible.

The core of the house is the staircase with the balcony. In the center is Jeannette's studio, filled with the sounds of Gregorian chants, classical quartets and trios she plays while she works. Jeannette is an early riser, up by 7:30 A.M., at work in the studio in the pale silver light of the morning by eight. Afternoons are consecrated to inspecting the flower gardens and the small forest of poplars and pines she has planted. Under the eaves, the house she has lovingly filled with life, bears the date 1710. Respecting the original farmhouse architecture of the region, she painted the typical round-arched shutters a dark green, adding a balcony to the bedroom that has the best view. Looking at the wooden balcony and the sharply pitched roof supported by rude wooden beams, one would hardly imagine that the second story, where her studio is situated, and the ample attic that serves as guest quarters and a media center were later additions.

Yesterday evening, at dusk, Jeannette and I sat on the wooden dock across from the house watching the waters of the Adour river carry along pieces of wood floating downstream, creating small ripples of movement. We spoke of why so many artists are feeling the urge to draw from nature once again. Jeannette has a hard time understanding why the obvious is not obvious to everyone: "But look, it is so clear. There is a tremendous hunger to engage with what you see, to touch it, to feel it, to smell, taste, embrace. If you draw what is in front of you, then you are not obliged to intellectualize. You bypass the abstract mental process that dissects, analyzes, destroys spontaneity, and you pass directly to the intuitive, emotional experience of things as they are.

"I have a problem about memory: the idea of what happened yesterday is hard for me to reconstruct. I can only be fully where I am in the present. I need to be empty, passive, receptive: then things come to me. I cannot pursue any goal or think of arriving at a specific product. Looking at the river empties me of thoughts, prepares me to accept what may come to fill the void."

I, too, look at the river, at my friend, at the peaceful house and garden behind us. Tomorrow, company comes from Paris, and our shared solitude will be interrupted. But what a lovely time this has been, a dream visit to someone else's state of mind, expressed in a special house. ▽

A SENSE OF HEALING

(Continued from page 203)

THE MEN IN THEIR LIVES?

Eighty-three percent of the women in Dr. Rowland's study who had breast-restoring surgery were extremely satisfied with the results; 77 percent of these women were also married. Did their husbands' feelings push them into the surgery or color their views of the results?

Not at all, says Dr. Rowland. "In fact, many women report that their spouses are neutral about or even opposed to the reconstructive operation." The reason for this ambivalence: inevitable fears evoked by the thought of their wives' undergoing more extensive or additional surgery and, theorizes Dr. Rowland, the possibility that the wives' desire for reconstruction is a signal that the men have not been supportive enough or accepting enough of the loss of the woman's breast. This fear of an implied threat to a man's emotional capacity may be expressed as opposition to the reconstructive procedure.

In reality, women who go through with delayed breast reconstruction, whether months or years after a mastectomy, report no difference in the frequency of sex before and after the procedure, or in their husbands' attitudes towards their bodies; the only change is in the *woman's* enjoyment of and comfort in her own sexuality, a reflection, say experts, of her decreased self-consciousness about her body.

WHO CHOOSES RECONSTRUCTION? WHO DOESN'T?

"I felt so out of balance before my breast reconstruction. The loss of my breasts affected the way I felt about my posture. I can't believe that there is a woman who wouldn't benefit from this operation. The day after my surgery was painful, but it was the most worthwhile day of my life."—Janice Groman, a dancer who had breast-reconstruction surgery two-and-one-half months after a double mastectomy

In the past ten years, the definition of the "right candidate" for breast-reconstruction surgery has been expanded to include women who had more extensive mastectomies as well as those who are over sixty-five. Today, no surgeon would dare, as more than one did in the 1950s, to suggest that a woman who was past motherhood and menopause had little need to replace a missing breast.

Yet the notion that every woman who loses a breast to cancer should want to have that breast surgically restored is also being brought into question by some experts today. For some women, fears of additional surgery or, in the case of delayed reconstruction, of going back into the hospital again, are valid enough for an individual woman to decide against reconstruction, many experts believe. In Dr. Rowland's study, the twenty-six women who had a consultation with a surgeon about reconstruction but decided against it were more often the ones who sought psychiatric counseling and who had more radical breast surgery, putting them at risk for less satisfactory physical and emotional results.

Another expert who feels that there is a danger in what she calls the current "fanaticism" of support for breast reconstuction is Wendy Schain, Ed.D., medical care consultant to the National Cancer Institute and contributor to educational materials put out by the American Cancer Society. Said Dr. Schain: "Some women feel so vulnerable at the time of breast-cancer diagnosis that they can't face the need for any other decision than how to treat their disease; discussing reconstruction with these women puts them under unfair pressure. Other women may be good candidates for reconstruction but need time to cope with the loss of a breast first. A third, often forgotten group of women can retain a healthy body image without surgically rebuilding a lost breast." Recent improvements in prosthesis designs may have made this option more workable for these women.

Another point was made by a California woman who, after her mastectomy, not only opted against reconstruction but also chose to go without a prosthesis and to be honest about her missing breast. Her provocative question: Why, in this post-feminist era, do women persist in defining femaleness as a narrow anatomical equation, a matter of having two breasts rather than one? When this woman is asked how she can wear clothes, even a bathing suit, while going without a prosthesis, her answer is that an honest acceptance of her body has been the most powerful medicine in her healing process and in the resumption of a full, normal life.

For more information that can help a woman to make an informed choice about breast reconstruction—and to learn about the Reach to Recovery program, staffed by volunteers who have themselves undergone breast-cancer surgery and are living full, active lives—contact the American Cancer Society (ACS) local branch or ACS national headquarters at 4 West 35 Street, New York NY 10018. —SHARI MILLER SIMS

BEAUTY & THE BREAST

(Continued from page 206)

glance, it would seem that Champagne goblets and "jugs" have nothing in common, suggesting that the esthetic and the erotic are two distinctly different standards. But Hollander contends that "In any century, you can link art with the pornography and erotica of the time—high art and low art are never that far apart. In order for either to work, it must relate to everybody's notion of what is sexy and what is delicious."

Our agreed-upon notions of what is erotic can also encompass what is taboo or dangerous. As Cleopatra, Theda Bara, whose name is an anagram for "Arab death," wore a costume with what looked like a snake coiled around each breast. Lucas Cranach the Elder in several paintings equated breasts with apples, and therefore with the apple Eve offered Adam and with the Original Sin, the Fall of Man. Ingres painted the Sphinx with breasts. Rubens painted Delilah with her breasts bared and Samson, shorn of his strength, at her feet, his head in her lap.

Breasts are perhaps empowered to pose a threat to a man because they are of such primal importance to infants. Sigmund Freud suggested that there could be no underestimating their significance. "Sucking at the mother's breast is the starting point of the whole of sexual life, the unmatched prototype of every later sexual satisfaction, to which phantasy often enough recurs in times of need. . . . I can give you no idea of the important bearing of this object upon the choice of every later object, of the profound effects it has in its transformations and substitutions in even the remotest regions of our sexual life."

Recent feminist theorists, notably Nancy Chodorow and Carol Gilligan, suggest that the challenge for a boy growing up is to separate himself from his mother for the sake of his sexual identity. A girl can afford to remain more attached because she is of the same sex: she will grow up to be what her mother is, a woman. The boy's task is one of differentiation; the girl's is one of connection. Breasts, in that they recall the infantile oral attachment to the mother, perhaps undermine a boy's hard-won autonomy, and so arouse in him feelings both erotic and hostile, feelings that are seemingly never outgrown.

It is generally agreed that we American women are more obsessed with our breasts than European women are, and that men here are more fixated on breasts than men there. It is said that the American male's sexual development suffers from a national case of Mom-ism, the cult of motherhood. Europeans are thought to be more adult in their sexuality, more sybaritic, and more avid in pursuit of pleasure, whereas until recently, we routinely denied ourselves pleasure or indulged in it and felt guilty all the while.

The difference in attitude lies in part with our sense of shame, which may be uncommonly strong since our moral legacy is one of Puritanism. Breasts to us, Hollander says, are "part of the hidden genitals," hidden from view for so long that a mere glimpse of them has become a goal in itself. In France, a woman about to undergo a routine physical examination awaits the doctor stark naked; there is no "modesty drape" with which she covers herself. What we call a "tidbit" is in England called a "titbit"; we have changed one letter so as not to say a dirty word.

But it would be foolish to assume that breasts in Europe aren't sexual. Of course they are. They just don't seem to be the focus of a woman's sexual identity as they are for many American women. It has occasionally been argued—persuasively, I think—that sex appeal in European terms relies more on the harmony of the whole than on the impact of the parts. At the court of Fontainebleau, in the sixteenth century, aristocratic women were painted with their breasts bare. A woman's portrait documented her features, her breasts among them. For all intents and purposes, society then defined a woman's "face" as encompassing her breasts, which were often whitened, with the nipples rouged.

Why is it that Europeans seem so nonchalant when confronted with bare breasts, while Americans are so abashed at the sight of them? Why do we have so few topless beaches, while in Europe there are dozens? Anne Cole, now an executive vice-president of the California swimwear house her father founded, observes that "in Europe the breast is no more erotic than the leg or any other part of the body." Cole says that the difference

in attitude didn't dawn on her, even seeing scores of women topless on the beach in France, until lunchtime "when they all sat around wiping salad dressing off their breasts."

Recalling her clinical research with breast-cancer patients in a hospital in Dijon, France, Diana D. Bransfield, Ph.D., now a science associate in cancer control and prevention at the National Cancer Institute in Maryland, says that most of the French women she interviewed apparently didn't regard their breasts as the primary instruments of their sexuality; many of them seemingly considered the uterus to be at its core. French women undergoing hysterectomies were commonly more fearful of losing some crucial part of their identity as women than French women undergoing lumpectomies with radiation treatment. Jimmie Holland, M.D., chief of psychiatry at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in Manhattan, says that some of the women she sees say, "I feel like damaged goods," a complaint Bransfield never heard in France. Holland says, "Our society has placed so much emphasis on breasts that it has made the treatment of breast tumors particularly difficult." For most American women, mastectomy at first results in diminished sexual activity, although, according to Holland, "By a year after surgery, the majority have returned to their normal level of sexual function." Bransfield says that breast cancer and its treatment "disrupted French women's sexual relationships very little, if at all. And there wasn't the secrecy about it that there often is here." In addition to interviewing patients, she surveyed their partners and found that "the men seemed very accepting as well."

There is, according to Anne Hollander, "some bargain between the sexes that is always being described by fashion." But fashion is also a project that we women engage in for the sake of ourselves and one another. To the extent that we have been an oppressed class, we have, like other oppressed classes, devised our own means of communication and support, leaving our oppressors on the outside. Fashion has been for us a pastime, an everyday outlet for our ingenuity and creativity. We aspire to a style of dress or an ideal body type that we can all understand, that takes as its basis some fantasy we all share. These fantasies are constantly shifting; they vary from one decade, one year, one month, or even one week to the next. Changes in fashion—and in fashion models—reflect the subtle changes in our dreams, in a language, both verbal and visual, that other women understand. Men in most cases get the gist of it but miss its nuances. One woman can look at the way another woman is dressed and deduce from it how much they might have in common. Men, it seems safe to say, respond less to fashion itself than to women's bodies and what fashion reveals about them.

The romanticism of the 'sixties took the form of personal freedom and self-discovery. The ideal woman was—to our minds—prepubescent looking, wide-eyed, and uninitiated, on the verge of awakening. The realm of androgyny, that grey territory between the genders, seemed to hold out answers for us all: by shattering the old male/female stereotypes, we would arrive at a more harmonious, more fully realized notion of the self. Breasts, being overtly feminine, were extra baggage. What was going on in the world and in our minds at the time prompted us to look and dress a certain way; and men, whether or not they could appreciate the way we looked, almost certainly couldn't decipher it. Their ideal woman all this time bore little, if any, resemblance to the ideal we had set for ourselves. No matter. Society proved capacious enough to embrace both the standard by which Twiggy could be considered sexy and that by which Jill St. John could be considered an actress.

The 'sixties' quest for freedom, in the course of which some women burned their bras as symbols of male domination, dovetailed with the women's movement, of the 1970s. Droves of women enrolled in law school, went to work, ran for office, and came to regard their own breasts as suspect, as a possible obstacle to being taken seriously. The clothes we wore were soft and unconstructed. Women appropriated men's shirts, ties, hats, and vests, as Diane Keaton did in *Annie Hall,* and set out for the office dressed for success. Having unobtrusive breasts conveniently catapulted one's relations with men into the realm of the platonic or the intellectual, bypassing the sexual. Like the Amazons, women warriors who cut off one of their breasts in order to shoot more freely with their bows and arrows, we were not about to let our breasts interfere with the attainment of our goals. We postponed motherhood, of which breasts are an emblem, until we were established in our careers.

And now, not too surprisingly, all that has begun to change. Many of the women who went off to work are getting around to having children. Androgyny seems, at least for the time being, an exhausted notion. Men and women are in pursuit of fitness, working out, wearing clothes that show off their hard-earned physiques. Women have rediscovered strapless dresses and the closely fitted hourglass silhouette. We live in an era of body worship. Breasts are in this respect, I think, the visual counterpart of biceps. It's hard to picture a pumped-up hunk of man like Sylvester Stallone with a flat-chested woman.

Our lives have changed a good deal since the days when we were all required to play beach blanket bingo. But maybe our feelings about our breasts haven't. Many women are still quick to feel apologetic about the size of their breasts whether large or small. And we are not, it must be said, above comparing breasts in competing with one another. One friend, a late bloomer, set out on a date with her sister's incredulous parting remark ringing in her ears: "Somebody asked you out with your two fried eggs?!" Another, ample breasted, once remarked to me on leaving the swimming pool, "Did you see that woman in the corner? Poor thing, she has no bosom whatsoever"—the point being that, at the time, neither did I. We have at times allowed breasts, which are undoubtedly important to the way men see us, to become paramount to the way we see ourselves. We are, all of us, astonishingly capable of underestimating the impact of a woman's voice, her skin and eyes and hair, her sensibility, her laugh, her gestures, the way she carries herself. There is, finally, no unanimous standard by which society judges some women more feminine than others. Every woman, big breasted and flat chested alike, must conceptualize her own femininity. ▽

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(Continued from page 202)

of tumors—and to the advances in breast surgery techniques and strategy.

Through the 1960s in America, the now century-old Halstead radical mastectomy was the prevalent surgical treatment for every type and size of breast cancer; and the one-stage approach dominated. A woman with a breast lump entered surgery for biopsy, and the tissue sample was removed to be examined for cancer while the patient remained anesthetized. If the sample contained cancer cells, the surgeon proceeded to remove the breast, the armpit lymph nodes, and quite likely one or two adjoining chest muscles.

Then some surgeons—notably George Crile Jr., M.D., of the Cleveland Clinic—called for less disfiguring surgery for cases in which the tumor is small and well localized, or "potentially curable." Some research showed "lumpectomy," removal of the tumor with some surrounding tissue, as effective as total mastectomy for a growing proportion of patients. And patient advocate Rose Kushner waged her successful campaign for the two-stage approach—biopsy first, and mastectomy if necessary in a second operation. This allows the patient to take part in decision-making on her course of treatment. It also provides time for doctors to "stage" the cancer, *i.e.*, to categorize the disease in terms of spread to other body sites.

Bernard Fisher, M.D., chairman of the National Cancer Institute's National Surgical Adjuvant Breast Project (NSABP) and professor of surgery at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, in a study begun in 1971, found that recurrences and survival rates were about the same whether women were treated by simple mastectomy (only the breast removed), or by mastectomy plus radiation, or even by the Halstead radical surgery and radiation. The study indicated that removing armpit lymph nodes does not contribute to the cure but should be done for sampling for cancer cells as a means of categorizing the cancer. If there is cancer in these nodes, there may be cancer elsewhere in the body; treatment needs to be started promptly.

Using the less drastic mastectomy makes it possible for a woman to have reconstructive surgery to restore her breast shape, something that was not possible after the Halstead operation.

For certain women, the even simpler breast-saving lumpectomy operation can be used. In recently released National Cancer Institute data, Dr. Fisher reported five years of follow-up in more than two thousand women who had breast tumors less than four centimeters (about one and one-half inches) in diameter, making them candidates for lumpectomy. The lumpectomy operation used by Dr. Fisher requires removal of the tumor with a margin of healthy, cancer-free tissue around it; and he favors general anesthesia because injecting local anesthesia may distort the breast tissue, making it more difficult to secure the safe margin.

Survival figures, including freedom from cancers at other, non-breast body sites, were not significantly different whether women had had simple mastectomy with armpit lymph-node testing, lumpectomy with armpit lymph-node testing followed by breast irradiation. But the lumpectomy-with-radiation group showed significantly lower breast-cancer recurrences. If continuing to follow-up confirms the five-year results, says Dr. Fisher, then a large number of women can be treated with lumpectomy plus radiation instead of with total mastectomy.

When it's appropriate, Dr. Fisher recommends either suction or core-needle biopsy of breast lumps before going on to surgery. Other doctors make a direct approach with a surgical biopsy. Whether the biopsy result is positive for cancer cells or not, a decision is called for at this point. And whether the surgeon recommends mastectomy or breast-conserving surgery, Dr. Fisher thinks it's time for the patient to obtain a second medical opinion. A surgeon's personal bias is not a factor, says Dr. Fisher; only if the tumor is of the right size and location can lumpectomy and armpit lymph-node testing be the choice. The second-opinion doctor chosen may be another surgeon or the patient might see a radiation therapist or an oncologist or a physician with wide experience in the non-surgical management of cancer by chemotherapy.

Early on, there was little recognition by the medical and surgical establishments of the ability of the patient to make intelligent decisions on her own treatment. Medical reporter Rose Kushner, who fought not only the Halstead radical mastectomy, the one-stage biopsy-mastectomy, but more recently "overkill" chemotherapy for certain patients, did much to change the medical minds.

BUILDING BREASTS: TODAY'S SURGICAL OPTIONS

Whether it's reconstruction after mastectomy or initial construction of an undeveloped or missing breast, the surgeon needs building materials—muscle and fat tissue, possibly an implantable device, enough skin to cover the built-up breast mound. Classic techniques include tissue grafts (transplants from other body areas) and flaps (tissue lifted but not entirely severed from an adjoining area). Now added to the range of surgical skills and techniques: "tissue expansion" and "tissue advancement."

Tissue expansion

When there's not enough skin to cover a reconstructed breast mound, the skin's natural ability to stretch may be put to use in providing an adequate covering. A new device called a "tissue expander" is basically an inflatable temporary implant with a tube opening to the exterior, through which saline solution can be added (photograph on page 202). Over a period, the implant is gradually enlarged, by adding fluid, to stretch the overlying skin and tissue. When enough stretching is achieved, the expander prosthesis may be removed and replaced by a permanent implant. (One expander model, however, is left in place and its exterior opening closed.)

Expansion is a viable option for mastectomy that has left an inadequate amount of unscarred skin to cover an implant. Skin and muscle used to sheathe the reconstructed breast ordinarily have been derived from a flap taken from the adjoining area over the rib-cage at the back. This procedure leaves a long scar across the upper back, where it usually can be concealed by a brassiere. But tissue-expansion techniques, where surgically feasible, can provide adequate skin and underlying tissue for the reconstructed breast without such extensive surgery.

Perhaps the most dramatic contribution of tissue-expansion technology has been in correcting one-sided breast development, when one breast is much smaller or actually missing. This situation can be emotionally devastating for an adolescent girl. "Before tissue expanders, a young patient had to wait until her opposite breast was fully developed or undergo repeated surgery to exchange one implant for a larger one as her breast matured," said Louis S. Argenta, M.D., of the Section of Plastic Surgery, University of Michigan Medical Center in Ann Arbor. "Today, with a tissue expander, which is enlarged as she grows, she does not have to feel self-conscious. She can wear normal clothing, and engage comfortably in sports."

Tissue advancement

"Among the problems in breast reconstruction is creation of a natural-looking fold under the breast," says John Little III, M.D., director of Plastic and Reconstruction Surgery at Georgetown University Medical Center, Washington, DC. "Dr. James J. Ryan of Baltimore was among the first to make popular the technique called 'thoracic advancement,' moving skin and tissue from the abdomen into the breast area. By placing the breast incision where the natural fold line would be, he could achieve the slightly pendulous hang of a natural breast."

Growing in popularity for breast reconstruction are several variations of tissue-advancement techniques, such as tunneling tissue under the skin to a pocket at the breast site. Or skin and muscle from the side of the torso may be rotated to form the breast fold; flesh for the new breast even may be moved from the buttocks.

The breast's missing nipple and areola may be reconstructed or recreated in a variety of ways. Some surgeons use part of the nipple complex of the opposite breast as a graft in the appropriate place on the reconstructed one.

Nipple-areola look-alikes also have been sculpted using tissues of the inner thigh or the genital labia for skin of similar color and texture; but Dr. Little believes the trend is away from these sources. "It's too painful and it interferes with the patient's recovery, with lovemaking, sometimes even with walking. And the deep skin tones of the grafts often fade with time. Currently, I favor reconstructing nipple and areola from the skin of the reconstructed breast, then adding the color by tattooing."

Breast reconstruction: when?

Last year an estimated one hundred thousand women had one or both breasts rebuilt following breast cancer surgery. More than nine out of ten are happy with results (more about their feelings on page 203), even women who have had to have a number of repeat operations because of complications. If there's any controversy on reconstruction today, it's not about *whether*, but about *when* it should be done. Immediate reconstruction, performed in the same operation as the mastectomy, is gaining acceptance by many surgeons as well as patients, though many others

prefer delayed reconstruction from three to six or more months after the breast has been removed.

R. Barrett Noone, M.D., director of the Division of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, Hospital, said, "One male-chauvinistic notion—that the woman had to experience the missing breast, mourn it, and appreciate her deformity before she would be psychologically ready for a reconstructed breast—has been disproved by recent psychological studies." Dr. Noone and Dr. Little conducted independent but collaborative studies on doctors' and patients' concerns about immediate reconstructions. Typical questions: "Will it heal as well as an ordinary closure following mastectomy? Could the implant make a later tumor harder to detect? Will healing of the reconstruction delay or interfere with radiation or chemotherapy? What are the psychological effects of immediate as compared with delayed reconstruction? Is cancer more likely to recur in breasts reconstructed with implants at the time of mastectomy?"

"Now we have learned," says Dr. Little, "that there is as much potential for problems six months after the procedure as six minutes after." Close examination and follow-up of the records of 185 patients offered reassurance that immediate reconstruction does not increase the risk of recurrence. When recurrences happened, they were detected early. In the patients whose cancer did recur, all but one underwent full treatment without removal of their implants.

An obvious advantage of immediate reconstruction with mastectomy is that it involves just one hospitalization, not two. According to the study data, said Dr. Little, reconstruction with mastectomy does not prolong hospital time over that of mastectomy alone, which can vary from four to six days after surgery.

Insurance coverage

Breast reconstruction is no longer viewed as a "vanity" operation. The overwhelming majority of health insurance plans now cover reconstruction as well as mastectomy in breast cancer cases (costs for reconstruction may range from $1000 to $4000), according to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons. In some, this includes any surgery needed on the opposite breast to achieve symmetry.

Non-cancer surgery such as breast reduction medically indicated to relieve back strain and shoulder-strap injuries caused by excessive weight of the breasts and reconstruction for congenital problems also are covered by some insurance plans, for amounts in the $1800 to $5000 range. But it's a good idea, suggests ASPRS spokeswoman Susan Mack Russell, to talk with your health insurance representative ahead of time about any reconstructive surgery you plan to have. Insurance does not usually cover augmentation, which may cost $1000 to $3000.

FURTHER INFORMATION

Breast Exams: What You Should Know, a National Cancer Institute Booklet, includes instructions for self-examination. Write Cancer Communications, Building 31, National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, MD 20205. ▽

HAIR SUNSCREENS

(Continued from page 215)

the protection of a HPF 15 product and allows hair to be lightened or streaked naturally by the sun, but offers some protection from sun's drying effects.

"Whether you choose to use a sunscreened shampoo, conditioner, or styling product depends. . . **Sunscreened shampoos and conditioners** provide daily protection during short outdoor periods, such as a half-hour walk. The amount of sunscreen deposited on hair by a shampoo is relatively small, partly because some is rinsed off. Prolonged exposure to the sun requires more protection. **Sprays and mousses** that contain sunscreen and remain on hair provide more protection than shampoo, even conditioner, because they contain more oil and aren't easily removed by perspiration; however, they need to be reapplied after swimming."

Currently, three lines of hair products that contain sunscreens: Pantene's Sunbrella stylers, Philip Kingsley's Sun Survival system, and Revlon's Flex Sun & Sport system.

—HOLLAND SWEET

HAIR-RISK INDEX

To determine your hair's sunscreen needs, use this chart developed by Sergio Nacht, Ph.D., of Pantene. Total your score; check your hair-risk factor, *right*.

Hair Type	Score for Hair-Risk Index
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Brown	2
Redhead	3
Blond	4
Grey	5
Colored hair	6
Bleached	7
Permed/straightened	8
Life Style	
Primarily indoor	1
Occasionally outdoor	2
Primarily outdoor	3
Environment	
City	1
Country	2
Mountain	3
Sea	4
Area of Country	
Northern	1
Central	2
Southeast	3
Southwest	4

Score	Need
5 or less	Low danger: does not require special protection
6 to 10	Medium danger: can benefit from environmental protection; Pantene HPF 8
Over 10	Danger zone: requires special protection; Pantene HPF 15

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HAIR GROWING

(Continued from page 215)

nutrition or inadequate scalp circulation and that regrowth can be promoted by 'improving' the blood supply. Heat treatments or other forms of stimulation may slightly accelerate hair growth, but they do so by stepping up the metabolism of the scalp—not by improving circulation, as is usually claimed. Such preparations are basically useless," said Michael B. Brodin, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, New York University Medical Center. The FDA agrees: an expert panel created by the agency recently determined that *there is not a single over-the-counter product that can grow hair or prevent hair loss.*

MINOXIDIL: HAIR WONDER DRUG?

The biggest controversy in hair replacement has surrounded the drug minoxidil. When minoxidil was first studied by Upjohn as an oral anti-hypertensive, the drug was found to have an unexpected side effect: it stimulated random growth of hair all over the body. It is now known that minoxidil has a direct—but as yet unexplained—action on hair follicles. Upjohn's topical form of the drug, which will be called Regaine, is being tested and is expected to win FDA approval. Meanwhile, unapproved versions of minoxidil—often sold at wildly inflated prices—are being used by millions.

"People are obtaining minoxidil by asking their physicians to write prescriptions for the tablet form of the drug, which a pharmacist then grinds up and mixes into a topical preparation," said Virginia Fiedler-Weiss, M.D., associate professor of dermatology, University of Illinois Medical Center, Chicago. But the drug is also being illegally manufactured and sold at huge profits through so-called hair-growth centers.

Although the FDA seems willing to approve minoxidil, experts disagree about how well it works or, even, whether it is safe. "There is still a great deal we do not know about minoxidil. Studies with men have been going on for several years, and so far the results are very encouraging," Dr. Fiedler said. "Studies with women were begun only recently, but we have to expect that the results will be similar to those in men," Dr. Price added.

Upjohn recently reported that in studies conducted in twenty-seven centers across the U.S., 40 percent of participants who used Regaine for one year had moderate hair growth on bald scalp and 8 percent grew dense hair. Upjohn reported there were no side effects attributable to use of the drug.

"There have been rumors that minoxidil is ineffective, but it is likely that the drug has been unfairly judged. For one thing, many of the people who have tried it have been men with long-standing baldness—who are known to respond poorly. In addition, minoxidil works very slowly: you don't see a maximum effect until after about a year. It is so expensive right now that people become discouraged after a few months," Dr. Price said.

Another problem: many people are receiving inactive or weak minoxidil solutions. "The drug is often prescribed by doctors who are not dermatologists, and who may be unaware of the best way that it should be prepared for use on the skin," Dr. Fiedler said. "If you give a prescription to ten competent pharmacists to make up a minoxidil solution from the tablet, you will undoubtedly obtain ten different strengths. That is why the FDA is asking pharmacists and physicians to stop offering this product to the public until the approved preparation has been released," Dr. Price explained. "Regrowth means the hair is not the same, it can be somewhat longer, darker, coarser."

The FDA is taking great pains to block the use of external minoxidil, pending its approval. "Although we are trying to discourage physicians from prescribing minoxidil as a treatment for hair loss, they have a legal right to do so. But hair-growth centers that place advertisements offering minoxidil treatment or make a profit from treating people with the drug are breaking the law. The FDA is now taking much more aggressive measures to put a halt to this," said Bruce Brown, an FDA spokesman.

Experts recognize that the best way to arrest hereditary hair loss would be to block the effect of androgens on the scalp. One catch: that is difficult to do without affecting the body's hormonal balance. "At this time, we do not have a pure anti-androgen that has been approved for use in the U.S.," Dr. Price said. But other drugs are being studied. According to Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at New York University Medical Center, "Research is moving so rapidly that new anti-androgens may be available within the next ten years."

—JUDITH MANDELBAUM-SCHMID

SAM McKNIGHT

(Continued from page 214)

photographed. The choice, for each of them, was simply personal. The point: You really *can* have whatever you like. . . and you *can* adapt it to your needs. I personally don't believe in fashion anymore. I think there is only "style"—and that is your own; it is not imposed by others.

Q: Can you define what you mean by "style" today—in modern terms?
SMcK: I think style is feeling at ease and feeling comfortable with yourself. Modern example: the look on page 211, to me, is the essence of style for day. It has shape, line; but it's totally *un*complicated.

Q: How does life style enter into a woman's decisions about her hair?
SMcK: A woman who is prepared to take time with her hair, who has time to fuss with it leads a different life than the woman who wants a haircut that only needs brushing in the morning. Those are two very different life styles.

Q: What about hair texture? Does that influence cut or length?
SMcK: Not as much. Texture can be *changed*—with coloring, perms, the new liquid tools; then style, shape can be adapted.

Q: Do you think the cut is the most important aspect of hairstyling?
SMcK: Yes; but the simpler the cut, the better.

Q: When you say simple, what do you mean?
SMcK: It depends on the shape. Sometimes, more layering on one woman is simpler than fewer layers on someone else. I believe in ease. Every hairstyle should be able to be maintained by a woman herself. That's the criterion of a modern style.

If you look at the styles we did (pages 208-213), one thing is apparent: These are looks a woman can do herself, looks that are adapted quickly to the haircut. Anything more manipulated is old-fashioned, jarring. If you spend hours on your hair, your style is outdated. Same with clothes. If you look like you spent all day getting dressed, it's unmodern.

Q: How does hair relate to clothes, makeup?
SMcK: One has to balance the other. If a woman dresses in very tailored suits, she looks more modern—even younger—in less makeup and a more casual hairstyle.

Q: Which of the new tools, do you think, has allowed women to be able to cope more successfully with their own hair?
SMcK: I think that hands are the most important tools, really; women have traded in their rollers for their hands. And I think every woman should practice styling her hair with her hands. After that, hair dryers, mousse, gel. Modern example of using hands: the P.M. look on page 210, done with mousse, applied to *dry* hair, then styled into shape very simply with hands.

Q: Is there a difference between gel and mousse?
SMcK: Not really; I'm talking about a product that is a setting agent, something that gives hair staying power.

Q: Are these products used correctly?
SMcK: I think women use these tools more correctly now than ever before. They are using hair tools to help improve what they have rather than to manipulate their hair into styles that take too much effort. Modern example: the style on page 212 was done by applying mousse to still-damp hair to get the model's bangs ultra straight. The back is nothing more complicated than a chignon with the ends unpinned. It's that simple and uncontrived.

That's another important point. It is much better to go with your hair's natural tendency than to fight it. That never works; you end up damaging your hair.

Q: Once you find the right cut, how do you find the style that's right for you? What are a woman's options?
SMcK: Hair options are endless, really. A woman can perm or highlight or color. A woman should consult a hairdresser she trusts. It is part of the stylist's role, today, to teach a woman how to do her own hair and to provide what she needs—her haircolor formula, for example, or even a touch-up bottle when she travels. That's part of the service. It's also important for a woman who sees her hairdresser only when she needs a cut to have her hair *styled* by him, from time to time, to learn new techniques. By the way, if

your hairstylist doesn't give you *time*, that's a good reason not to go to him.

Q: What else is priority?
SMcK: That a woman have her hair trimmed every three weeks.

Q: Do you think there's room in a woman's life for fantasy with her hair?
SMcK: Of course; but it is mainly for evening—because fantasy can look a bit ridiculous during the daytime.

Q: And just what does it mean to add fantasy? How does hair change at night?
SMcK: Women can use wigs and hairpieces, real hair and synthetics, matching or unmatched to your real hair color. Modern example: we made a very simple style more dramatic for evening by adding a fake tail to the model's hair, wrapping it around her own and pinning it in place. Or you can heighten any effect, as we did on page 210, by adding mousse to the model's bangs. An evening look is that simple and *un*elaborate.

Q: What about hair's length?
SMcK: I don't think it matters. There's always a trend, and now it's for longer hair. But trends pass. It's comparable to the question of skirt lengths. Some women will wear ankle-length skirts; others prefer them shorter. It's entirely up to you. Style, not fashion, is what counts; and it offers more possibilities, more scope.

Q: What are the essentials for women who travel frequently?
SMcK: A small hair dryer; two spritzers—one with setting lotion, the other with water.

Q: . . . used how?
SMcK: Dampen hair slightly, apply a bit of setting lotion; then blow-dry. Style it with your hands. It should take almost no time, a couple of minutes at most. That's all you need, plus a brush. A woman shouldn't need anything else.

Q: How long do you think it should take a woman to style her hair today?
SMcK: The less time the better. There really is less time now, frankly, to bother with hair, makeup, clothes. The whole fitness aspect of life, today, means a woman has to redo her hair a few times, and get dressed and undressed more than once a day. Who has the time? That's why everything is easier, more relaxed. Women don't want to fuss, and women look better that way.

Q: What common mistake do you see women making with their hair?
SMcK: Some try too hard for the latest "do." ▽

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THE PROBLEM-SOLVERS

(Continued from page 215)

all-over color once a month.

● New semipermanent (no-peroxide) shades fade out over three or four months (in LA, at Aida Grey; in NYC, at La Coupe, Gerard Bollei at the Galleria).

● Temporary colors that go on in mousse or gel form allow a woman to "try on" haircolor or change her look for a night (who makes these: Clairol, Sebastian, Vidal Sassoon).

● For women who can't get to the salon regularly, many colorists (in NYC, at La Coupe, Bruno Dessange, David Daines) custom-blend or recommend formulas to use at home/on the road to keep color fresh longer. Some salon groups—Intercoiffure, U.S./Canada—can get in touch with cross-country colorists to have a woman's color duplicated in another city.

● New hair "varnishes" boost hair's shine, heighten—but don't change—color, fade out over time (one of the first: L'Oréal's Majigloss).

SHINIER HAIR

● At salons now—in NYC, at Kenneth, Suga—an emphasis on using fewer hair products, avoiding the shine-depleting buildup of conditioner plus mousse plus hair spray. Latest: styling products that do "double duty," such as liquid sprays that shape hair like a gel, hold like hair spray (Dep's Sculpt & Hold is one example).

● Pomade—used to coax hair into shape *fast*, add to hair's shine. Essential, says John Sebastian of Sebastian International, to use very little, so hair retains its luster, doesn't become stiff. In NYC, stylist Richard Stein applies pomade to *under*layers of hair first to prevent buildup.

● Spray-on shine—non-oily glazes or creams that go on *after* hair has been blown dry, not so much to change hair's shape as to add to its brightness (newest: Redken Hue Polish, Sebastian Hair Gloss). —SHARI MILLER SIMS

O'NEILL'S BOYS

(Continued from page 186)

animal appeal with great technical acumen. And at the end of the play, when Jamie tells his sick brother how he has always secretly hated him, one feels privy to some terrible psychic truth.

Jack Lemmon calls Gallagher and Spacey "The Rotten Kids" because in the play they give James Tyrone Senior such a hard time. Offstage they're a kind of double act—feeding each other one-liners, finishing each other's sentences.

Unsurprisingly, they've been friends for several years. Spacey (who can be seen nervously robbing Meryl Streep's therapy group in *Heartburn*) had watched Gallagher's career with a mixture of gladness and envy, sending him notes after performances before they actually met saying, "You're so good you'll drive me to drink." Eventually, when both were on Broadway—Gallagher as Glenn Close's young lover Billy in *The Real Thing*, Spacey in a rotating trio of characters in *Hurlyburly*—they started to bump into each other. When both were cast in *Journey*—Gallagher, by going the normal audition route, Spacey, whose first step was an elaborate ruse enabling him to meet Dr. Miller at a party—the friendship blossomed. "Before I started rehearsals for this tale of dope and death and sorrow," Gallagher says, "I thought it would be a depressive experience; but I never laughed so hard in my life." "That's true," says Spacey.

—VICTORIA RADIN

FASHION INFORMATION

16: Turtleneck, $60. Tapemeasure, Westhampton NY. Pin at Henri Bendel; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Chicago; Timothy's OH! 3, St. Louis; Dallas; Houston.
86: Earrings, Philippe Ben.
108: *Bottom right:* Ted Huffcut from Nosegay Flower Shop.
142–143: *Left:* Alfred Stieglitz, courtesy Christie's East. *Right:* Margaret Bourke-White/Collection of the George Arents Research Library at Syracuse University/Courtesy of the Margaret Bourke-White Estate.
144: Wool covert skirt, $680. To order, September at Martha. Ring, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Umbrella, Mespo. Hue Hosiery. Bloomingdale's. Boots, $330. Maud Frizon, NYC; Bal Harbour; Beverly Hills; San Francisco.
145: Wool covert skirt, $1125. To order, September at Lord & Taylor; Balliet's. Moser watch at Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. Gloves, Fownes. Altman's. Heavy chain on dog, Ruza Creations. Lord & Taylor; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. Umbrella, Joan & David, NYC. Panty stockings, Flash Legs by Stilnovo. Shoes, $98. Bloomingdale's; Joseph, Memphis; Chicago; Beverly Hills; I. Magnin.
146: Scarf, Gianfranco Ferre. Earrings, Detail, NYC. Gloves, Donna Karan New York. Christian Dior Legwear. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland, NYC. Man's turtleneck, Zoran. Pants, Barry Bricken. Socks, E.G. Smith. Shoes, Maraolo, NYC.
147: Wool jersey by Jasco. Dress also at Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; L. H. Rogers, Salem MA; Susan of Burlingame, Burlingame CA.; Butch Blum, Seattle. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman. Belt used as a necklace, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Neiman-Marcus.To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Boots, Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman.
148: Worsted wool skirts. Fabric by M. Grabie Woolens. Turnout also at Mario's, Portland OR. Model *left:* Earrings, The Jewelry School for Tacque. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Boots, Donna Karan New York. Bloomingdale's. Model *right:* Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Scarf, Echo Design Group. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Dim Hosiery.
149: Rayon jersey skirt. Earrings and bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Fortunoff, NYC and Westbury NY. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Bacio, Minneapolis MN. Dim Hosiery. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. Man's coat, Bill Robinson. Man's suit, Alan Flusser Shop, NYC.
150: Model *left:* Cashmere turtleneck and cardigan. Also at Swansons on the Plaza; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings, M&J Savitt. To order at Barneys New York. M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene by Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Pupi D'Angieri. Model *right:* Turnout also at Jacobson's. Earrings, The Jewelry School for Tacque. Belt, Calvin Klein. Sept. at Bergdorf Goodman. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene by Bonnie Doon. Gloves, Fownes. Altman's. Man, *far left,* glasses, Optical Affairs by Christian Roth. Man's pants, Calvin Klein. Man's poncho, Dot Zero, NYC.
151: Model *left:* Dress also at Jamie, Nashville TN. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Belt, Johnny Farah. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Gloves and boots, Donna Karan New York. Model *right:* Dress also at Montaldo's; Bullock's; Nordstrom, San Diego; Seattle; Anchorage AK. Earrings, Detail, NYC. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Hue Hosiery. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Carlos Falchi. Glasses, Nikon Eyewear for Starline Optical. Man's poncho, Dot Zero, NYC. Man's pants, Barry Bricken.
152: Merino wool knit bodysuit. Wool jersey skirt. Turnout also at Jamie, Nashville TN; Ultimo, Chicago; Tootsies, Houston; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Nordstrom, Oregon. Accessories, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Gloves, Donna Karan New York. Calvin Klein Hosiery. September at Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom, Palo Alto CA. Man's suit, Paul Stuart, NYC.
153: Earrings and ring, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Belt, Calvin Klein. Calvin Klein Hosiery. September at Macy's, Herald Square. Calvin Klein Footwear. Man's turtleneck, D. Cenci, NYC. Suit, Alan Flusser Shop, NYC.
154: Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Hanes Silk Reflections. Lord & Taylor. Man's suit, Alan Flusser Shop, NYC. Man's turtleneck, D. Cenci, NYC. Watch, Rolex. Tourneau, NYC.
155: Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 44. Wool jersey, Jasco. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Gloves, Chanel. Barneys New York; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC.
156: Lambswool/nylon outfit. Black braided bangles, Debra Fine Yohai. Other bracelets, Susan Tamulevich. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit.
157: Turnout also at Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit.
158: Belt around neck, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy, NYC. Bangle bracelets, Susan Tamulevich.
159: Sweater in background, Adrienne Vittadini. Turnout also at I. Magnin. Belt bracelet, Johnny Farah. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. Watch, Time Will Tell, NYC.; Cotton Club, Houston.
160: Shawl with outfit. Turnout also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; Rachael Broumand, Indianapolis IN; Aversa, Milwaukee WI; Beaton's, Scottsdale AZ. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Belt, Donna Karan New York.
161: Turnout at Burdines; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Lois Geans, Magnolia AL. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Belt, Donna Karan New York.
162: Turnout also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Pompian, Chicago; Susan of Burlingame, Burlingame CA. Evan-Picone Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue.
163: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. Black bracelets, Rafael Sanchez. Henri Bendel; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago and Dallas. Charm bracelet, Zagal. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC.
164: Turnout also at Dillard's, St. Louis MO. Link bracelet, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman. Belt bracelet, Johnny Farah. Bergdorf Goodman.
165: Turnout also at Higbee's; Bullocks Wilshire, Wilshire Blvd.; Nordstrom, Anchorage AK. Sweater and skirt at Marshall Field's. Earrings, John Iversen. Artwear, NYC. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelet, Richard Serbin. Savage Jewelry, NYC. Panty stockings, Round-the-Clock.
166: Model *left:* Turnout also at Gidding-Jenny, Indianapolis IN. Dress only at Montaldo's. Hue Hosiery. Shoes, Maud Frizon. Model *right:* Turnout also at Gidding-Jenny, Indianapolis IN; Alan's, Albuquerque NM; Canfield's, Sacramento CA; La De Da, Berkeley CA. Earrings, John Iversen. Artwear, NYC. Id bracelet, Zagal. Link bracelet, Marla Buck. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
167: Turnout mid-July also at Hecht's, Washington DC; Dayton's; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Macy's, San Francisco; Meier & Frank, Portland OR.
170: *Left:* Evan-Picone Hosiery. Boots also at Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ. *Right:* Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC.
172: Gloves, Claude Montana. Shoes also at Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. To order at I. Magnin.
173: Boots also at Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. To order at I. Magnin.
174: Calvin Klein Hosiery. Lord & Taylor; Robinson's California.
175: Andrea Pfister boot also to order at I. Magnin. Bally of Switzerland shoe also at Macy's, San Francisco. Hanes Silk Reflections. Altman's; Marshall Field's.
176: Turnout also at L. S. Ayres, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Apropos, Santa Ana; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Belt, La Bagagerie, NYC. Bracelet, Scooter.
178: Wool jersey pants, $375. Sonia Rykiel Boutiques, NYC: Beverly Hills; Ultimo, Chicago; Creeds, Toronto. Earrings, Philippe Ben. Inset: Coat also at I. Magnin.
179: Scarf, Joseph Tricot, NYC. Earrings and cuff, Fabrice. Gloves, Jean-Charles Brosseau. Chains attached to skirt, Eric Beamon for Joseph Tricot. Suzy, Great Neck NY.
180: Left: Wool/cashmere cardigan, pullover and pants. Bracelets, Fabrice. Bag and scarf, Jean-Charles Brousseau. Right: Wool/acrylic pants. $175. See stores listed on page 180. Turnout also at Greta, Beverly Hills; Macy's, San Francisco; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Bracelets, La Porte Bleue.
181: Cashmere/lambswool sweater. Also at Carol Levitt, Locust Valley NY; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA; Helen's of Course, Beaverton OR and Seattle WA. Earrings, Fabrice. Bracelets, La Porte Bleue.
182: Left: Wool jacket and skirt also at I. Magnin. Earrings, Fabrice. *Right:* Wool jacket and skirt also at I. Magnin. Bag, Anna Choi. Shoes, Moschino.
183: Wool/nylon coat. Coat also at Weinstein's, New Orleans. Boots, Walter Steiger.
187: Hair, Gad Cohen for Gad Studio; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin.
188: Hair, Peter Savic for Cloutier; makeup, Eric Barnard for Cloutier.
190: Hair, Ric Pipino for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC; makeup, Linda Cantello.
204: *Left:* Alinari/Art Resources. *Top right:* Burt Glinn/Magnum.
205: Erich Lessing/Magnum.
206: Liberté. Eugène Delacroix/Louvre. Jane Russell: Phototeque. "La Nature": La Reunion Des Musées Nationaux, France. Gabrielle d'Estrees: School of Fontainbleau/Louvre. Theda Bara: Phototeque. Dolly Parton: Steve Schapiro/Gamma-Liaison. Jean Fouquet: Scala/Art Resource. Audrey Hepburn: Phototeque. Annette Funicello: Movie Star News.
210: Bow at Henri Bendel.
213: Hairpiece, Theresa Wigs, NYC.
216: Versace coat at Altman's; Gianni Versace Boutique, Beverly Hills. Valentino, Cashmere/wool coat and wool flannel pants. Pants, $535. Bergdorf Goodman; Sara Fredericks, Boston; John Wanamaker; Valentino Boutiques, Washington DC; Beverly Hills; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Yves Saint Laurent: Wool jacket, $1175. Wool jersey dress, $875. Turnout at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY; Philadelphia; Canada; Costa Mesa CA.; San Francisco. Coat, Barneys New York. Dress, to order at Barneys New York. Earrings. Fabrice. **217:** Alistair Blair: Cape, $610. Wool flannel coat, $1250. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC (pieces sold together); Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; Ingrid, Canada. Coat only at Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Valentino. Complice: Shearling coat. Lambswool sweater, $180. Leather skirt, $900. Turnout at Sophy Curson, Philadelphia; Serenella, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago: Loretta Blum, Dallas; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Bacci's, Canada. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings, Pellini Bijoux.
218: Coat and pants also at Dayton's. Wool flannel pants, $370. See page 218 for stores. Hat, Yves Saint Laurent. Earrings, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.
219: Coat and skirt also at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Leather skirt, $540. See page 219 for stores. Earrings, La Porte Bleue.
220: Wool coat also at Colitti, Millburn NJ; Sara Fredericks, Fort Lauderdale and Sarasota FL; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Accessories, Chanel.
221: Wool/silk turtleneck, $310. Wool jersey skirt, $405. For stores, see page 221. Turtleneck and jacket also at Dayton's. Hat and gloves, Yves Saint Laurent. Earrings, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent Footwear.
222: Accessories, Thierry Mugler.
223: Acetate/viscose blouse. Fabric, Abraham. Turnout also at Helen's of Course, Beaverton OR and Seattle WA. Suit also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro.
224: Shirt, Giorgio Armani Couture. Dress, $1800. To order at Bloomingdale's. Accessories, Giorgio Armani Couture.
225: Hat, Yves Saint Laurent. Earrings and necklace, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear.
226: Mohair/wool overjacket; alpaca/wool underjacket; lambswool pullover; wool flannel skirt. $395. Turnout available late July. Skirt also at Amalia Branca, Short Hills NJ; Pino's, Seattle. Belt, Gianfranco Ferre.
227: Wool/silk jacket; silk pullover ($615); wool jersey skirt. Also at Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Luciano Soprani Boutique at Torie Steele, Dallas and Beverly Hills. Earrings, La Porte Bleue. Boots, Walter Steiger, NYC.
228: Boots, Walter Steiger.
229: Cashmere/wool gilet. $1065. Wool flannel pants. $360. Also at stores listed on page 229. Turnout also at Sara Fredericks, Boston; Hattie, Birmingham MI; Valentino Boutique, Dallas. Accessories, Valentino.
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